

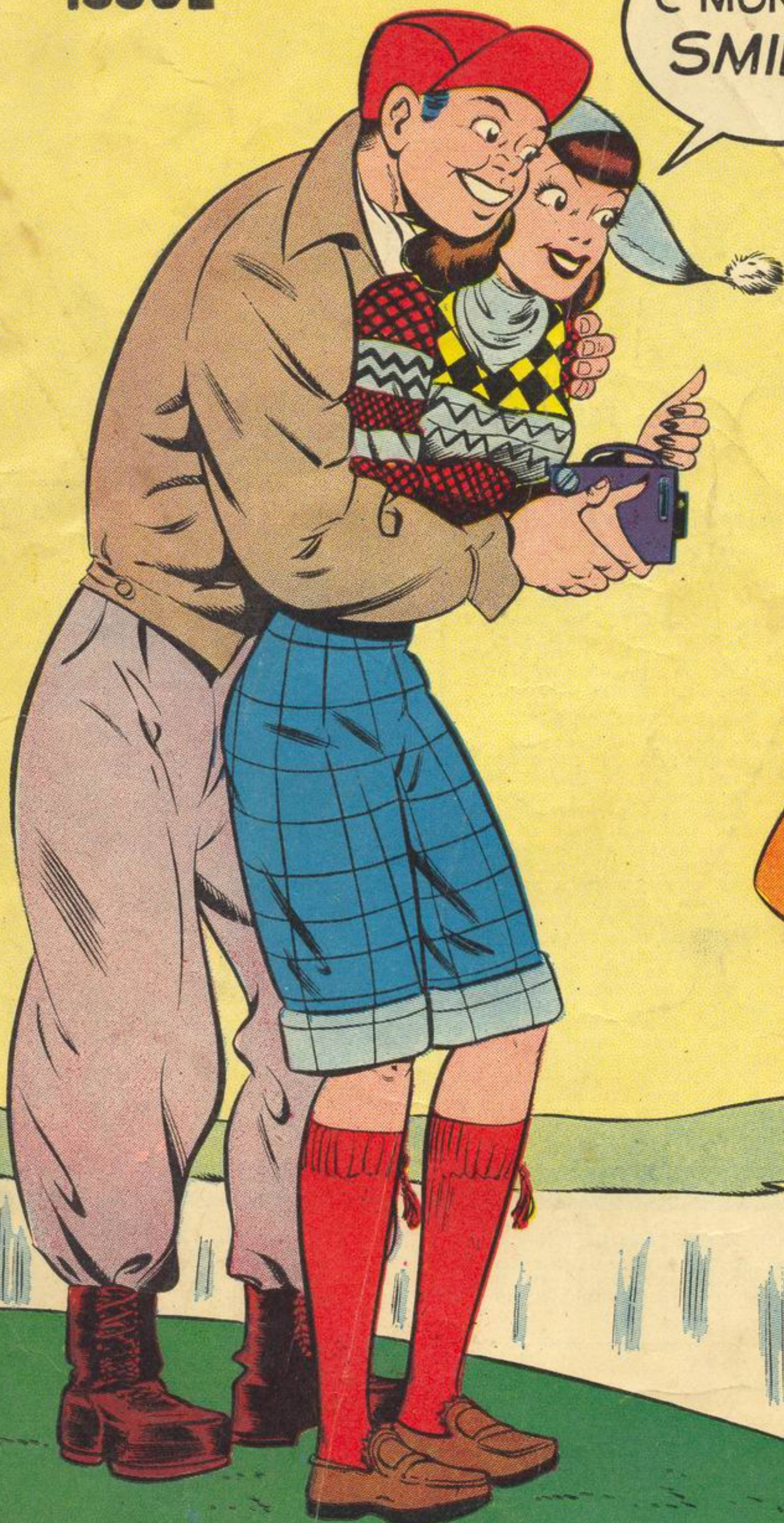
CANDY

QUALITY
COMICS
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WINTER
ISSUE

10¢

C'MON, TED,
SMILE!



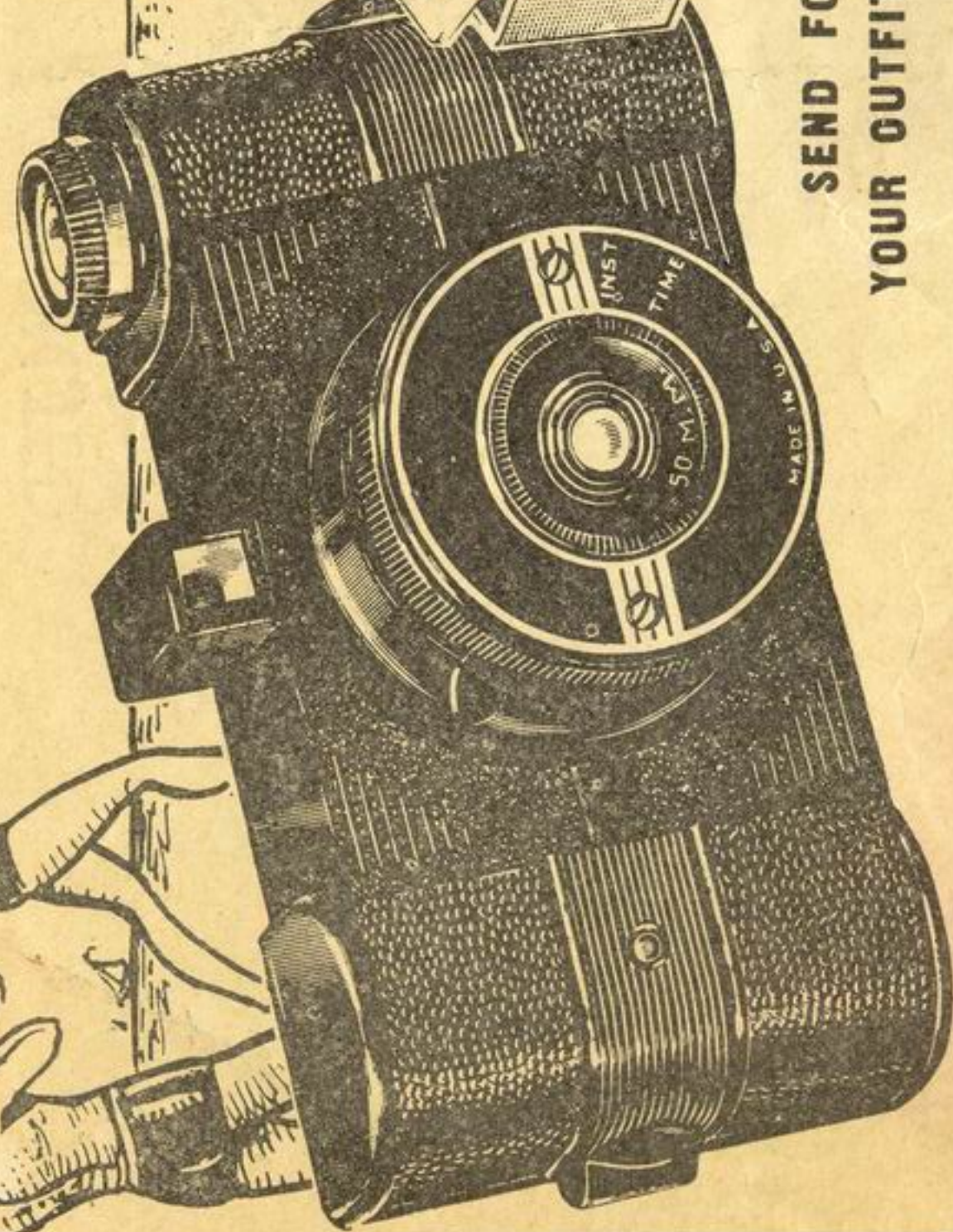


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Scoop!

Picture-Taking Picture-Making **Complete Outfit for only \$4.98**

Candid-Type Camera! Complete Developing Outfit! Complete Printing Outfit!
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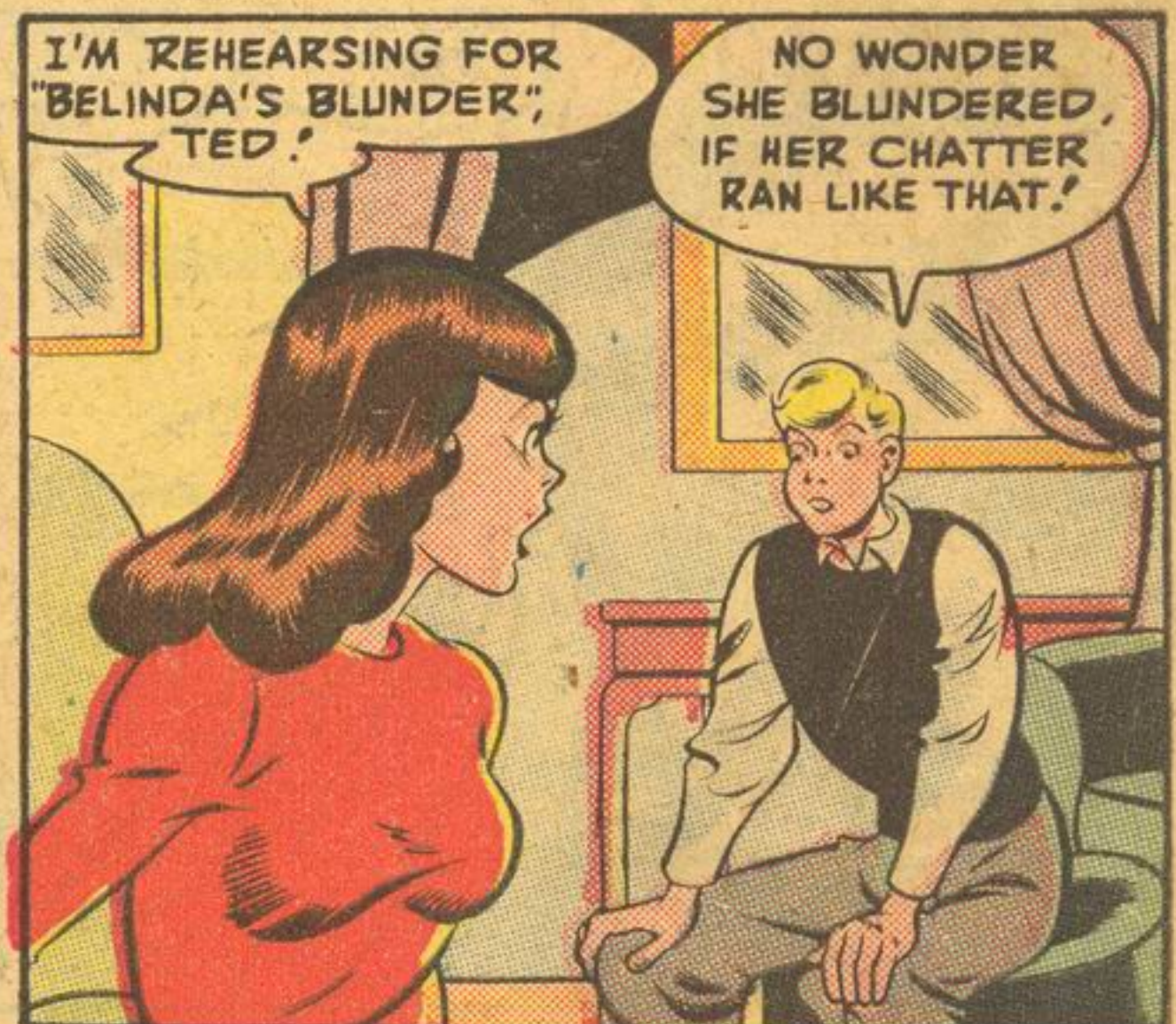
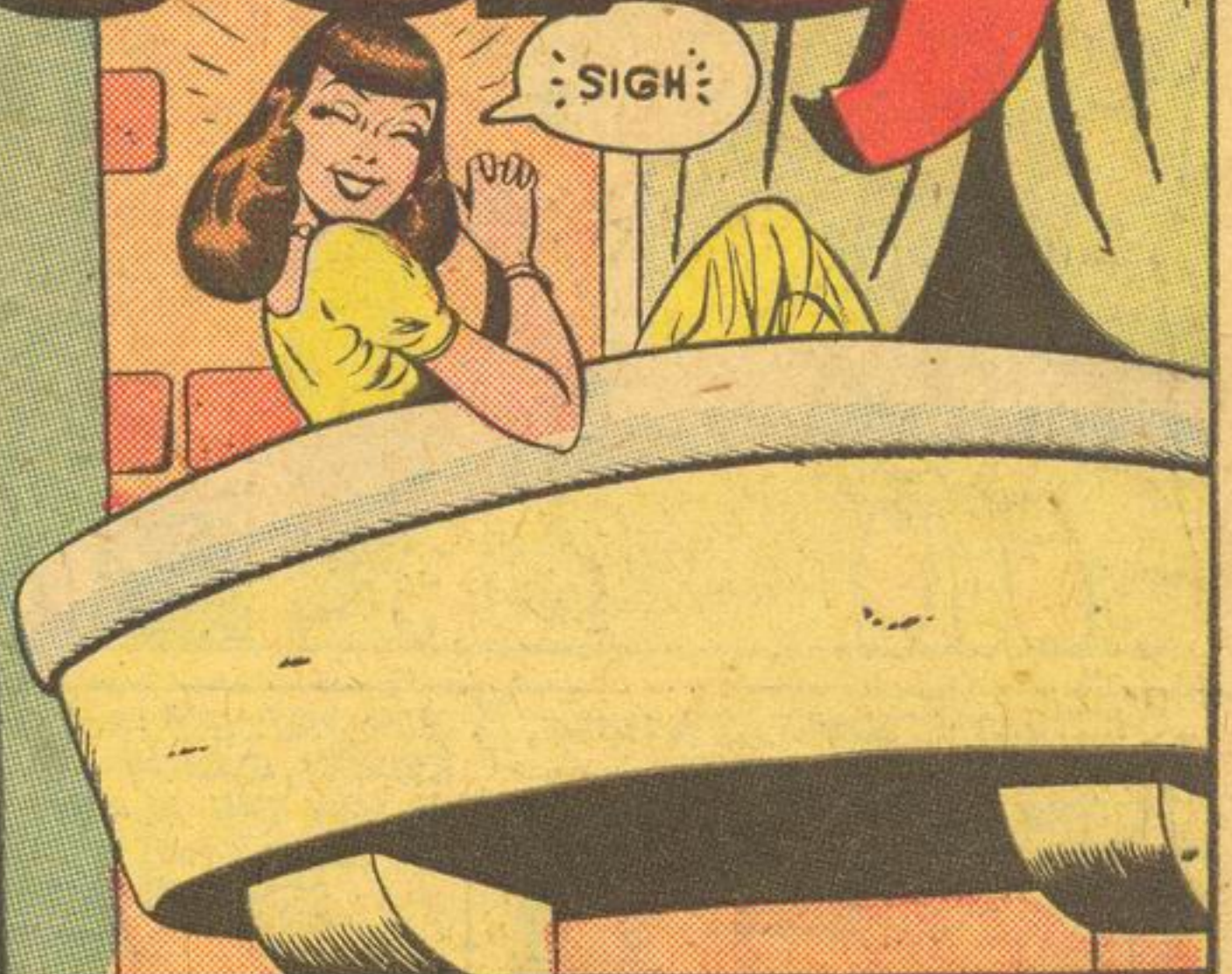
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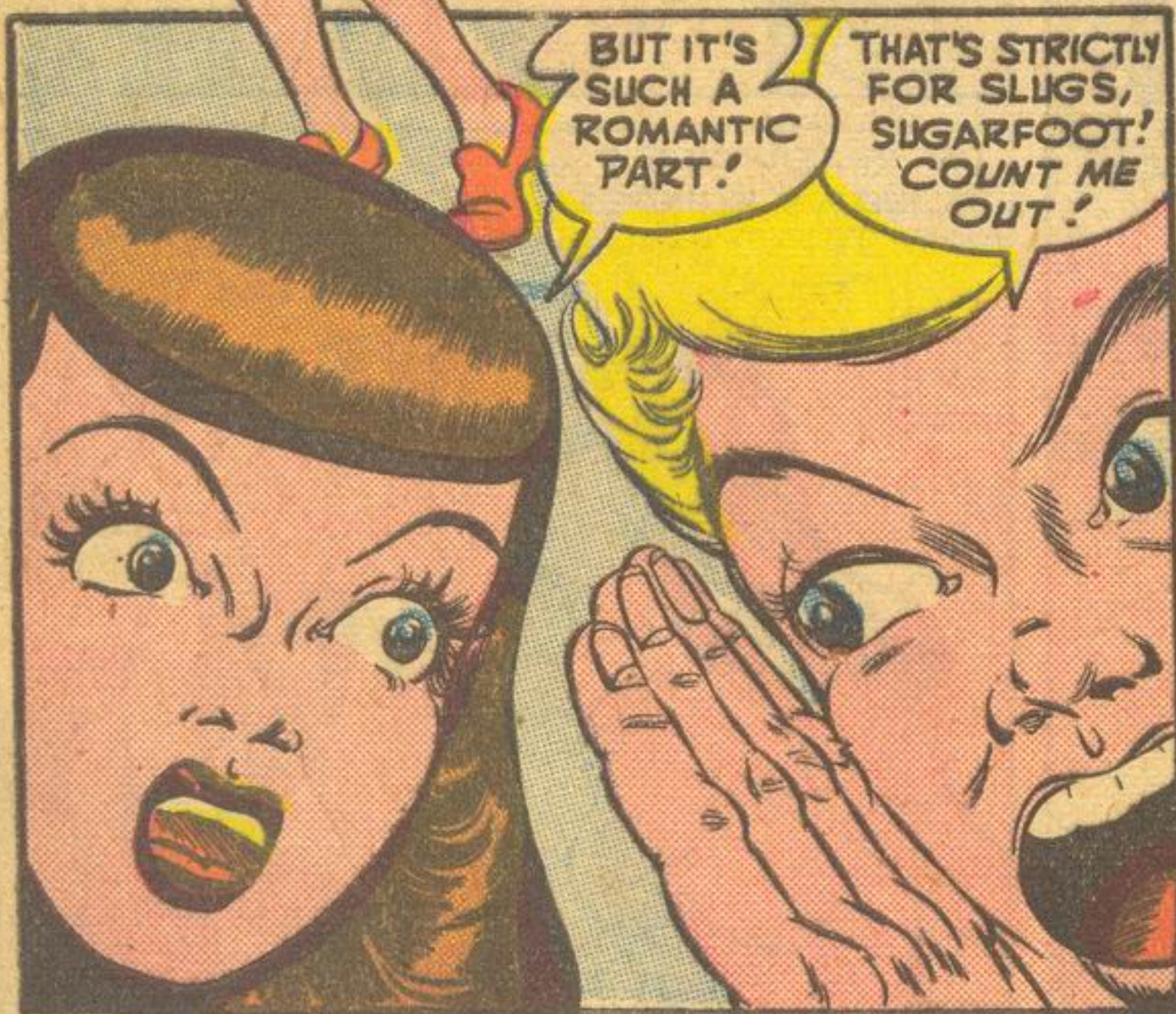
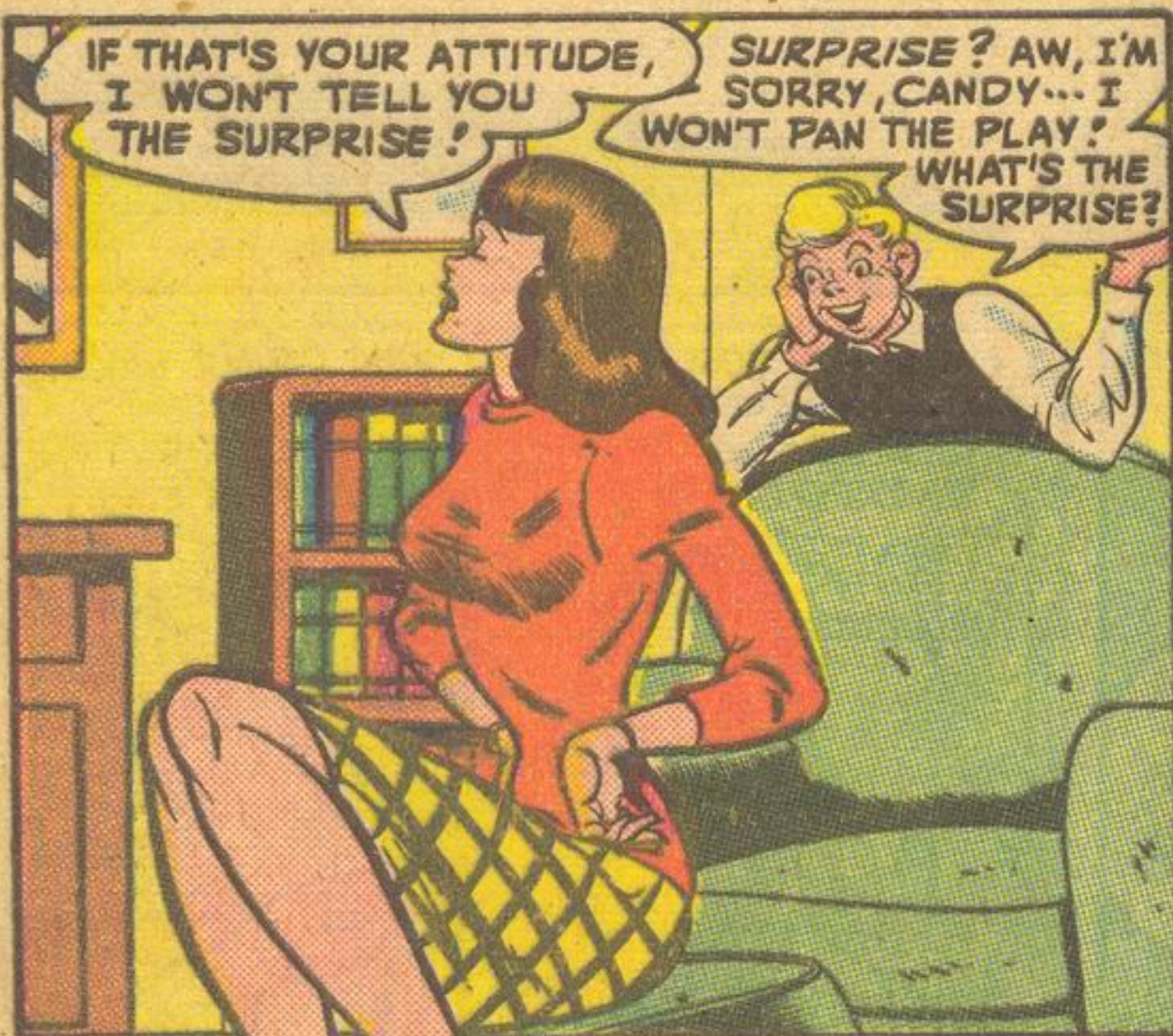
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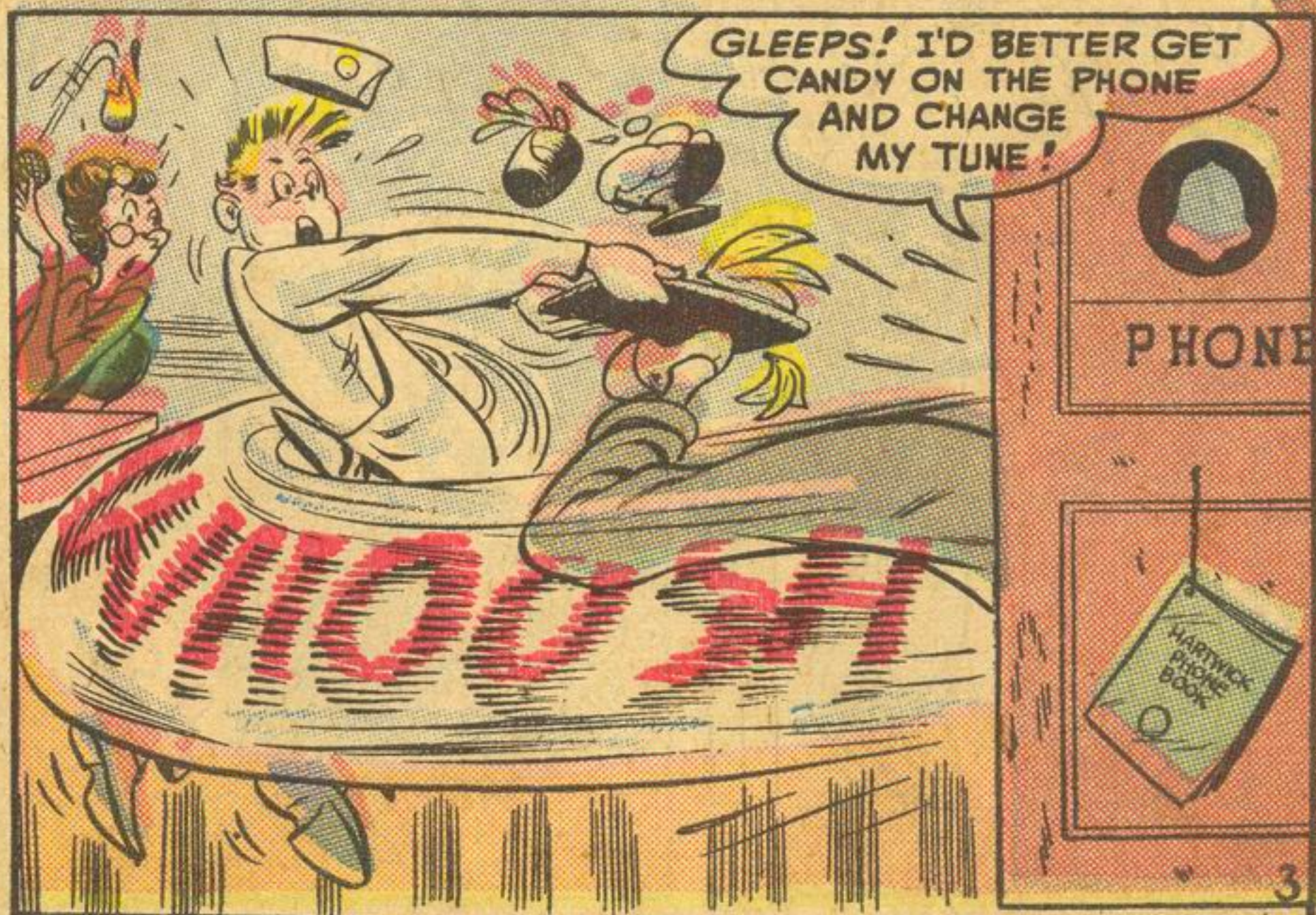
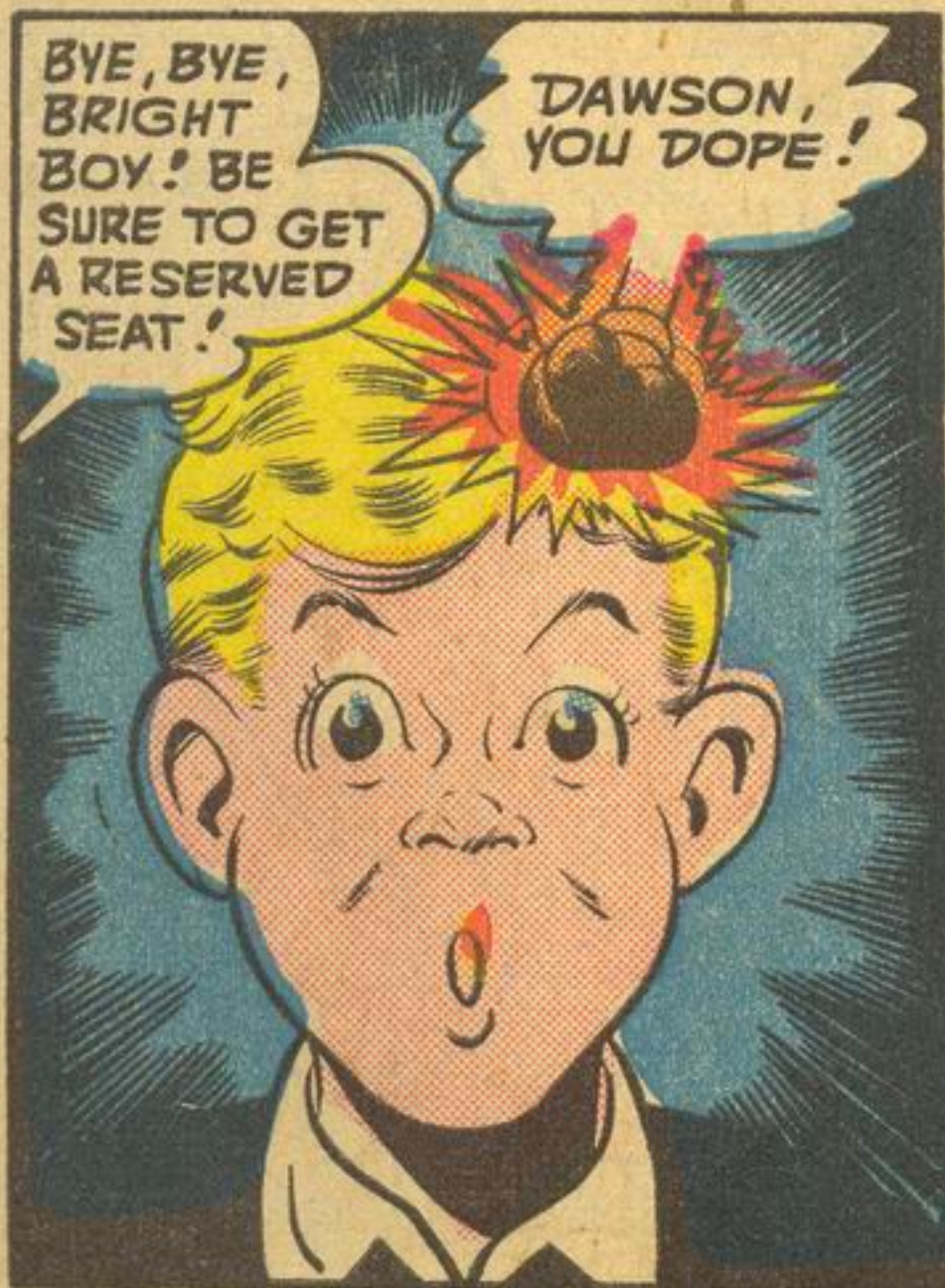
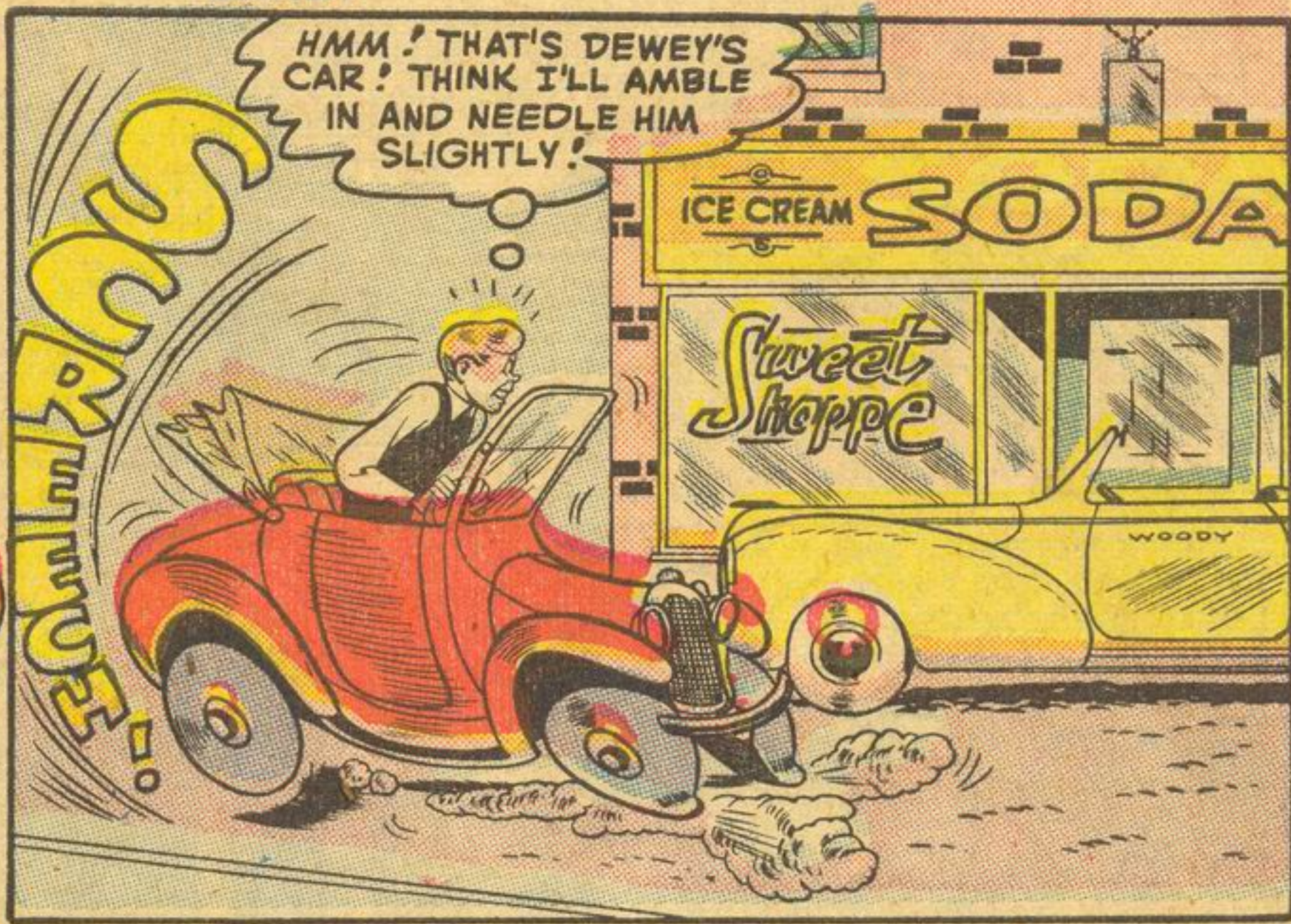
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Candy



CANDY

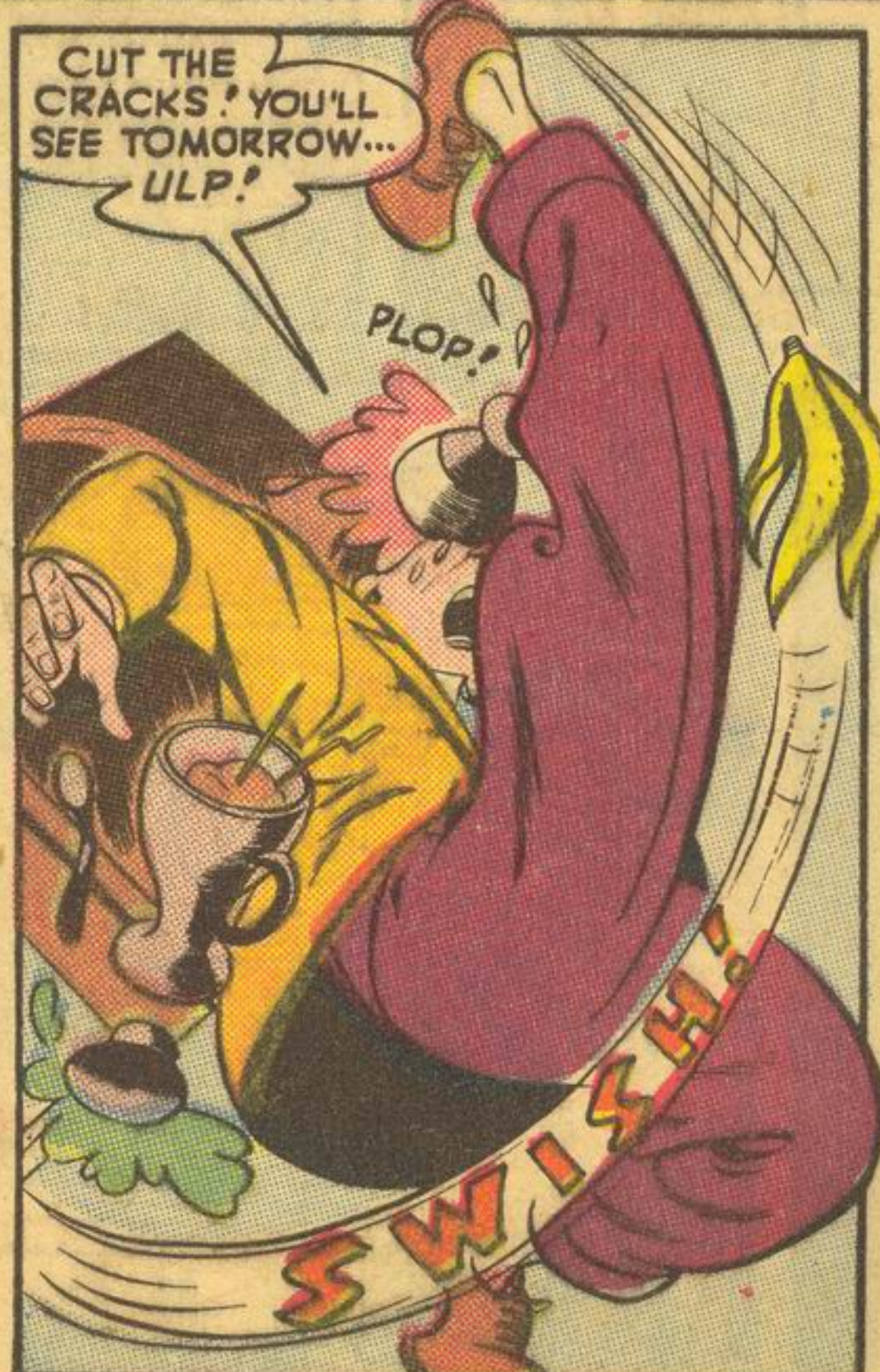
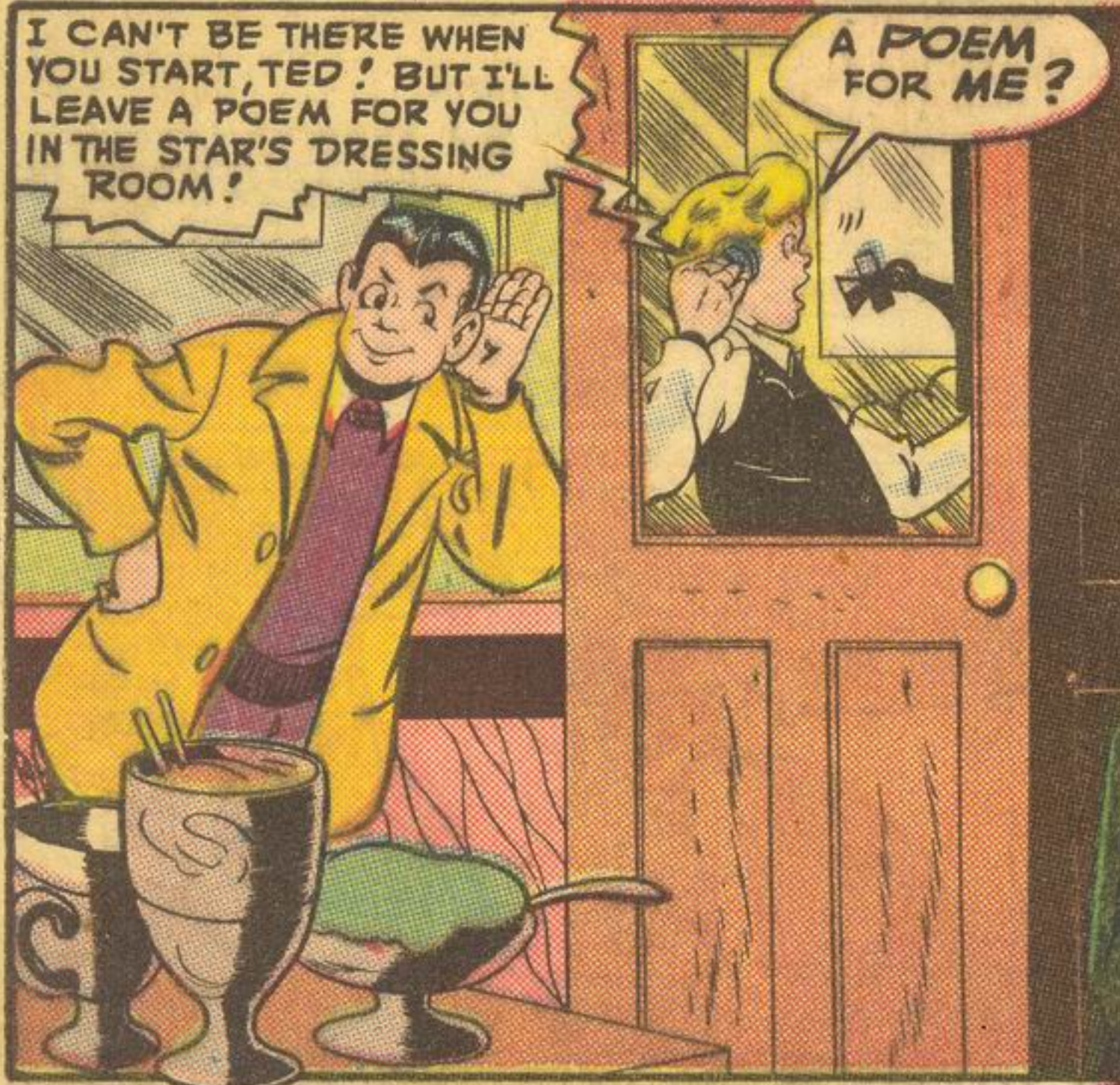


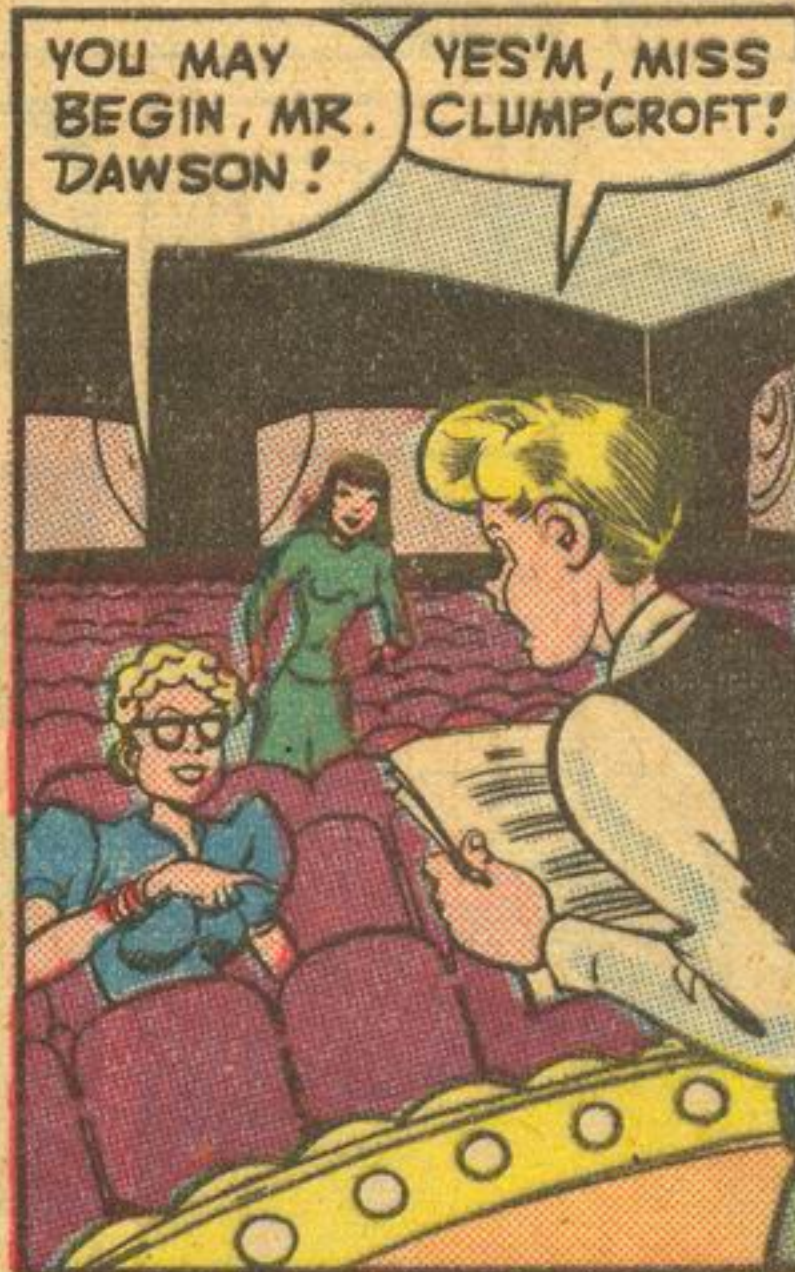


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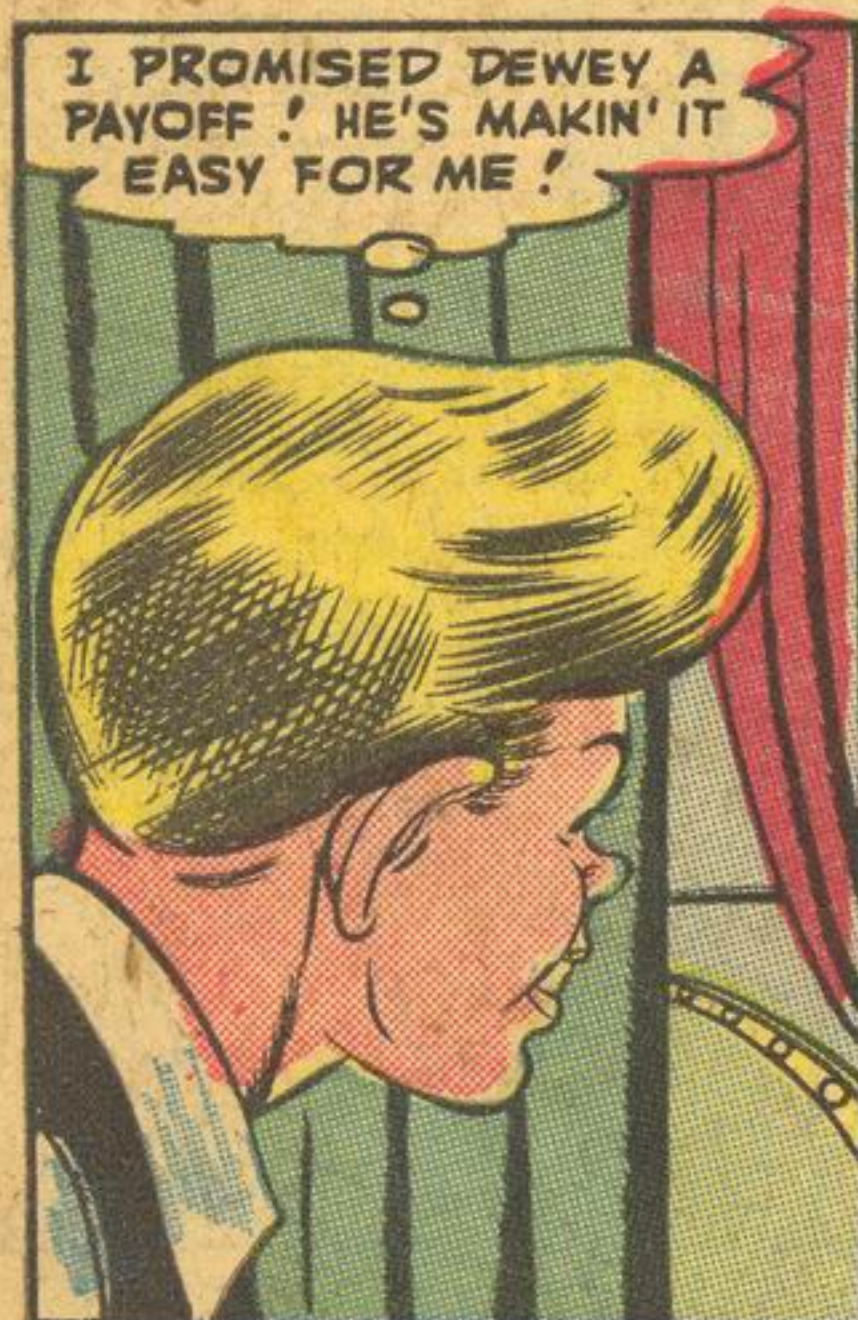


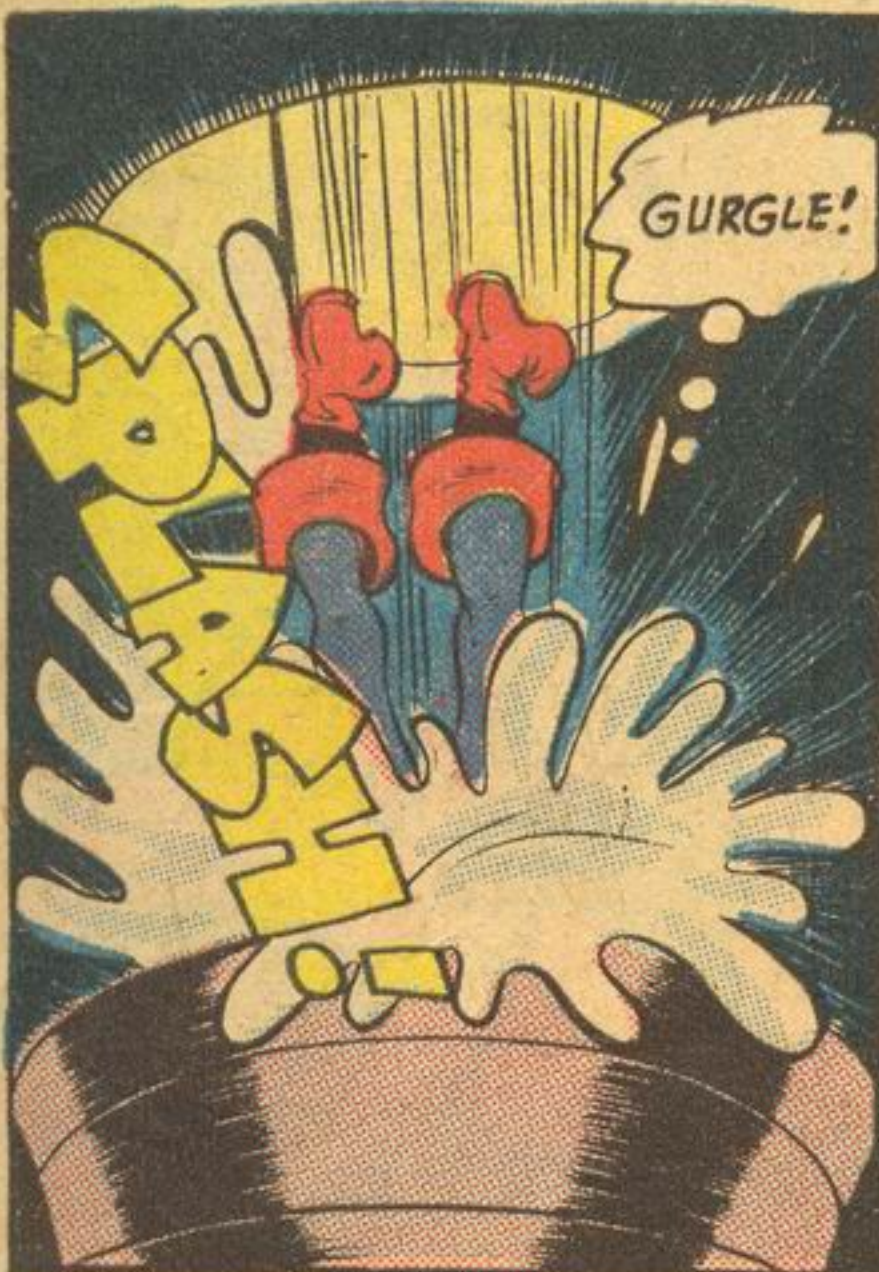
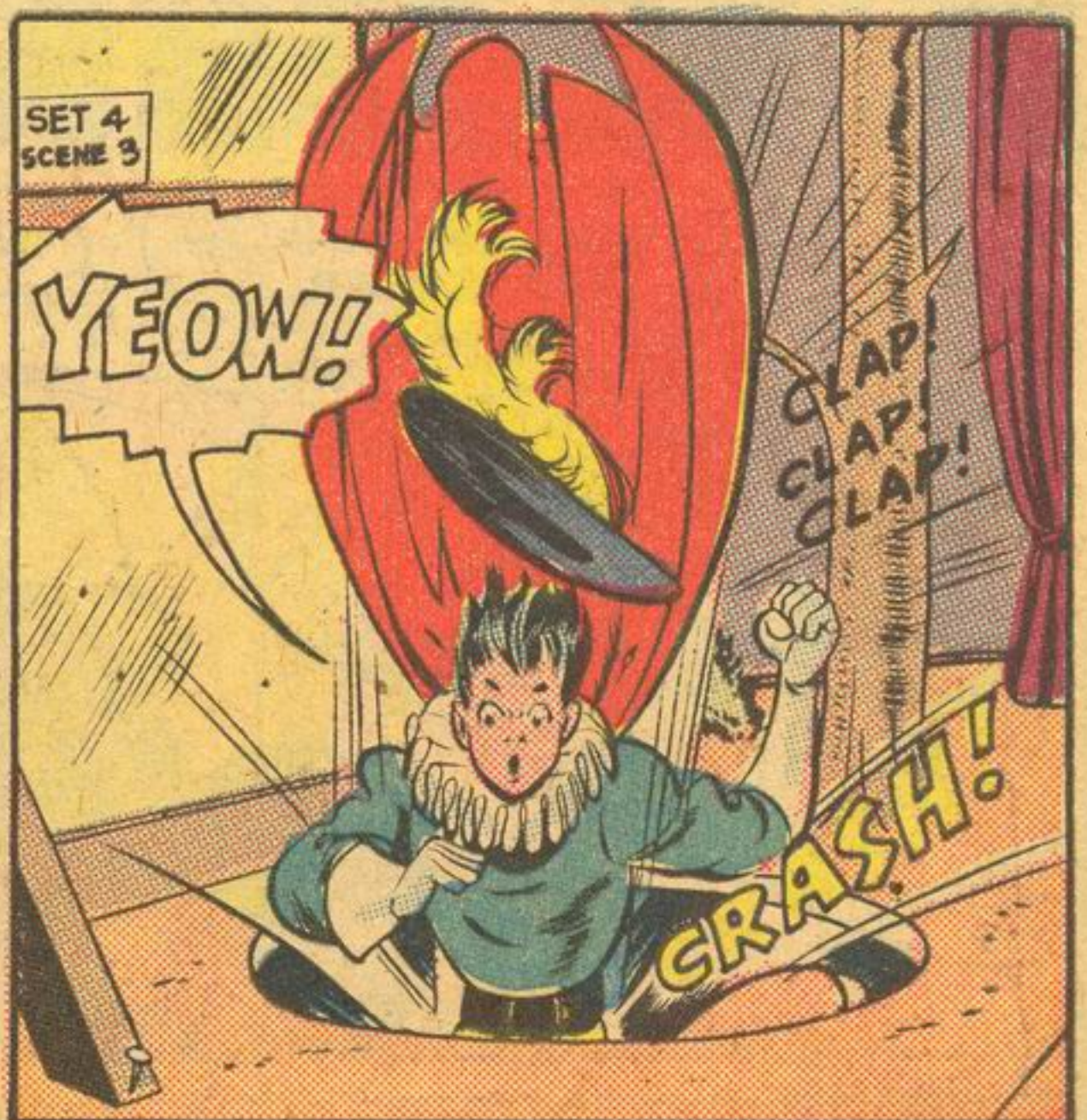
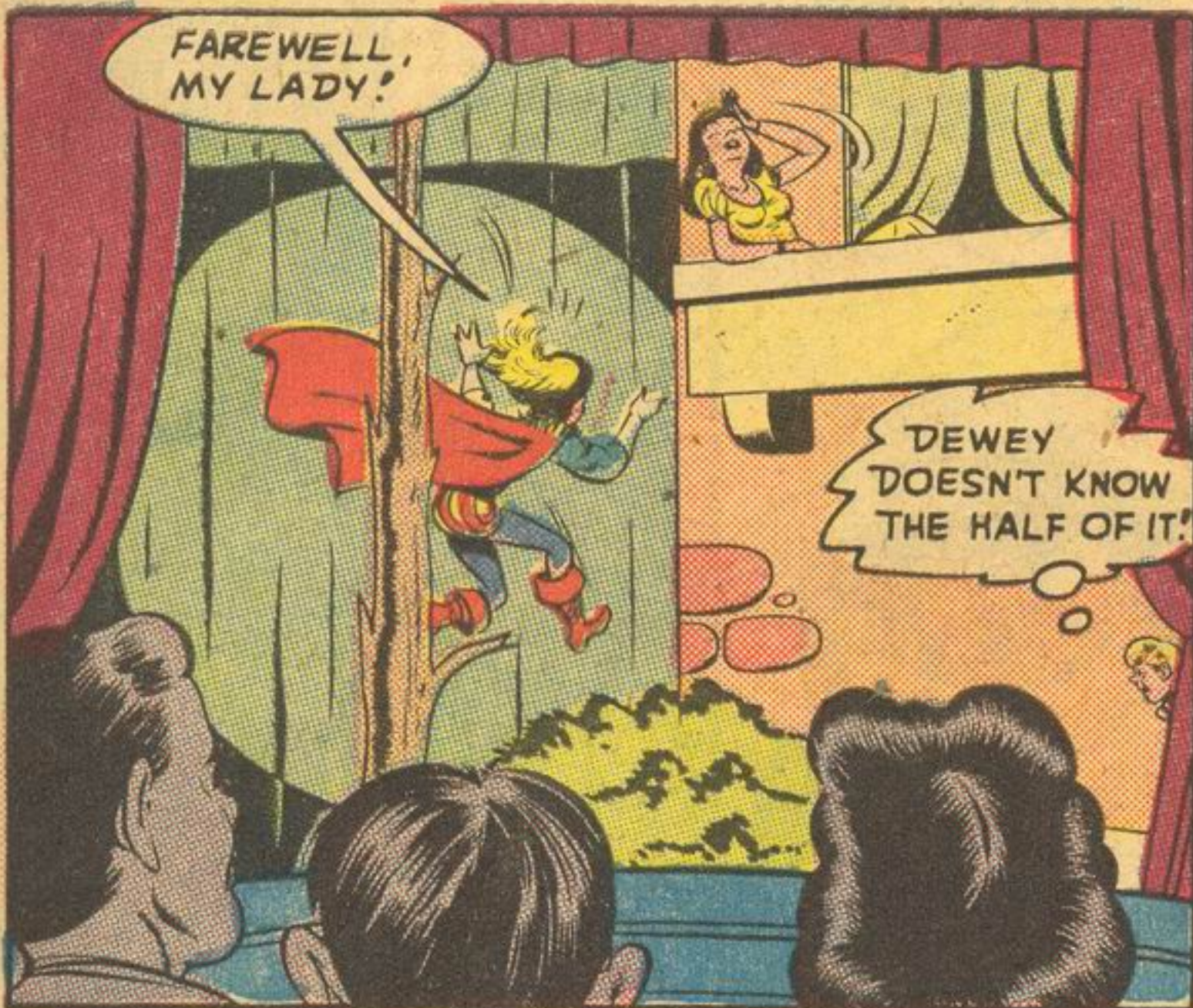
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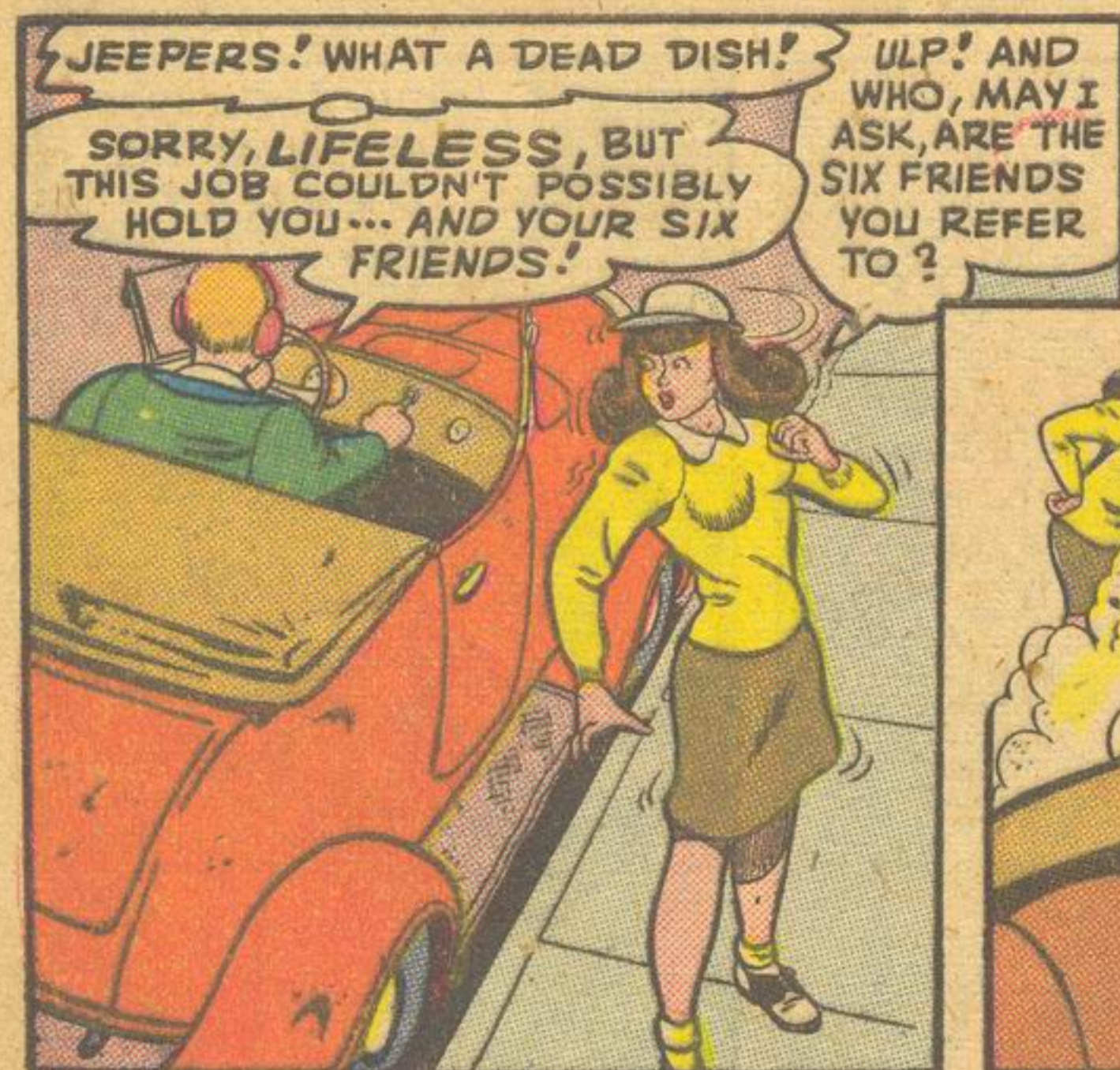
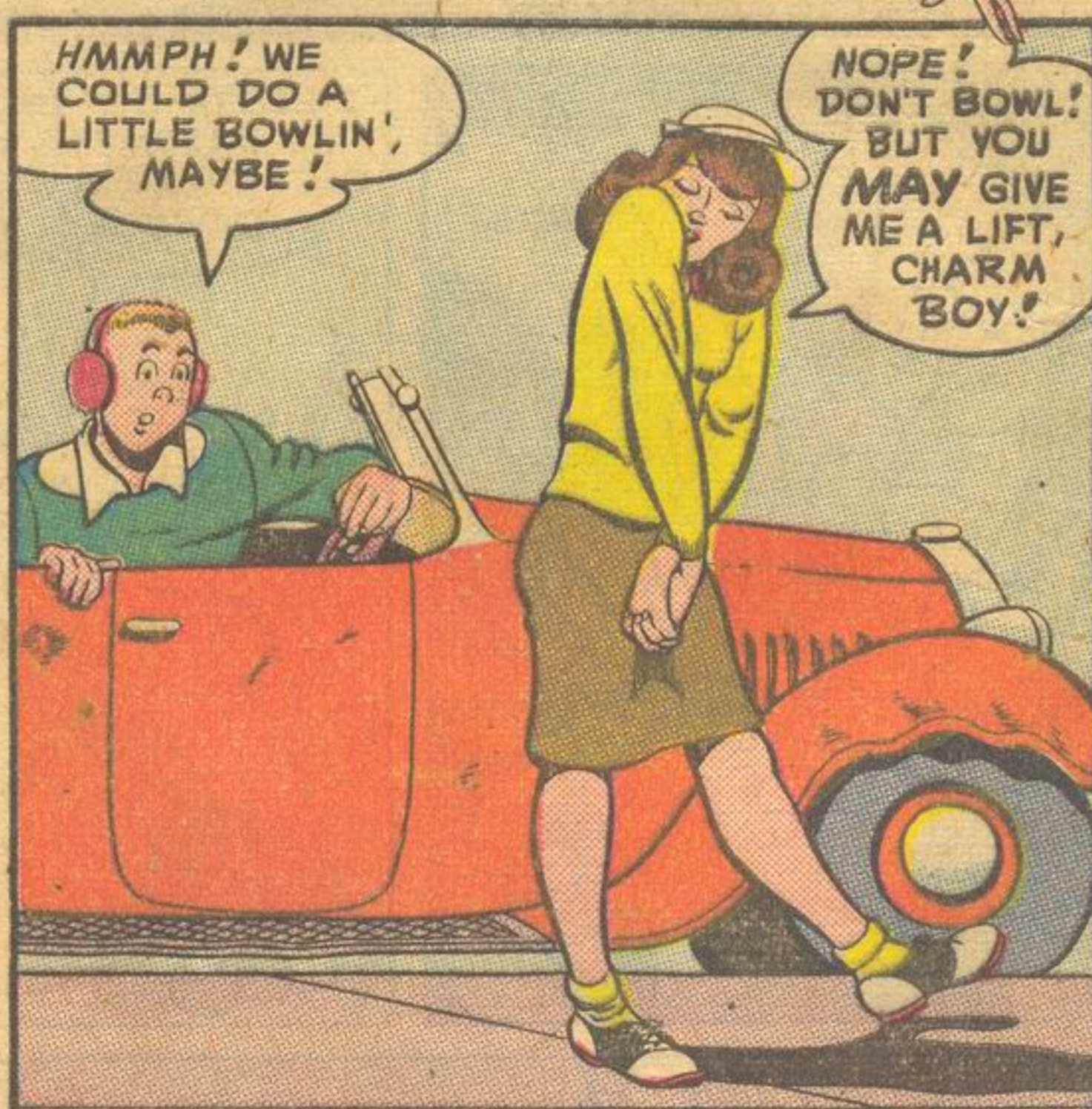
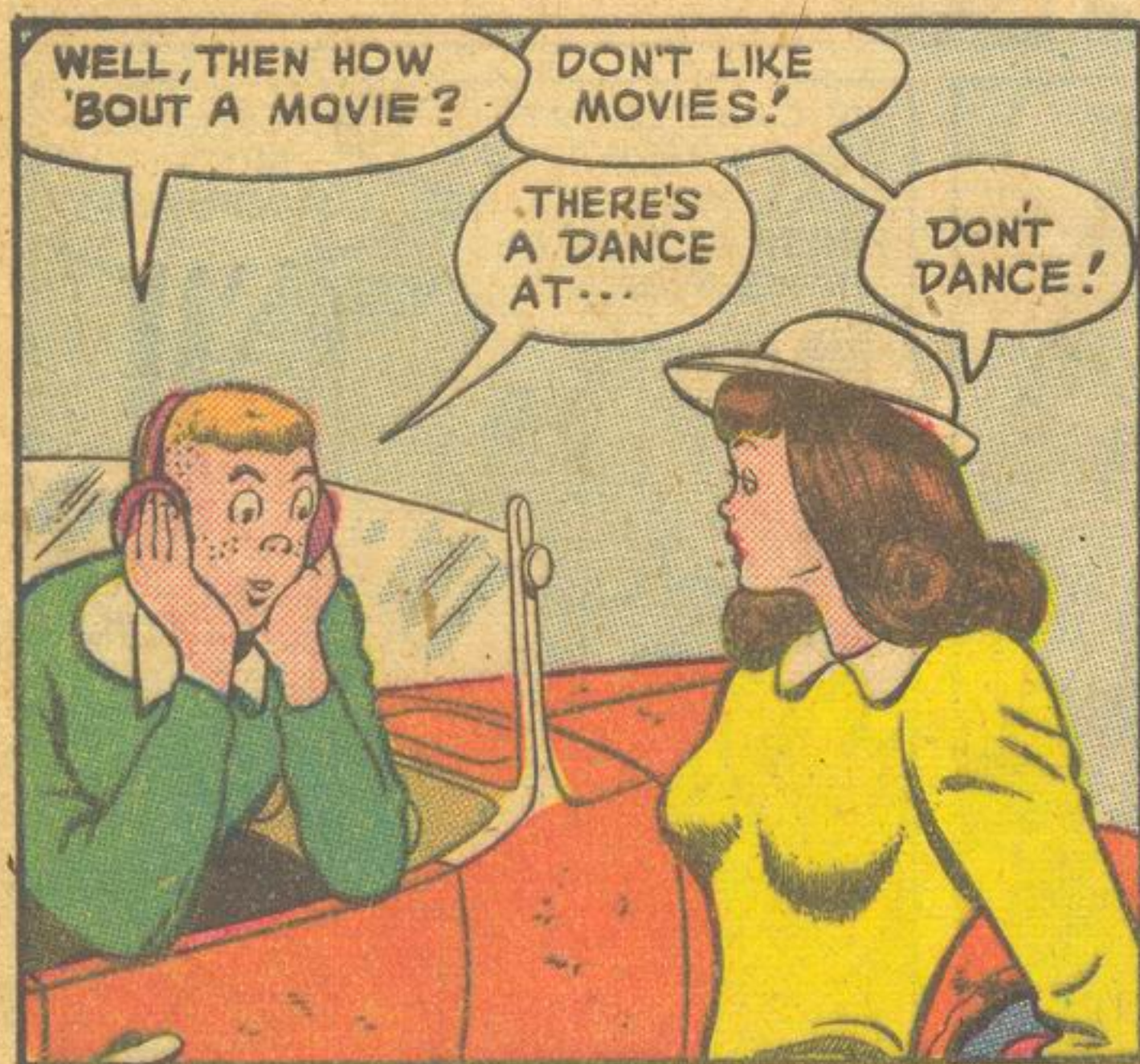


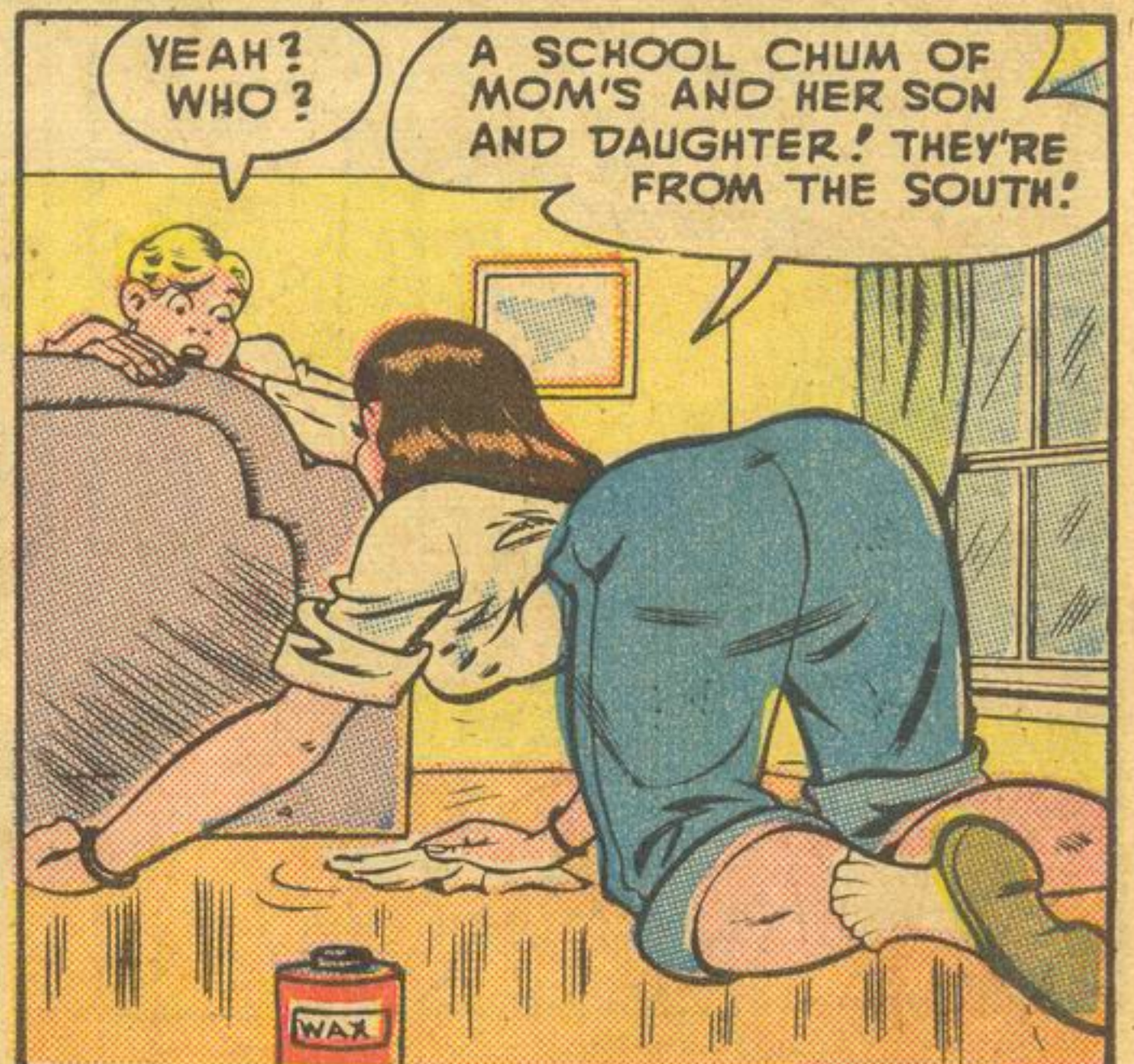
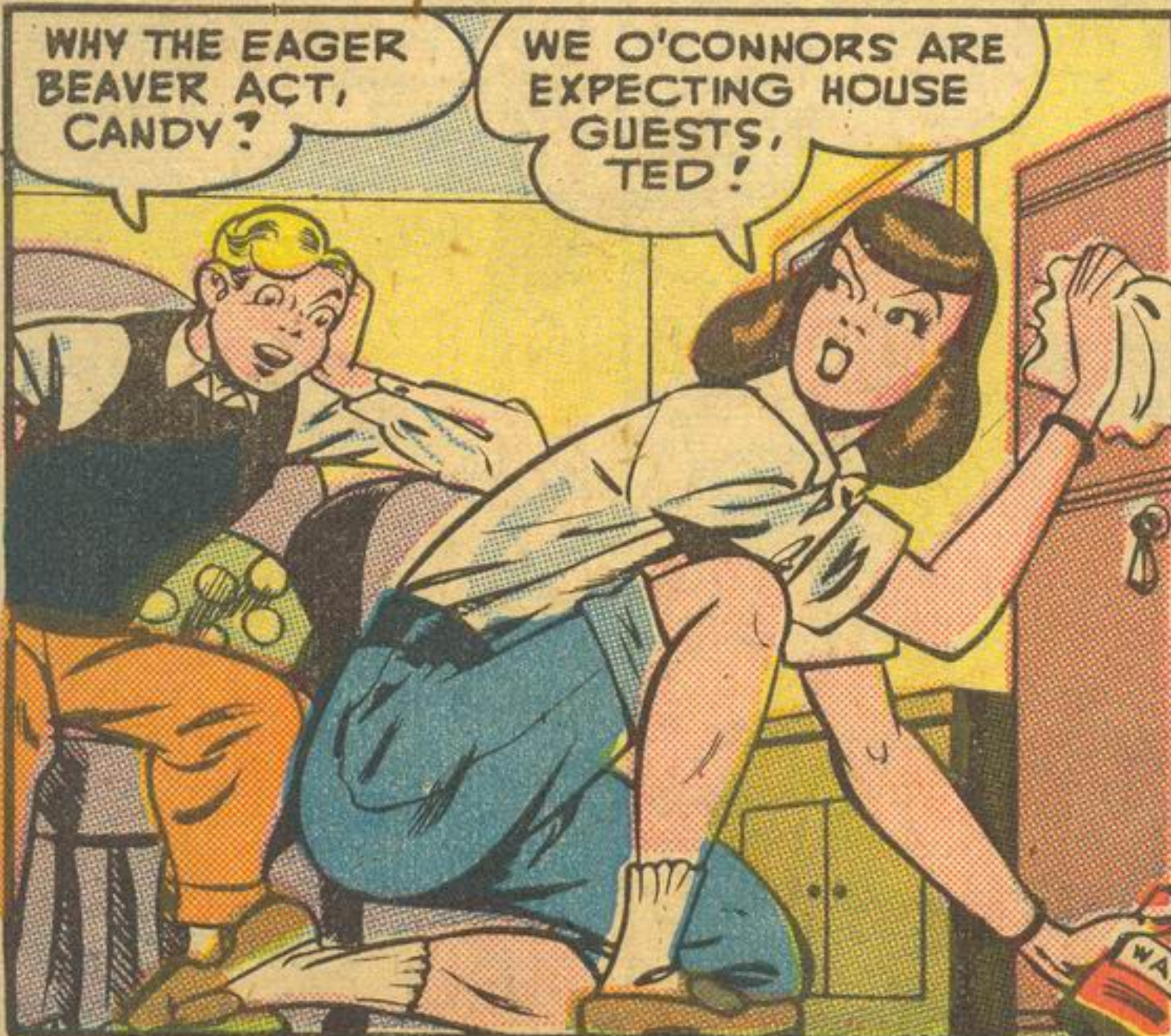
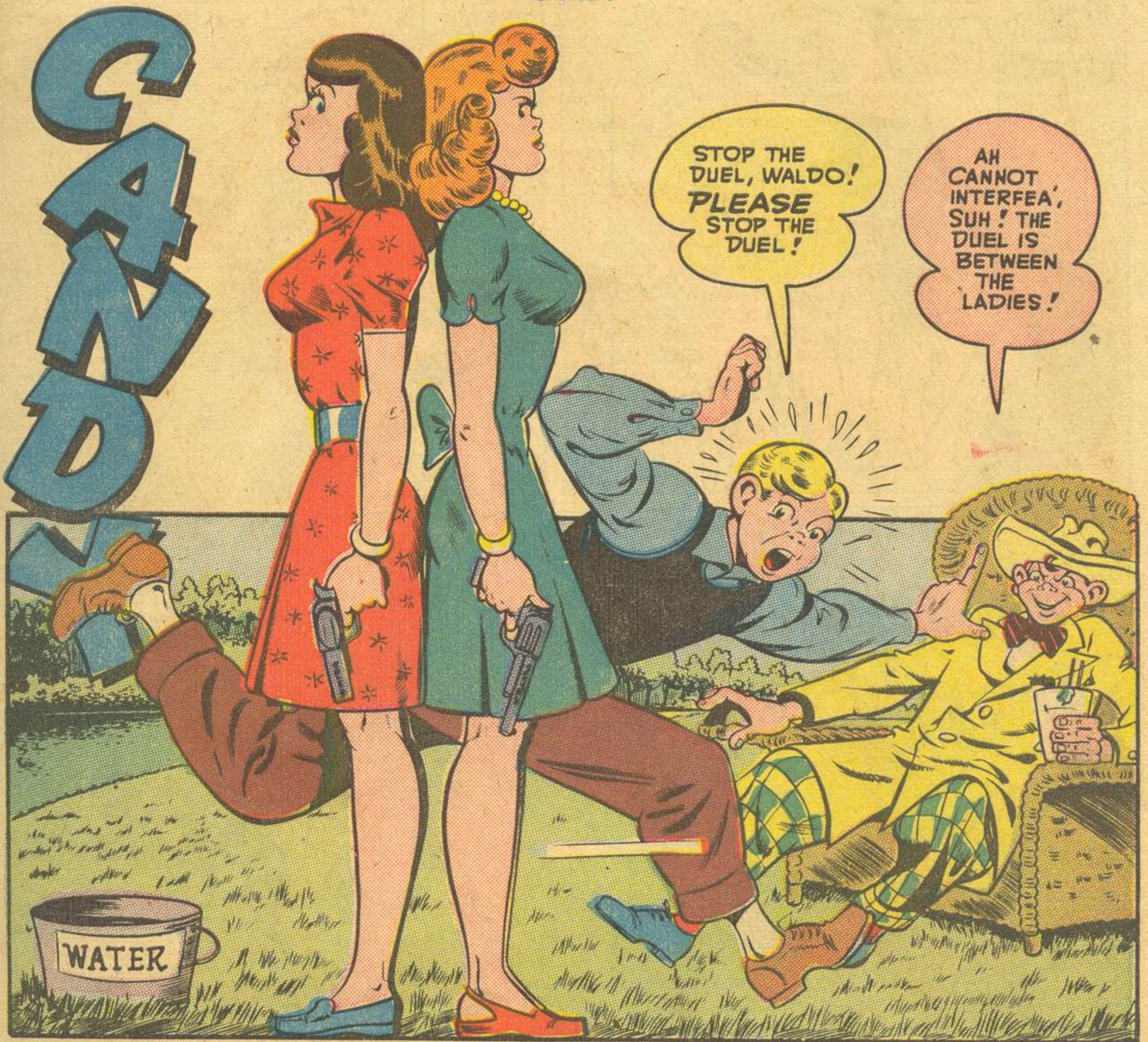


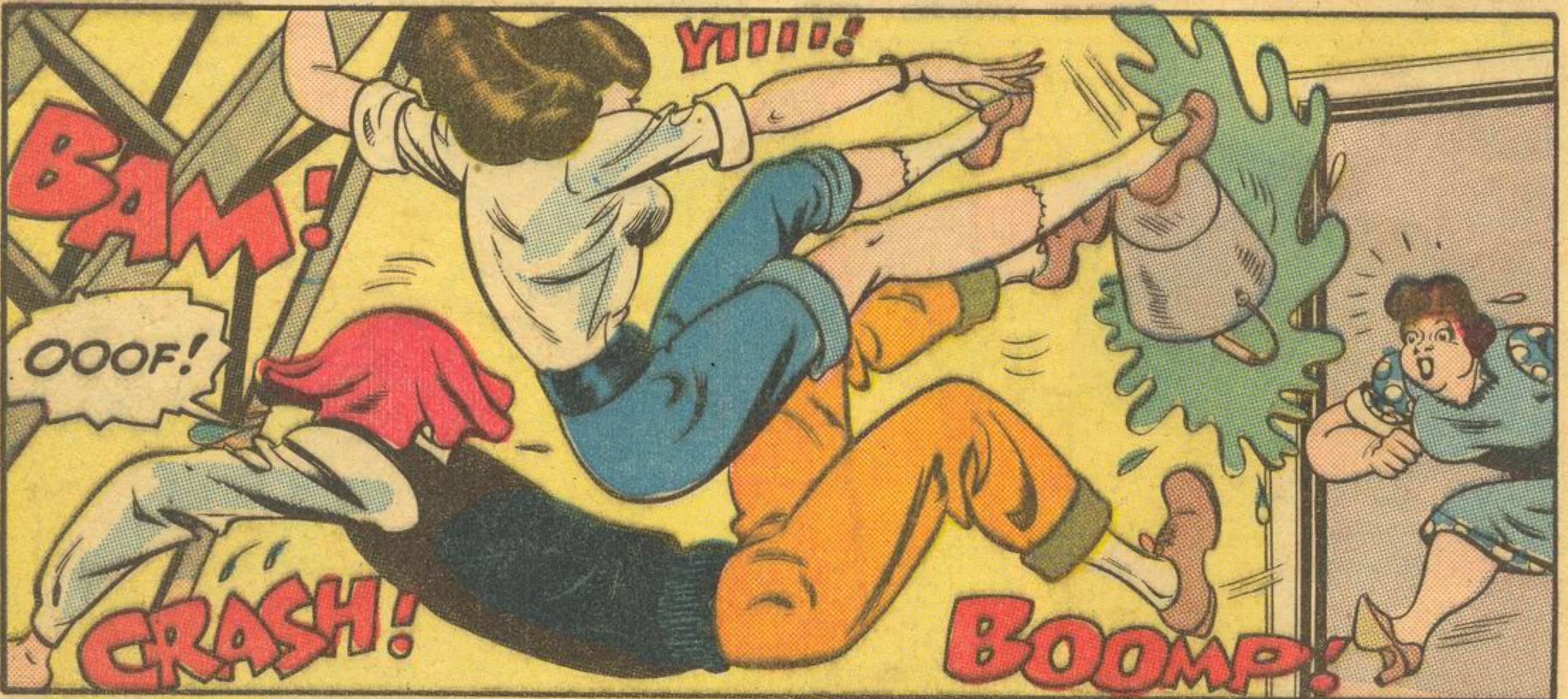
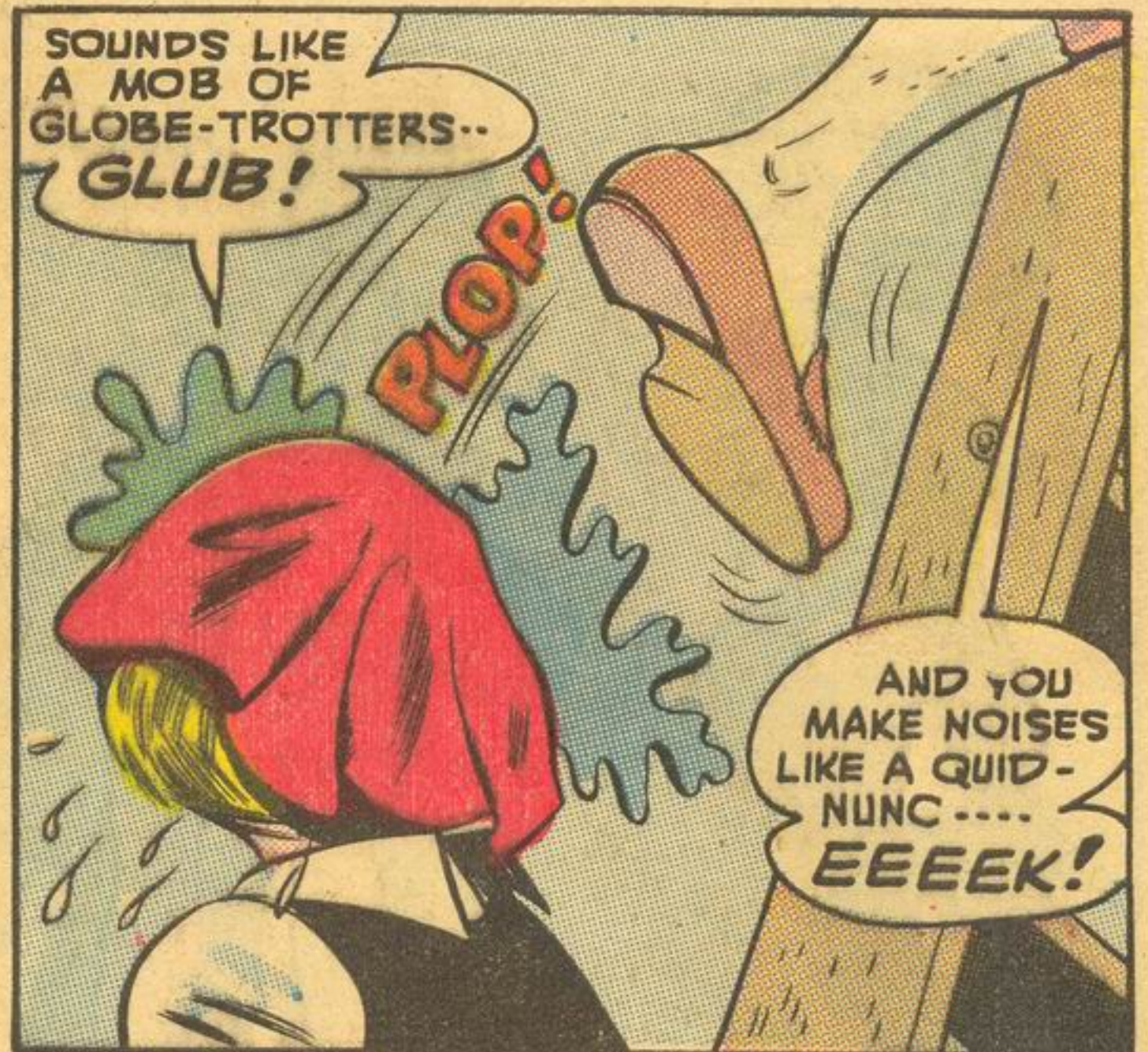
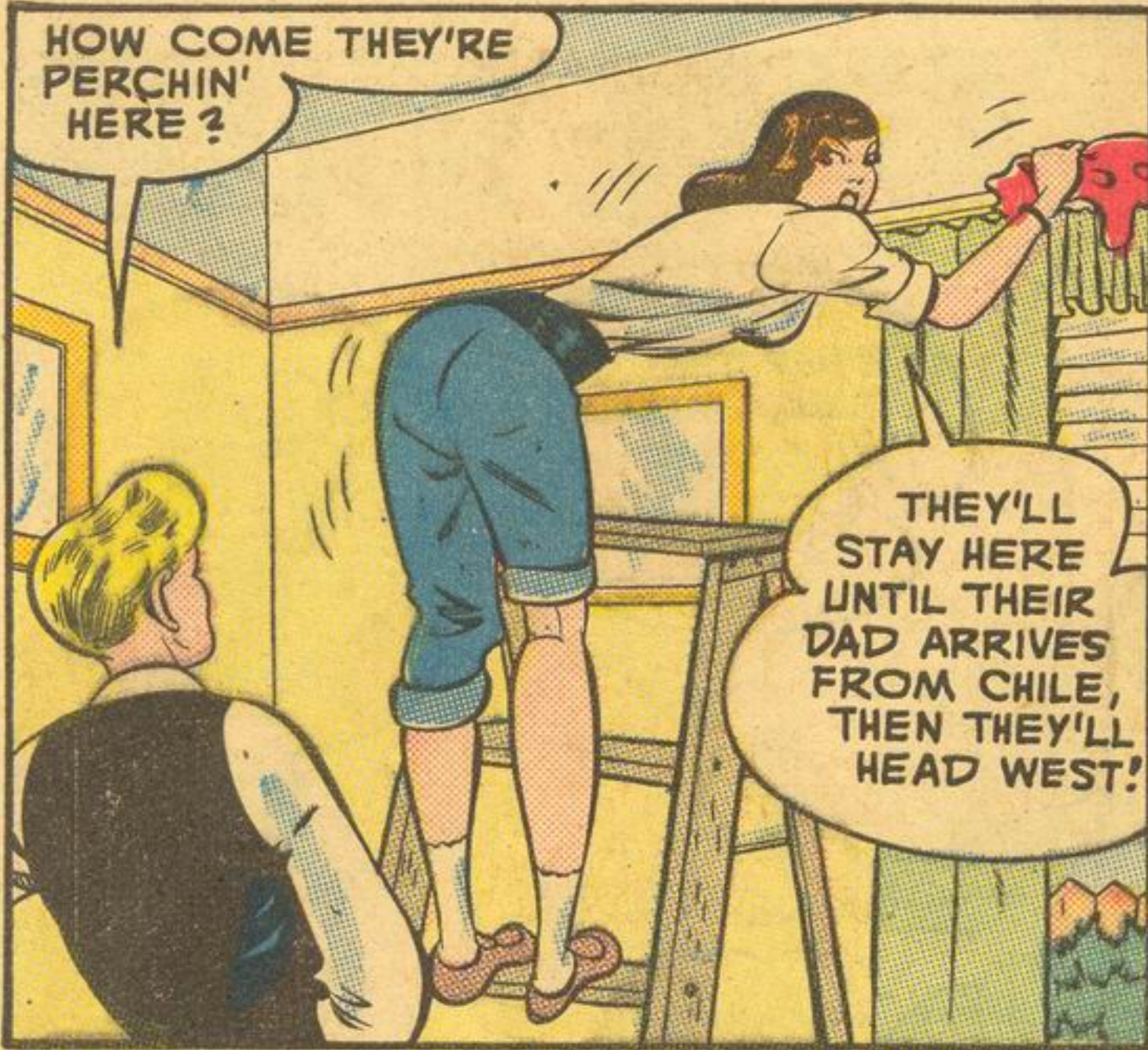
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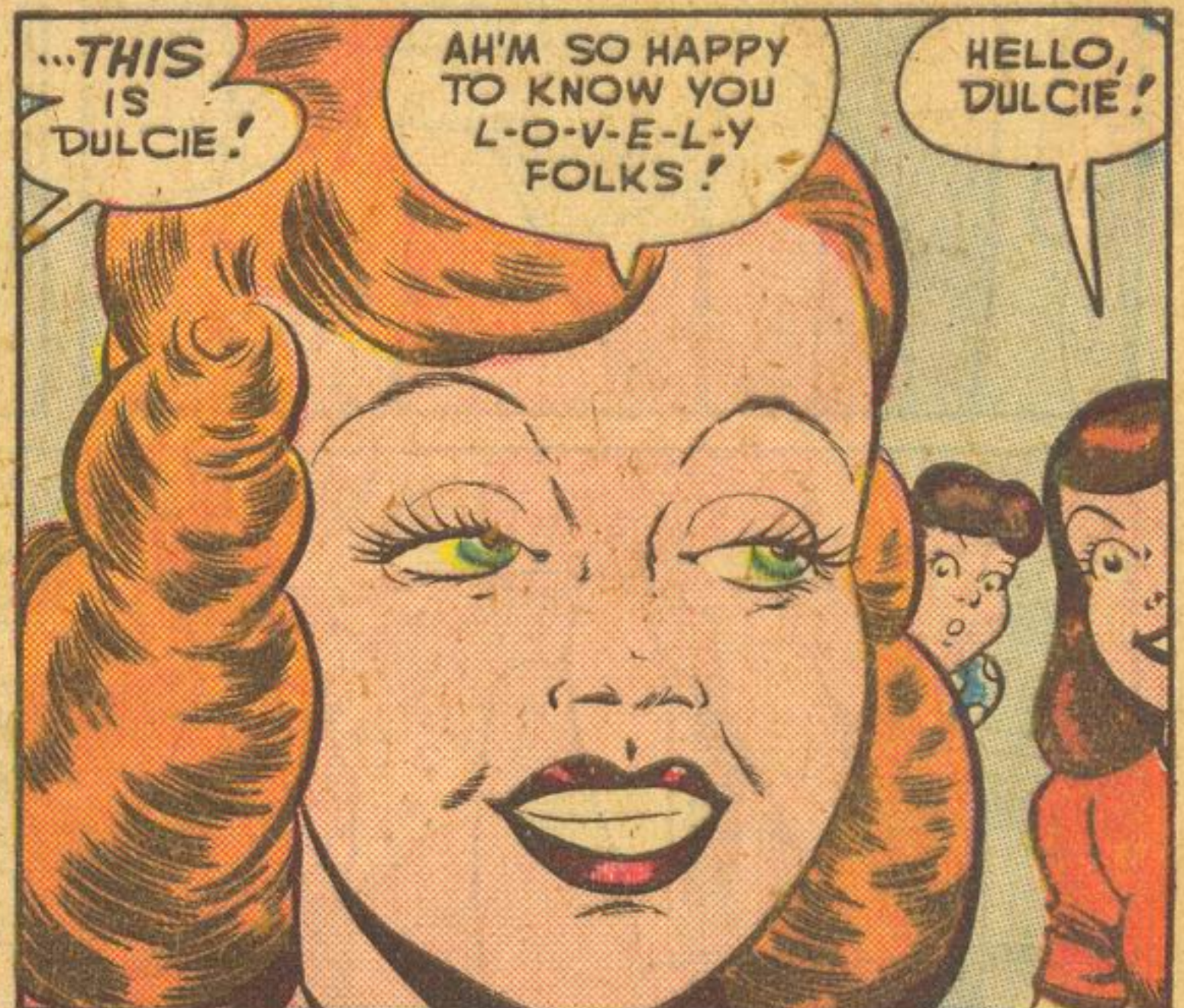
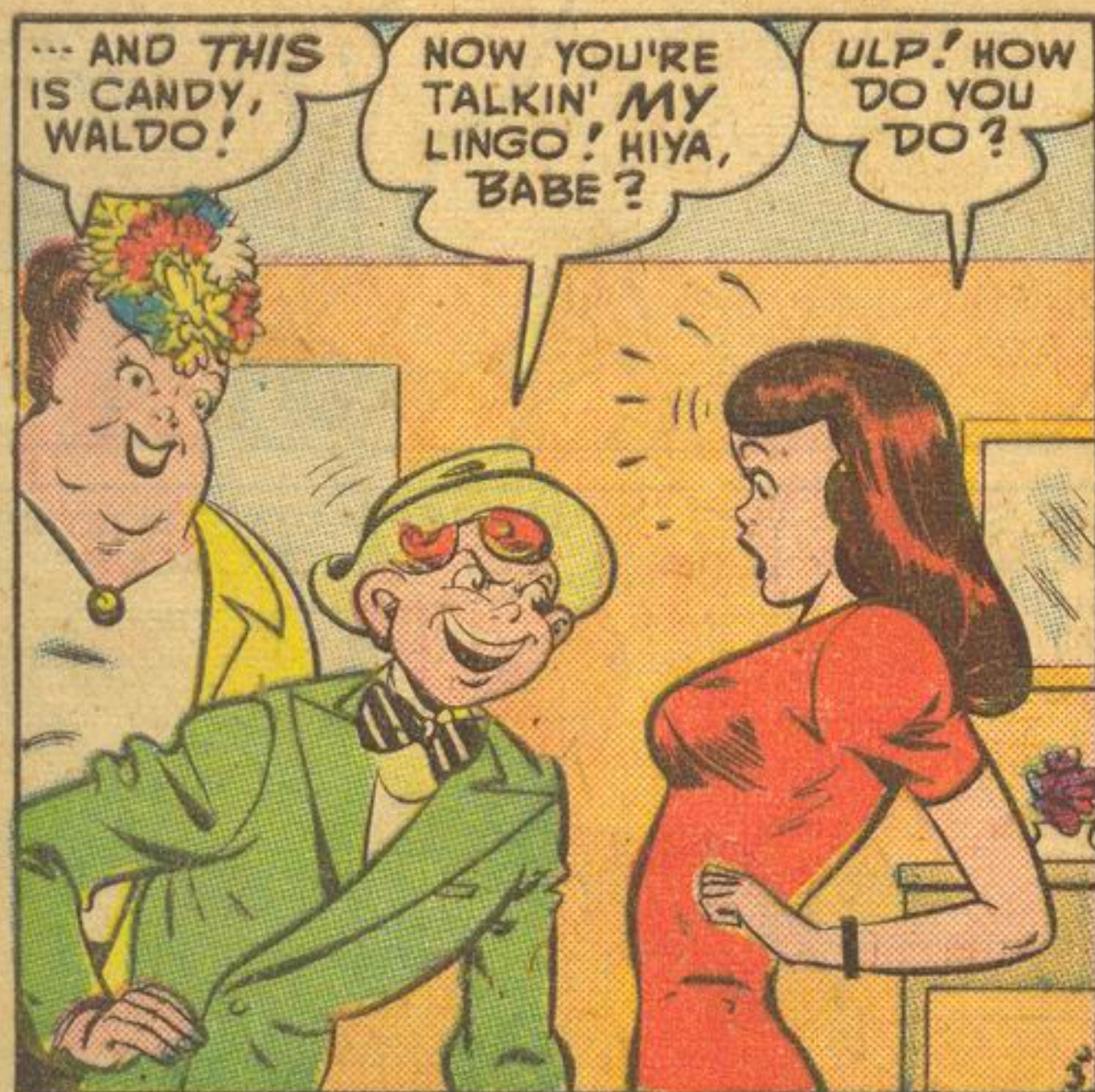
JUKE JENKINS

By
Jimmy
Dee

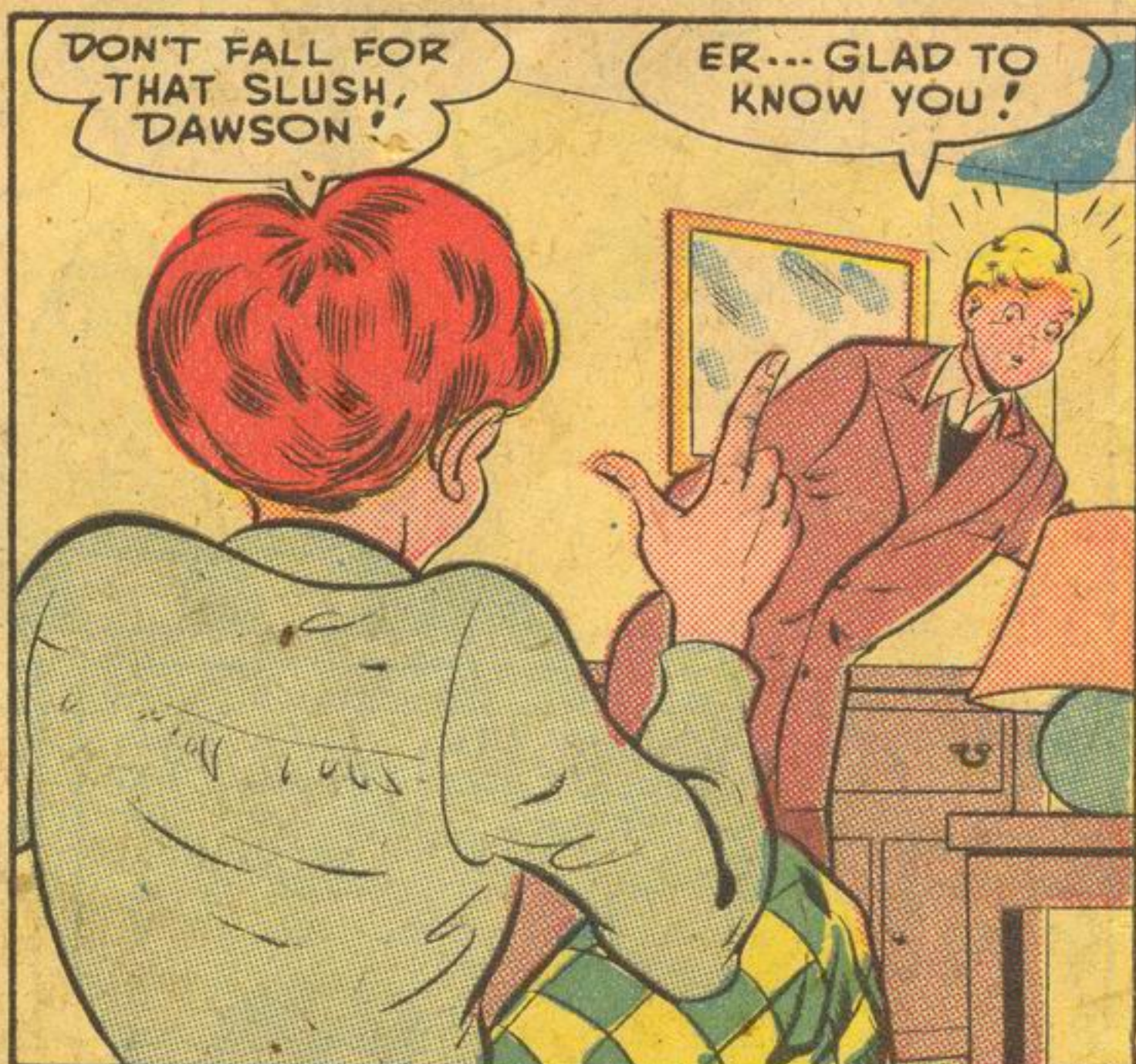
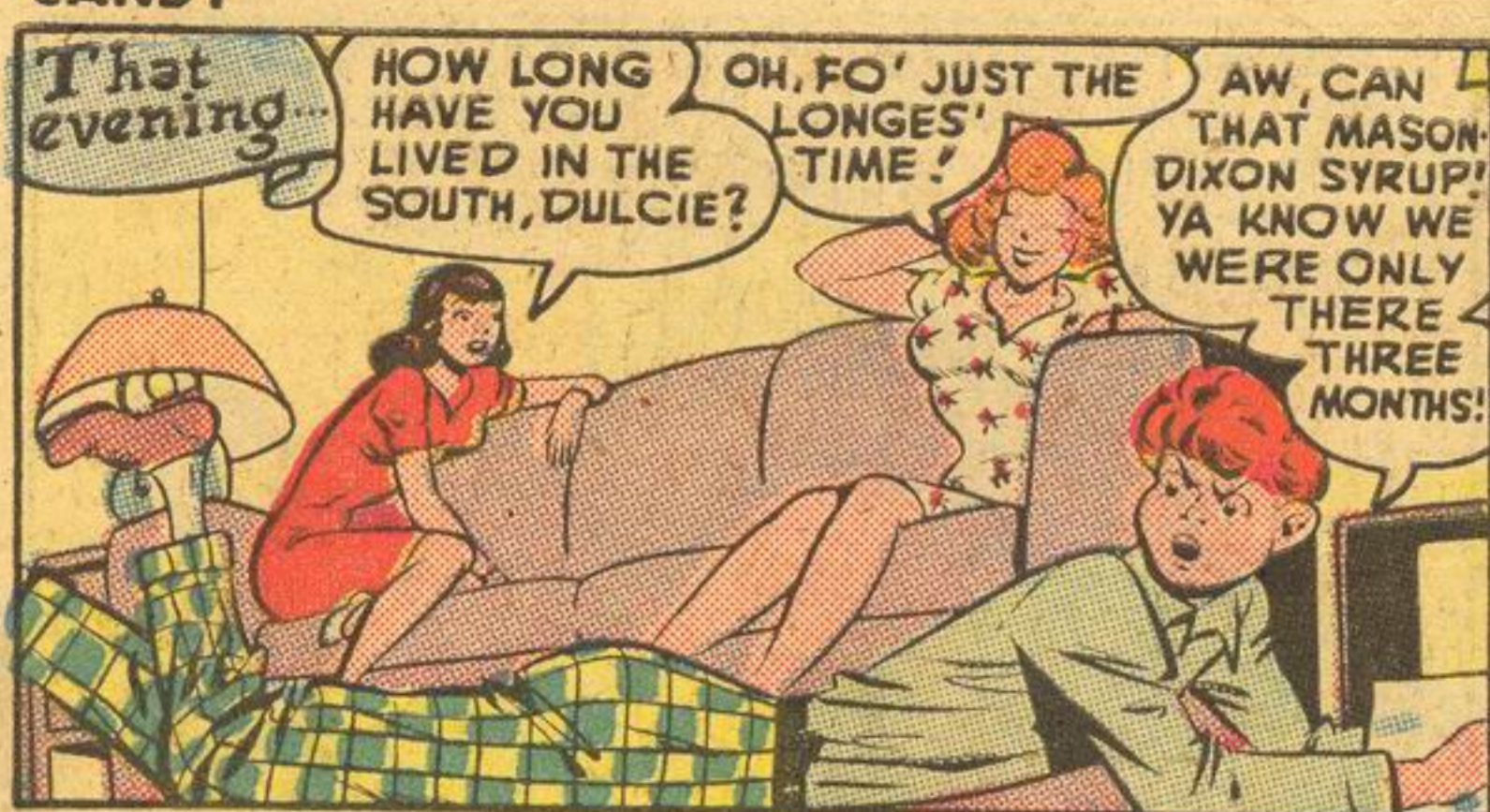




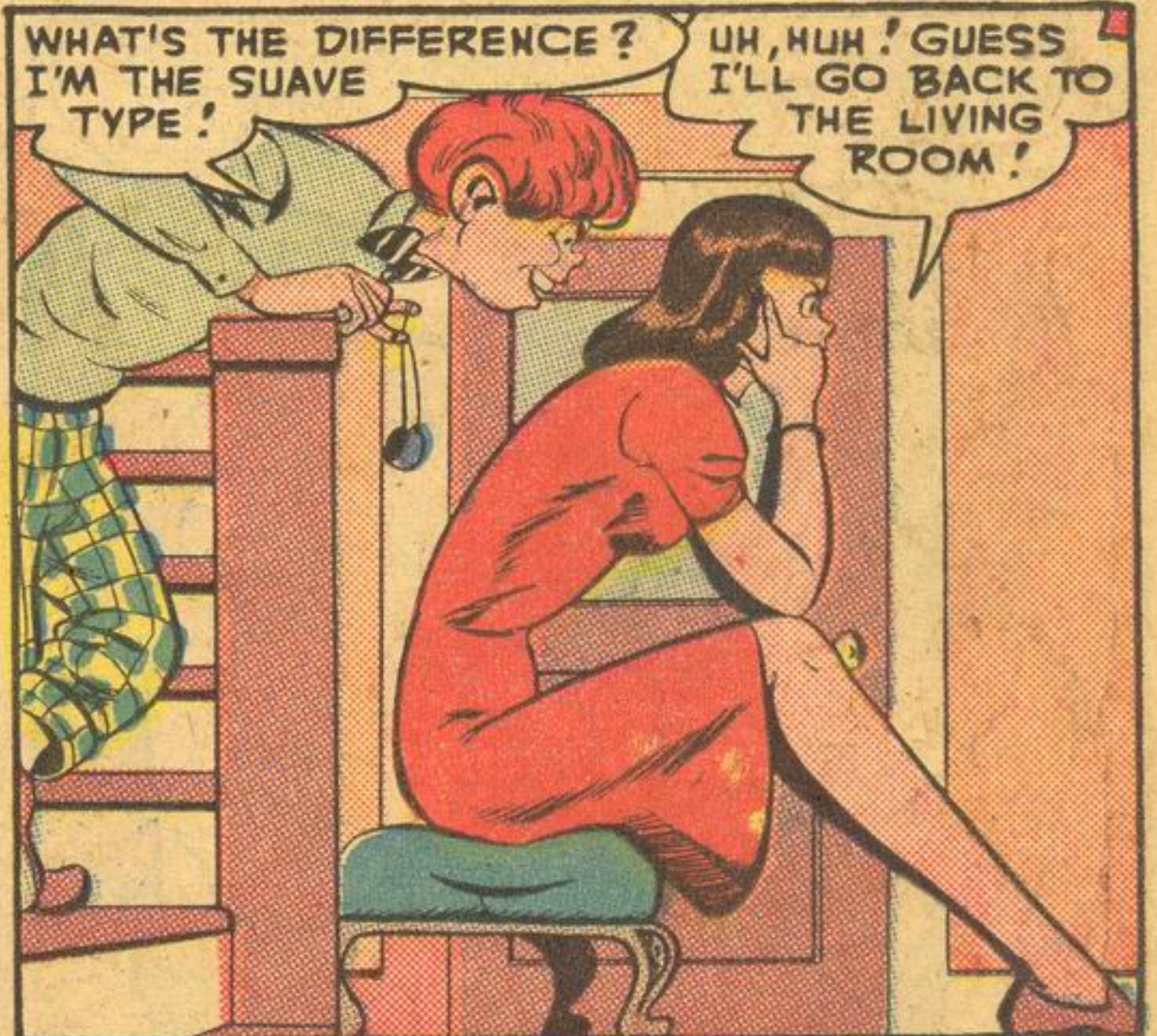
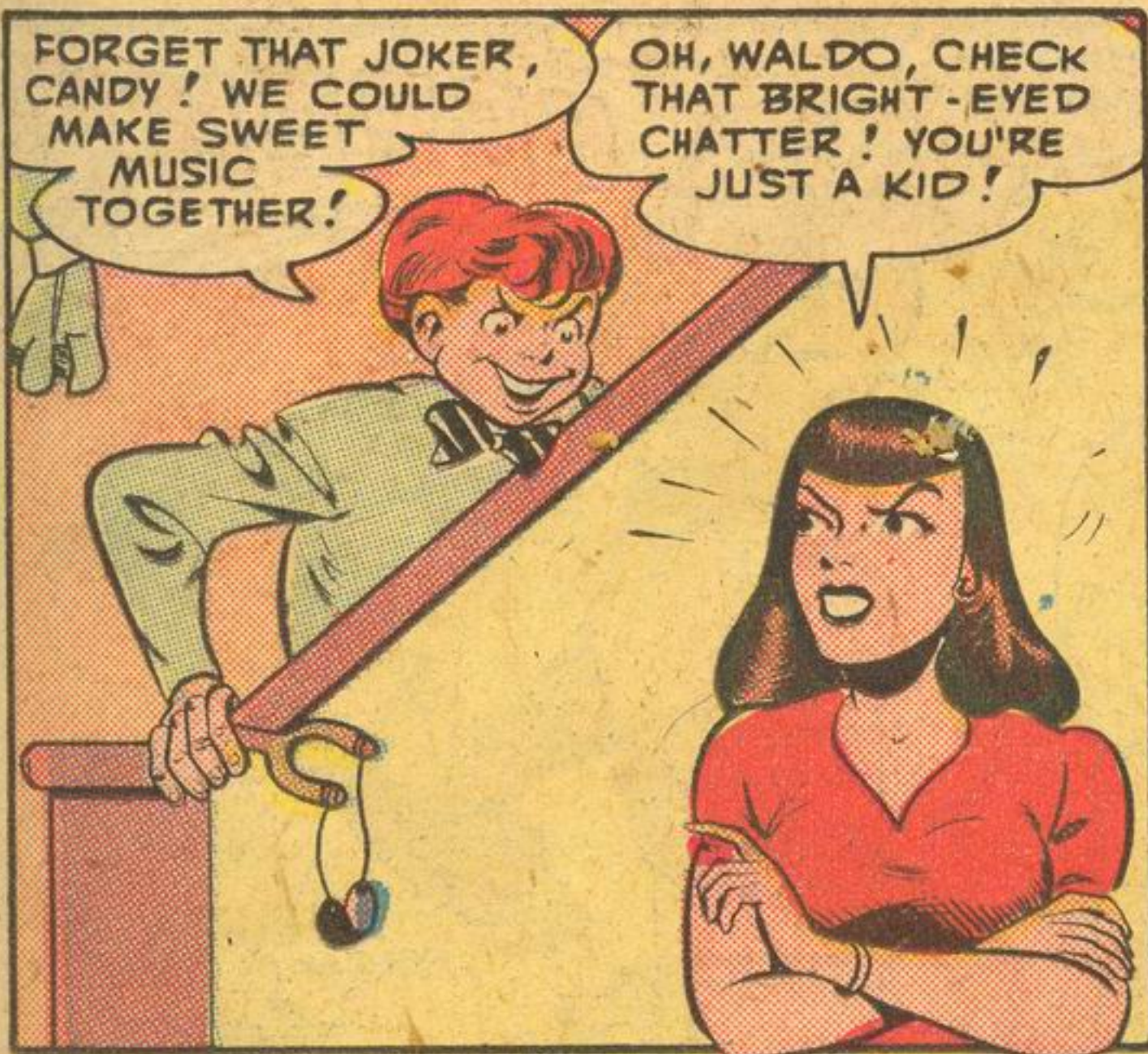
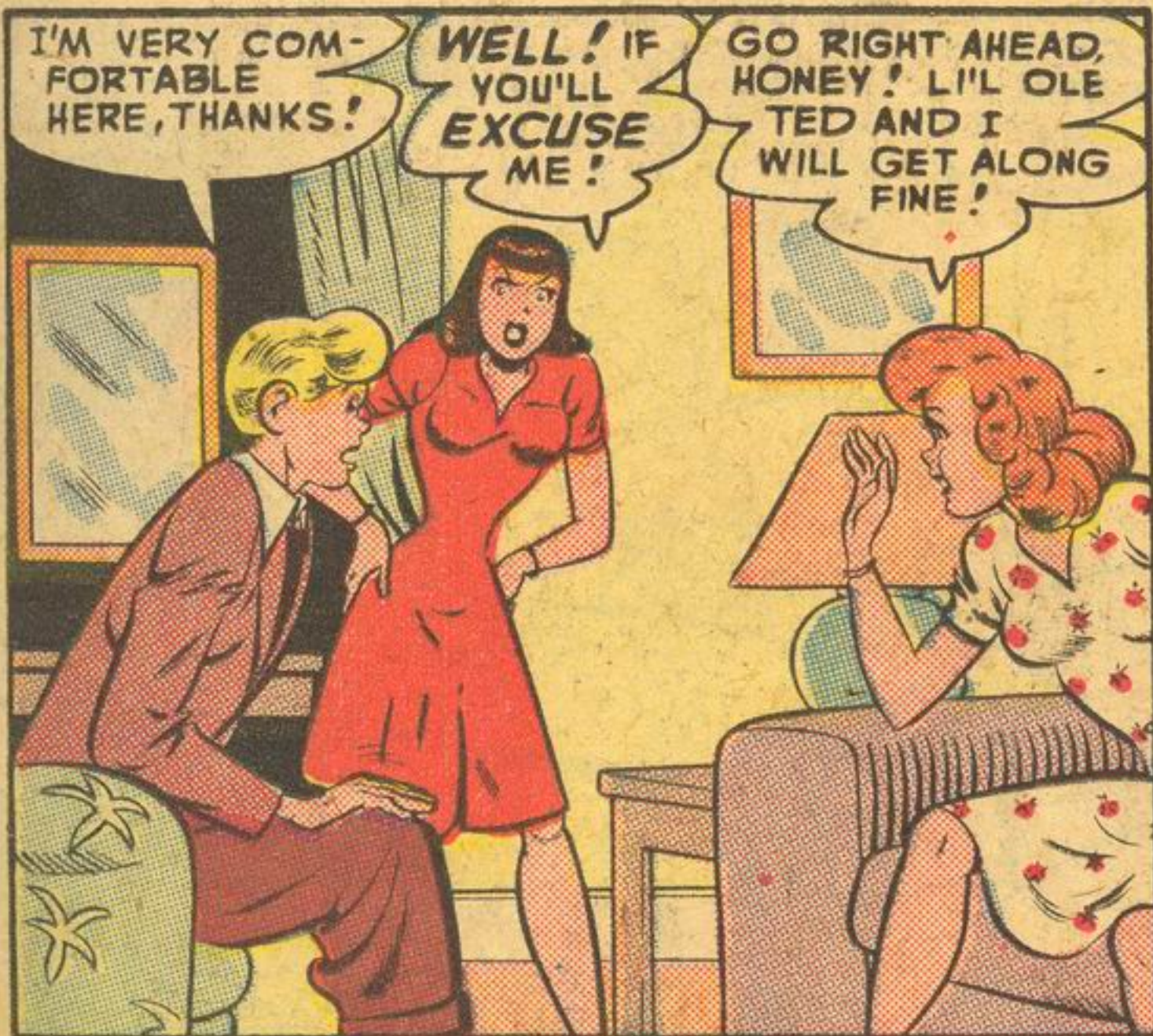


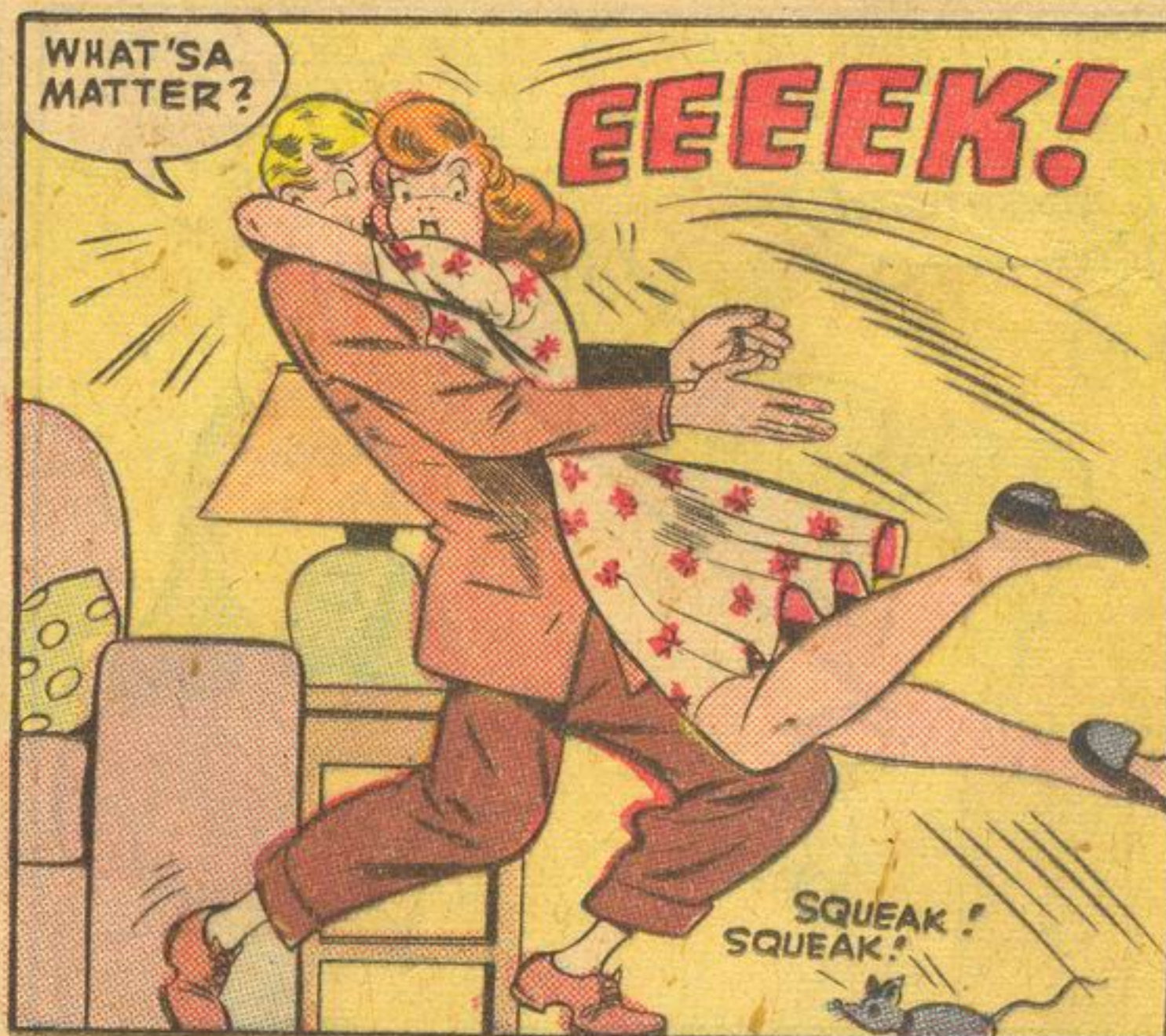
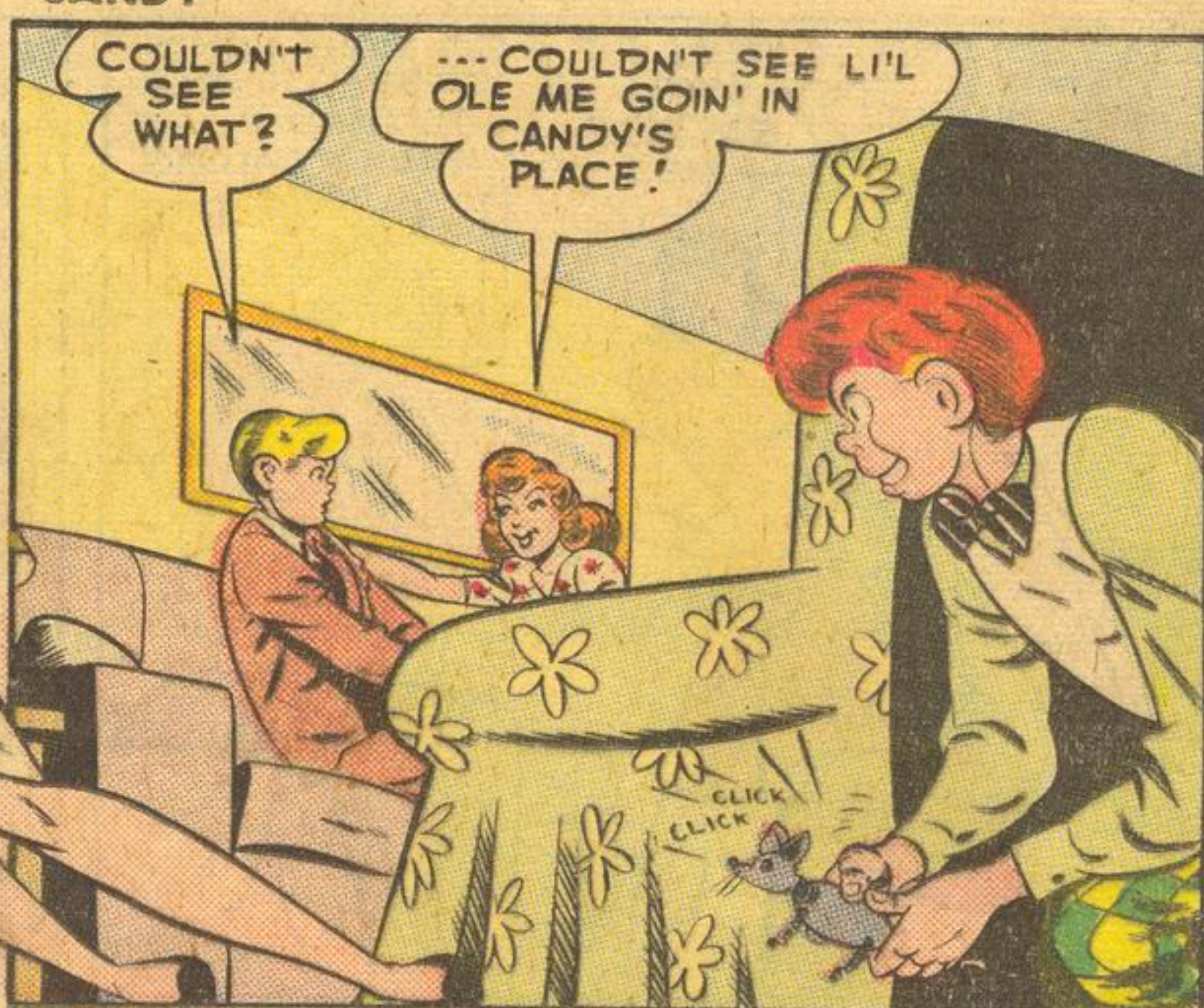


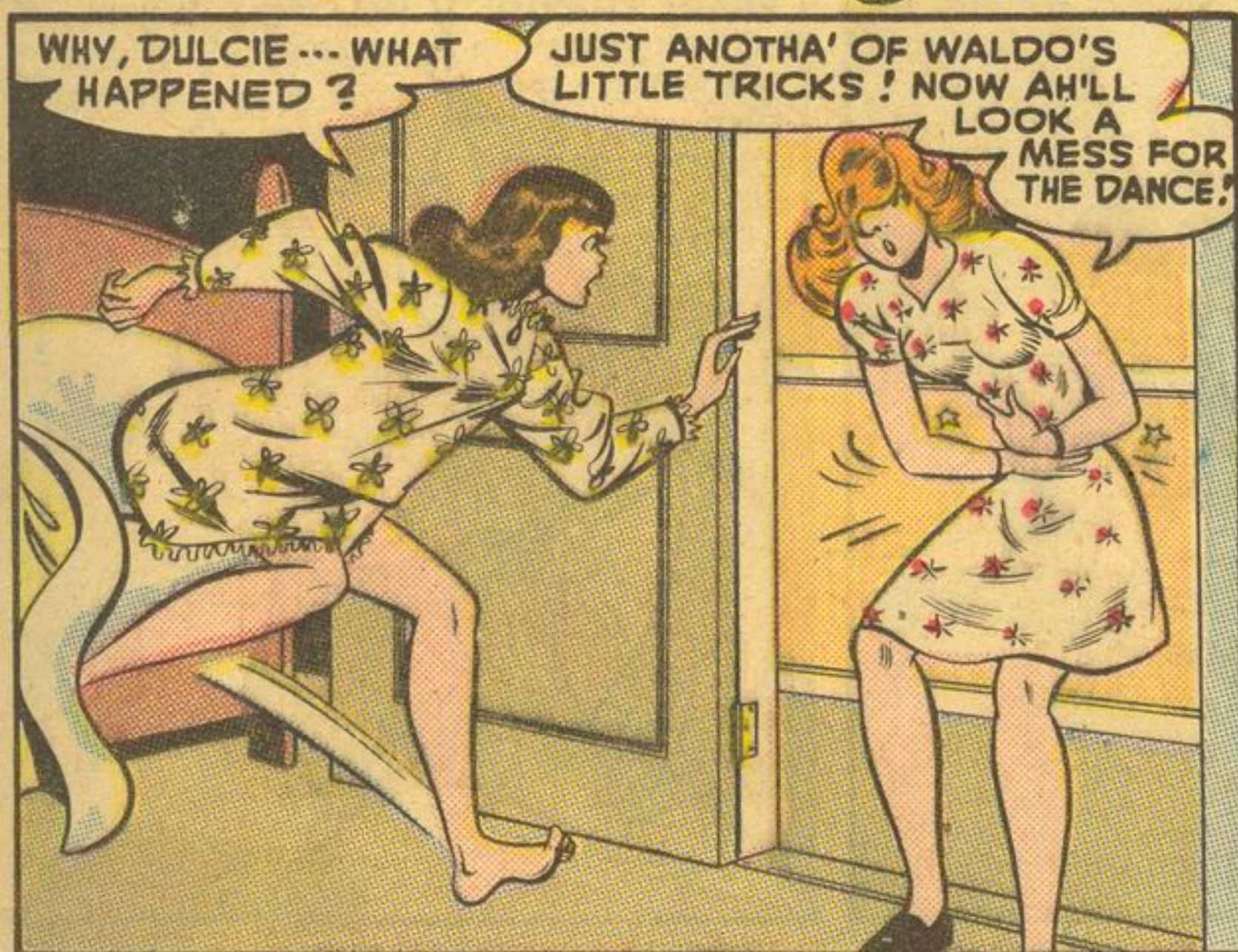
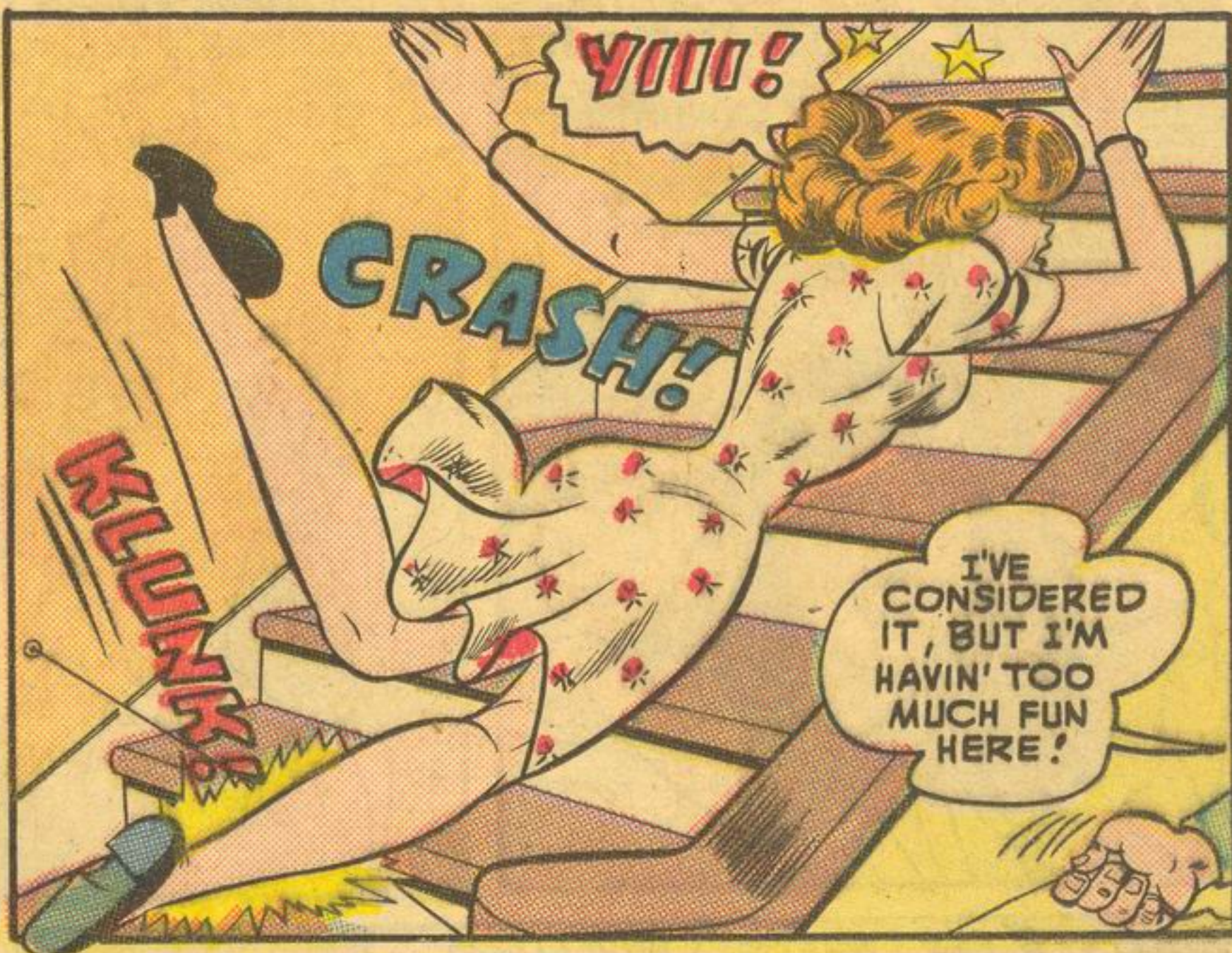
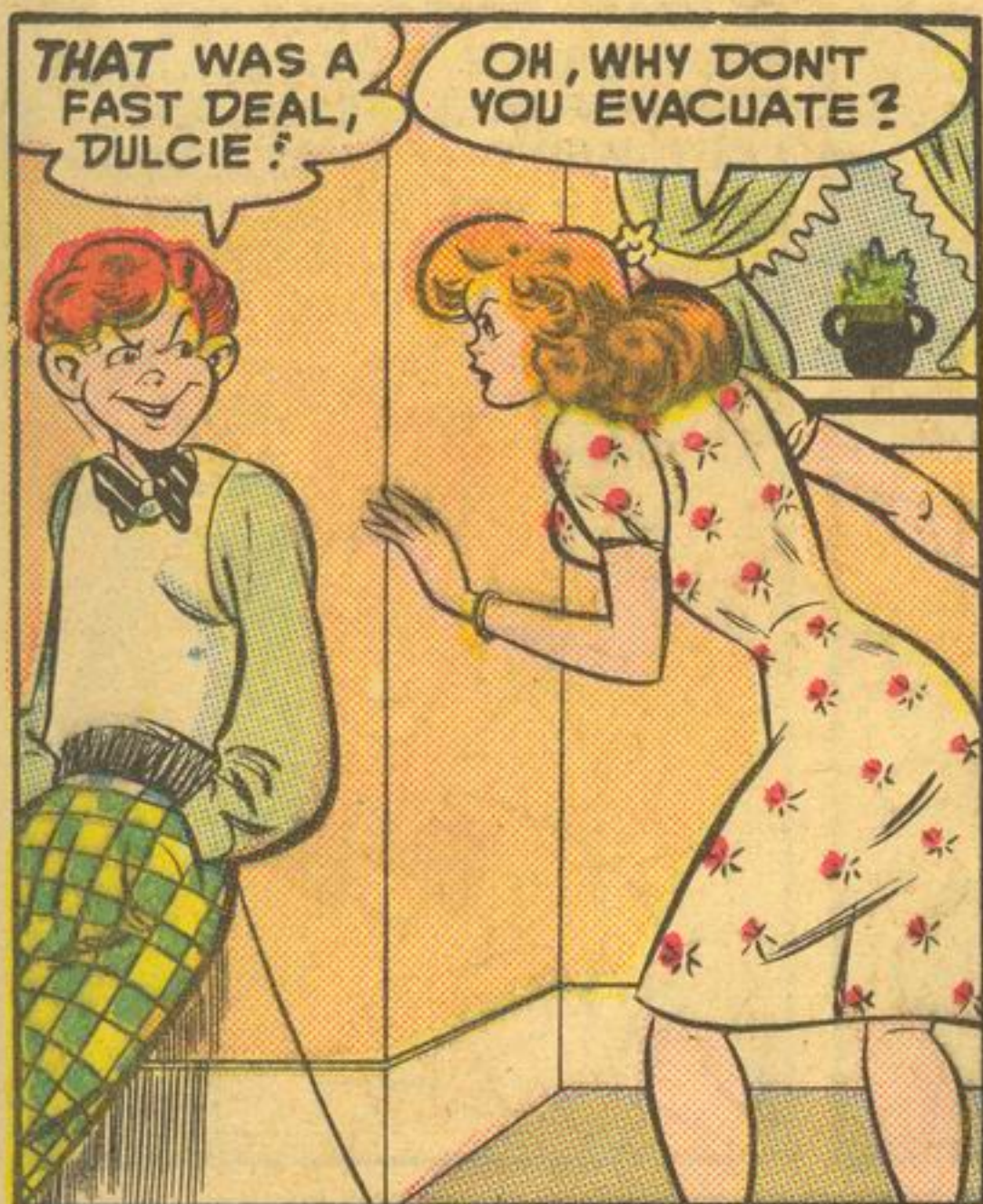
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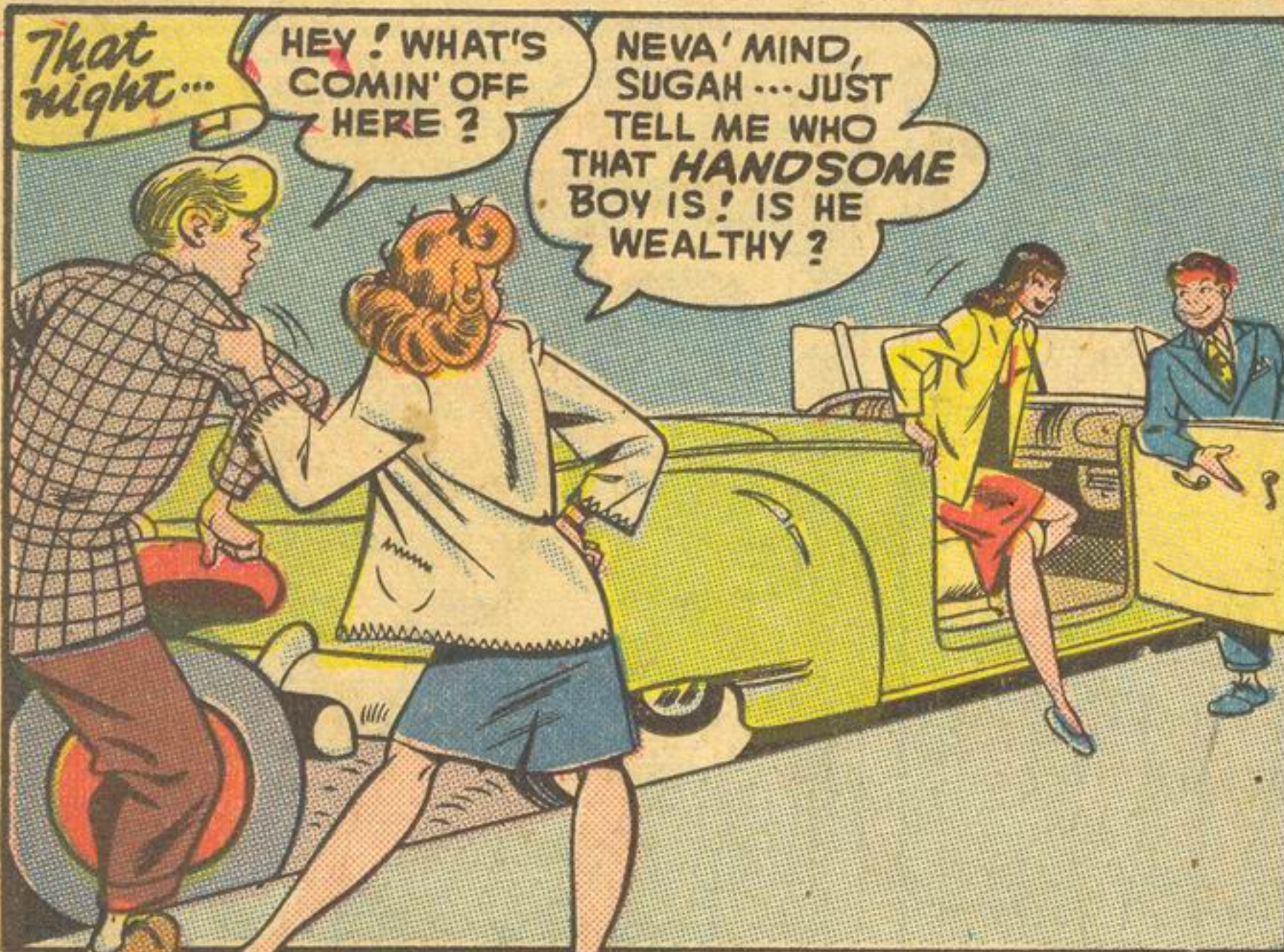
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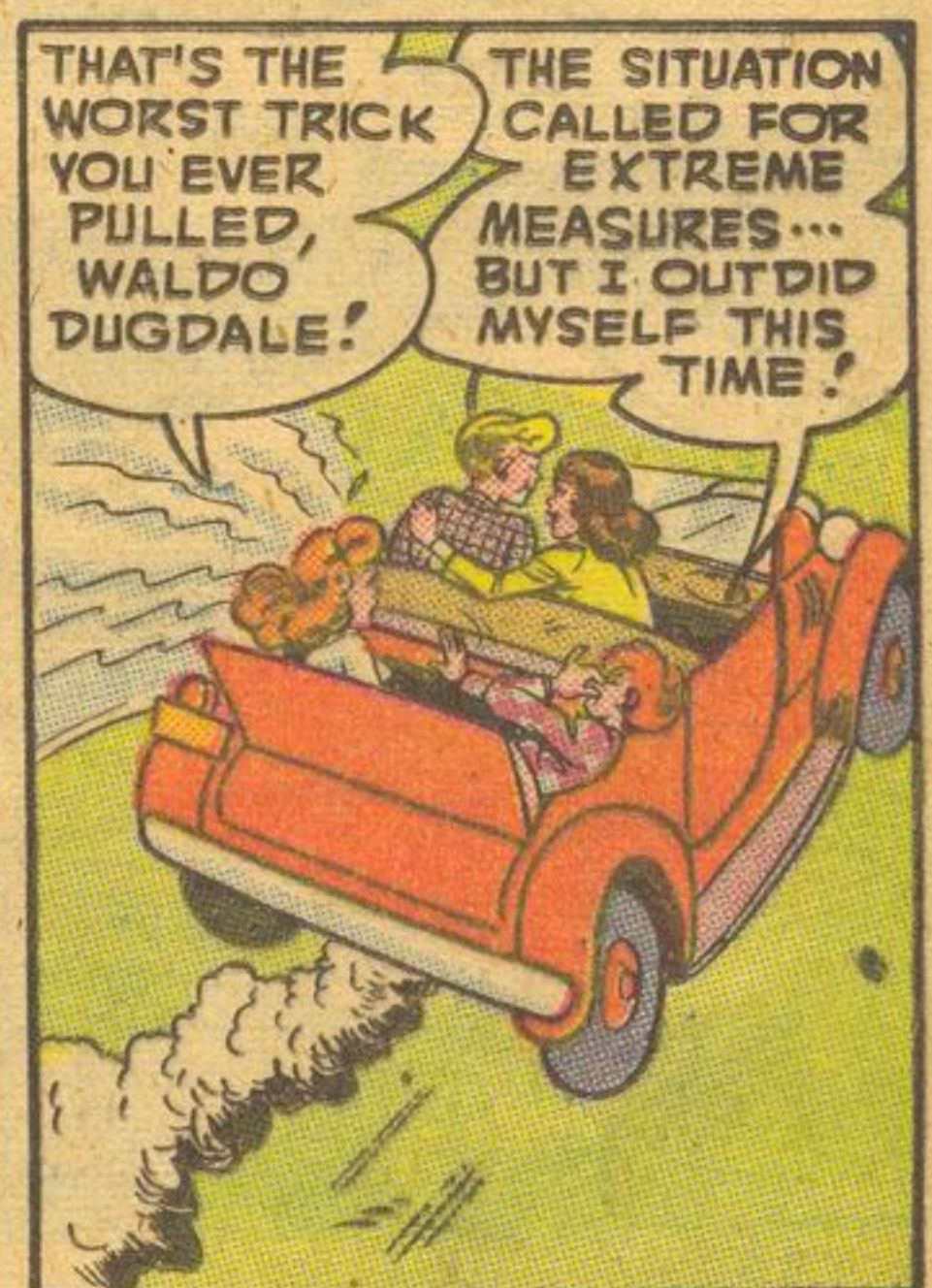
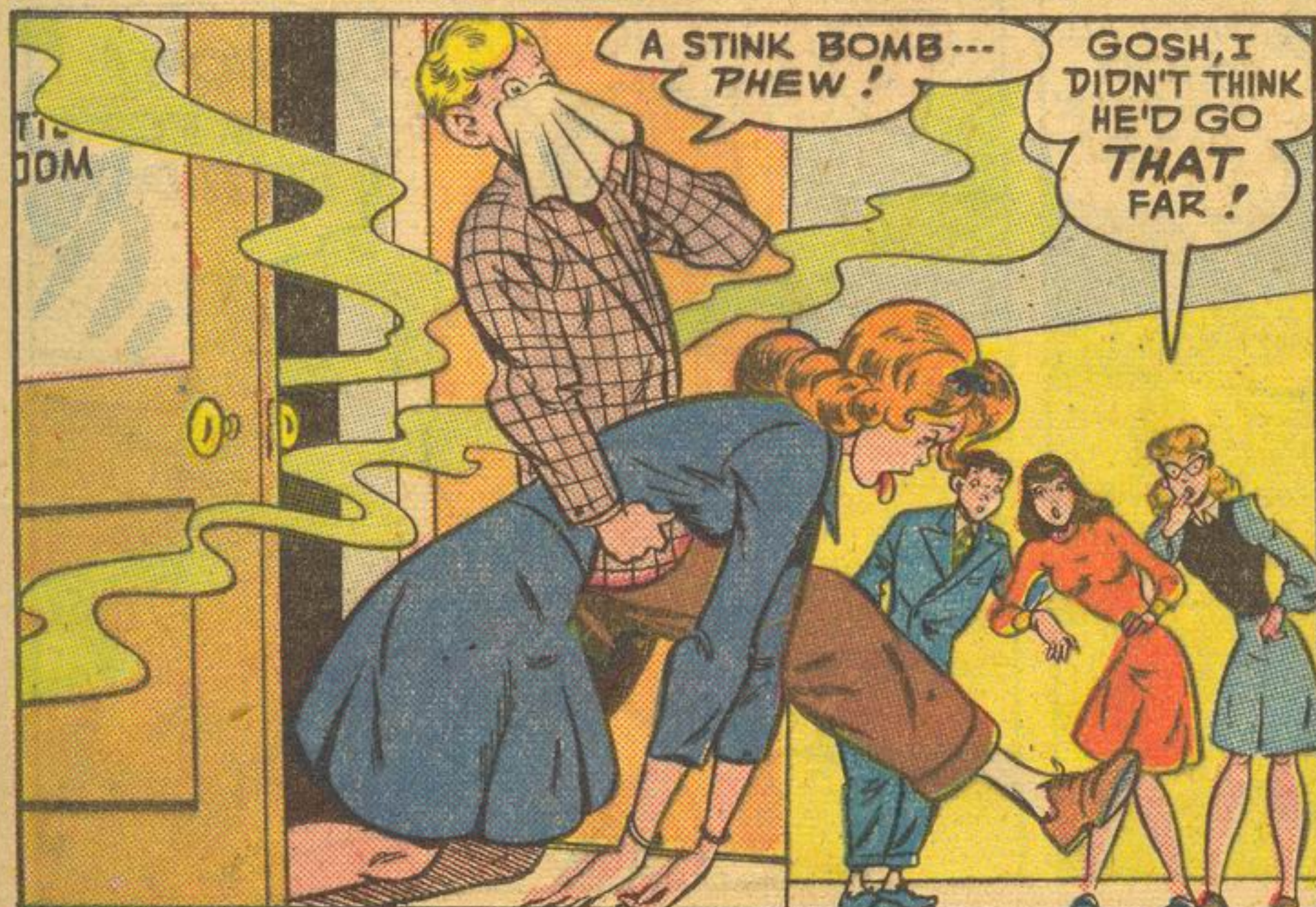
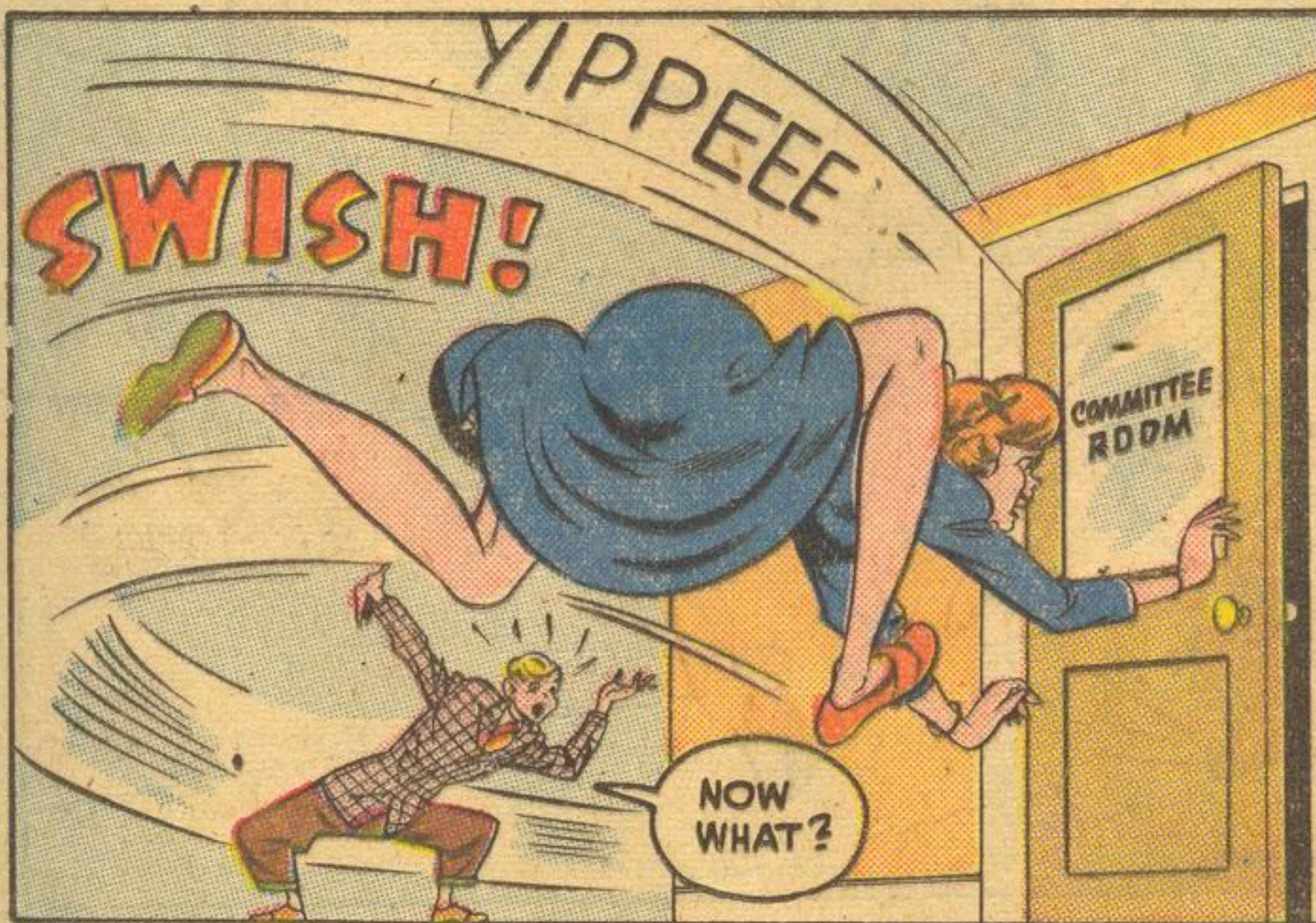
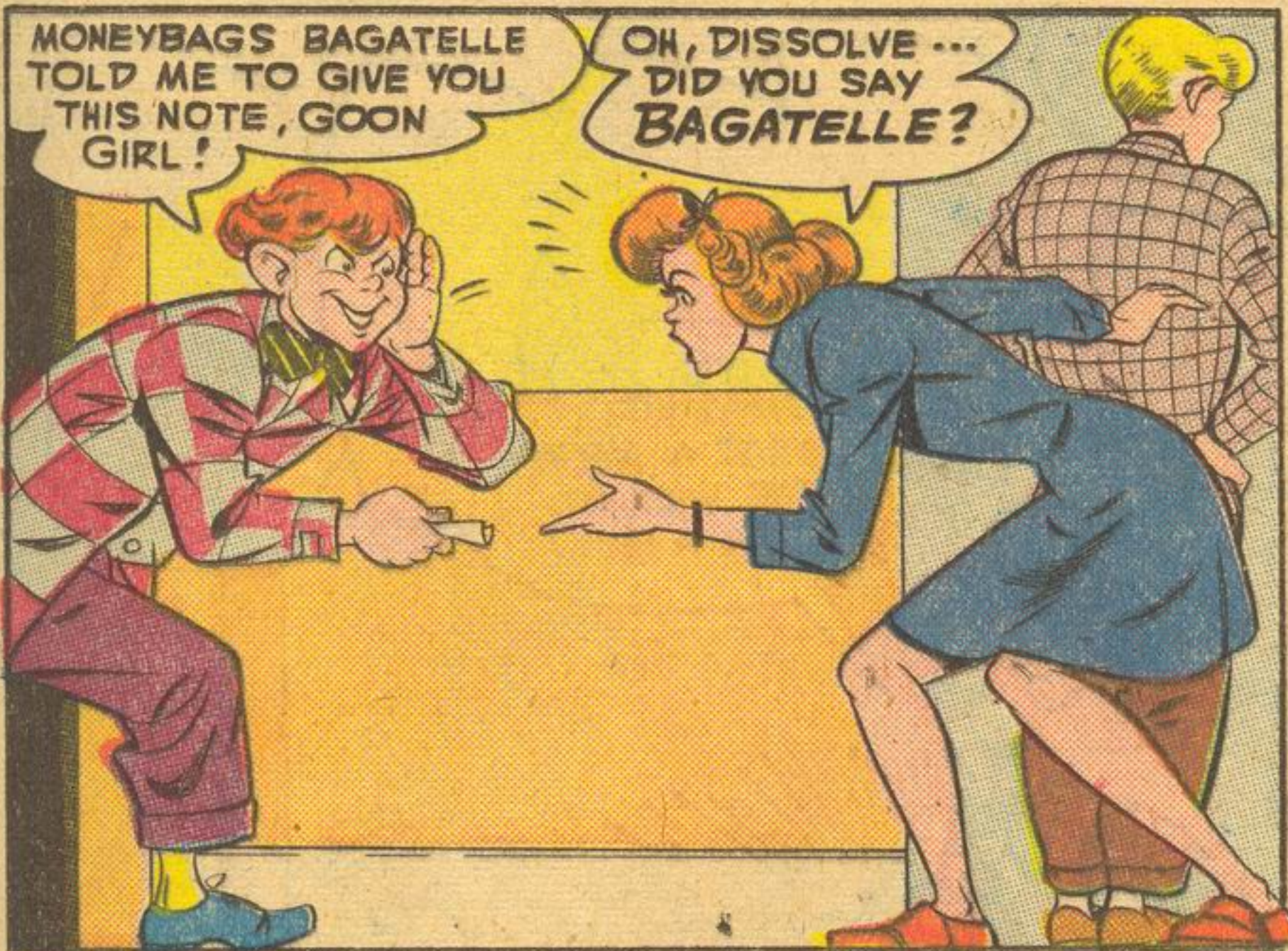


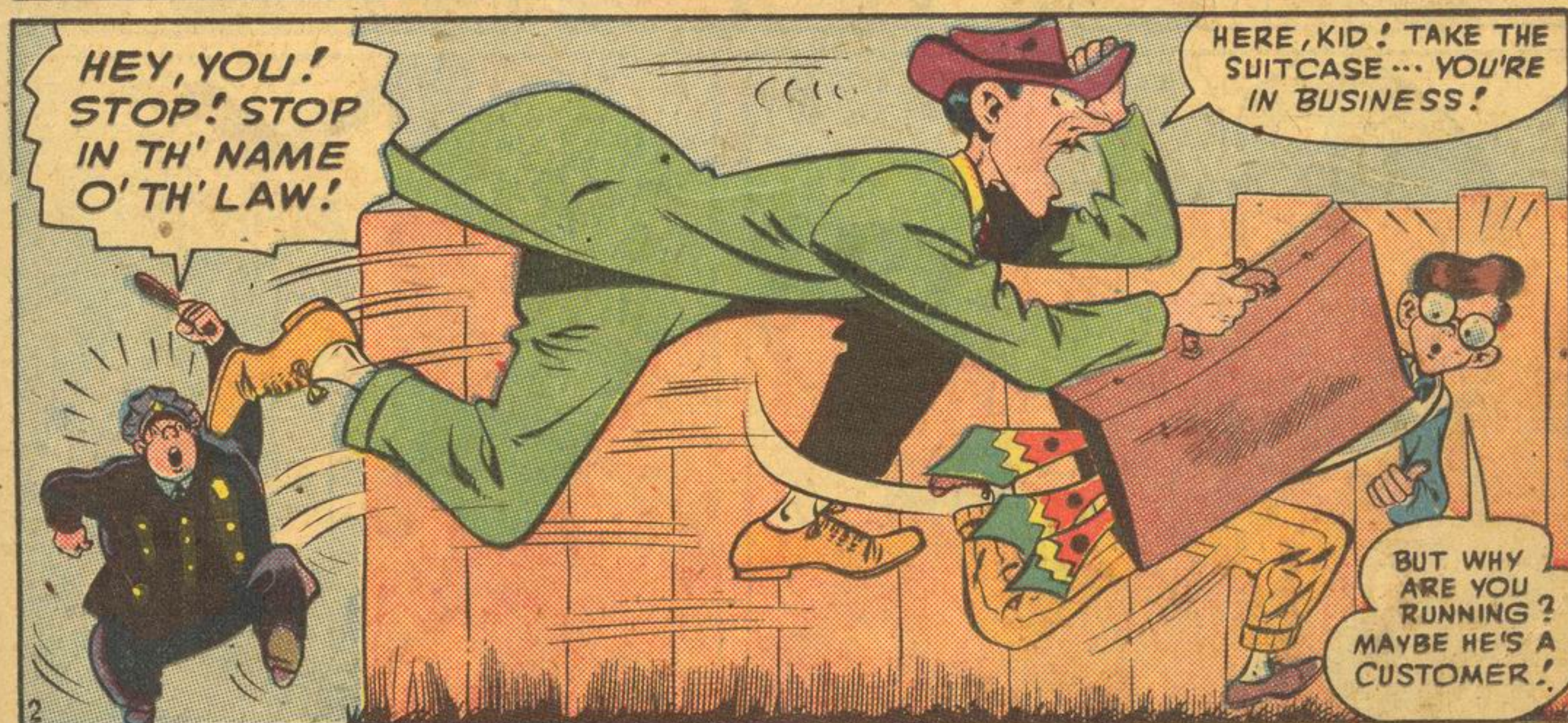
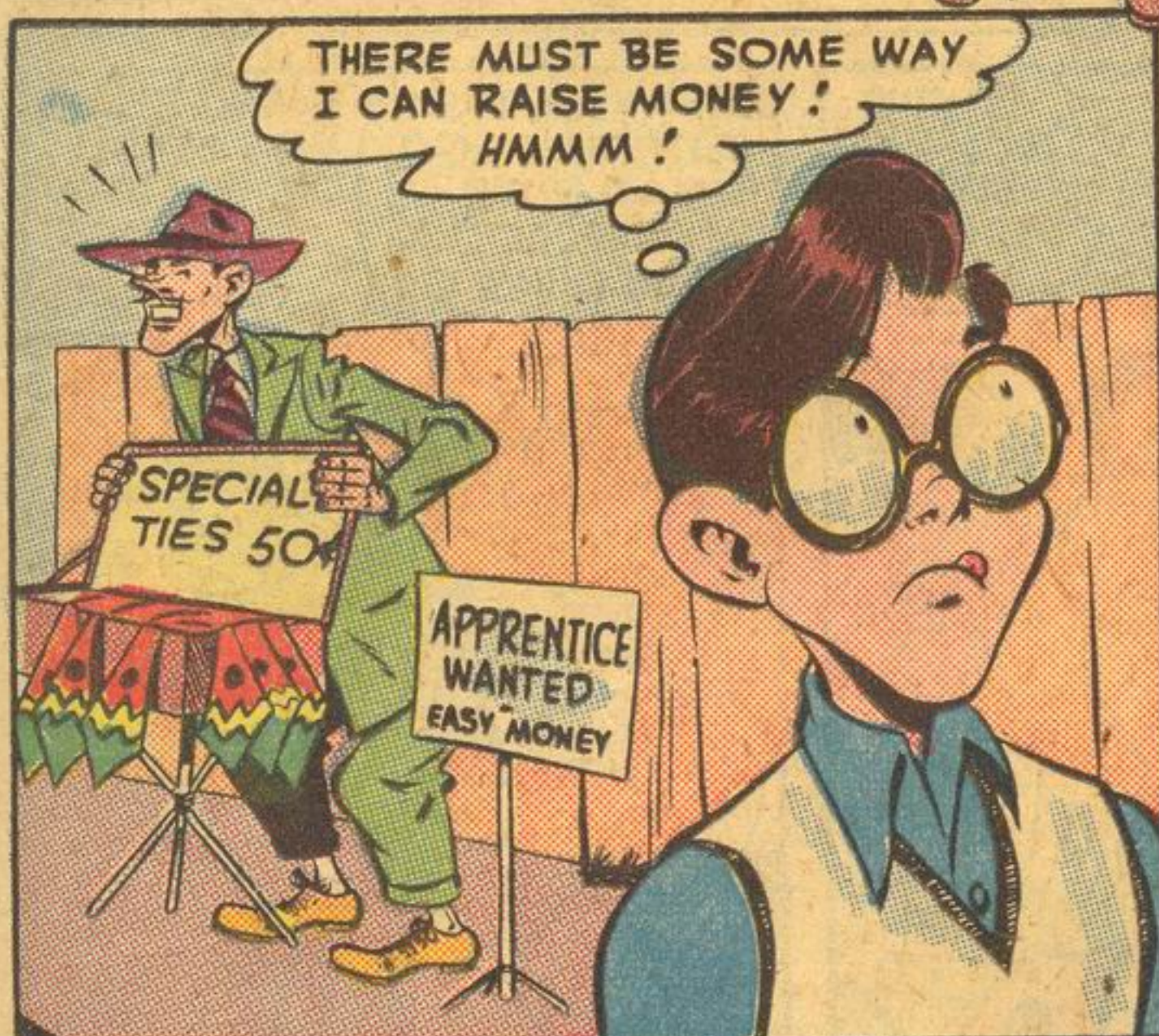




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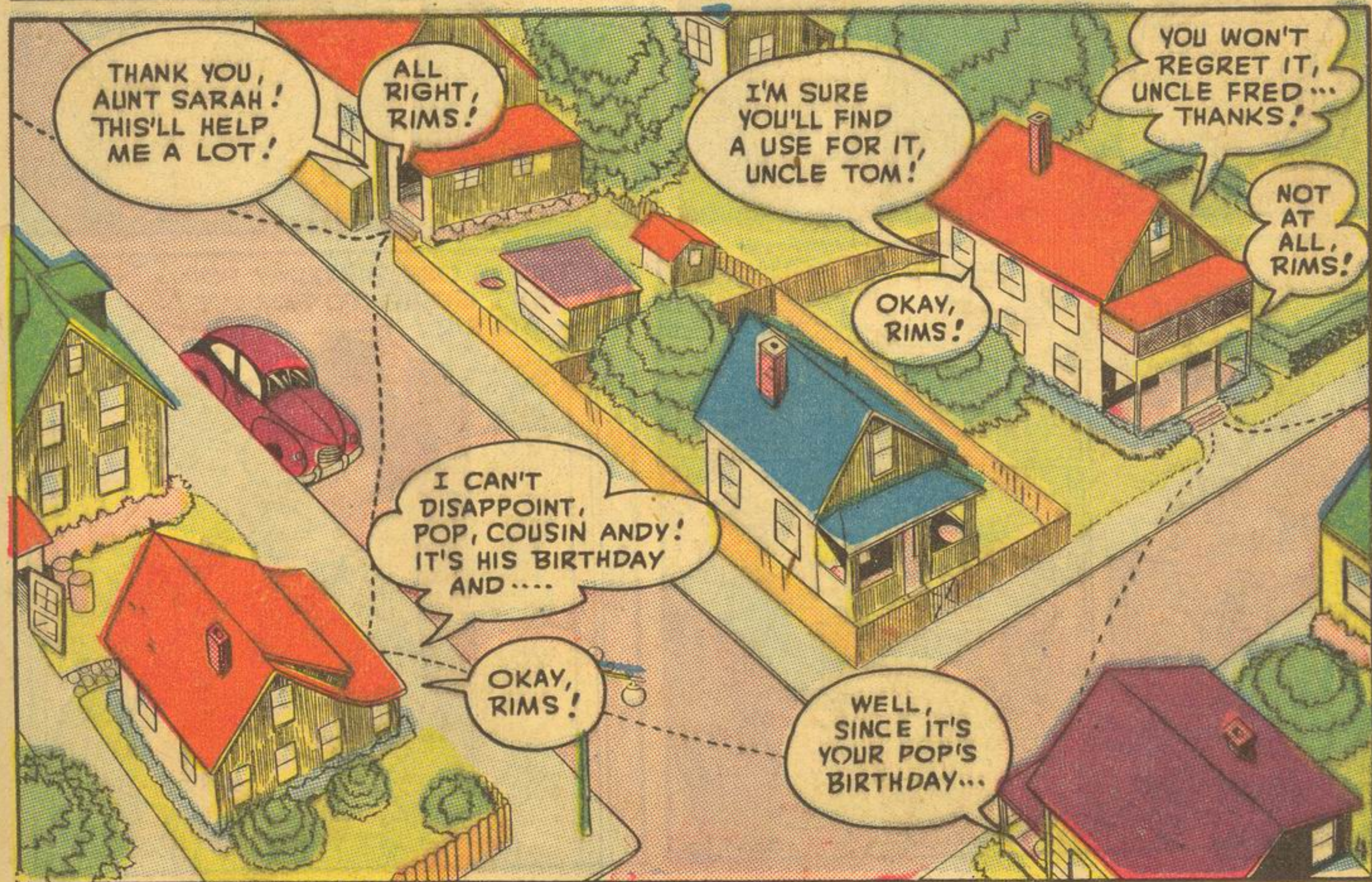




CANDY



CANDY



CANDY

WHEW! I SOLD EVERY
TIE...NOW TO FIND THAT
CHARACTER AGAIN AND
GET MY COMMISSION!



HMM...THAT'S FUNNY!
I'M SUPPOSED TO MEET
HIM HERE! I WONDER
WHERE HE IS?



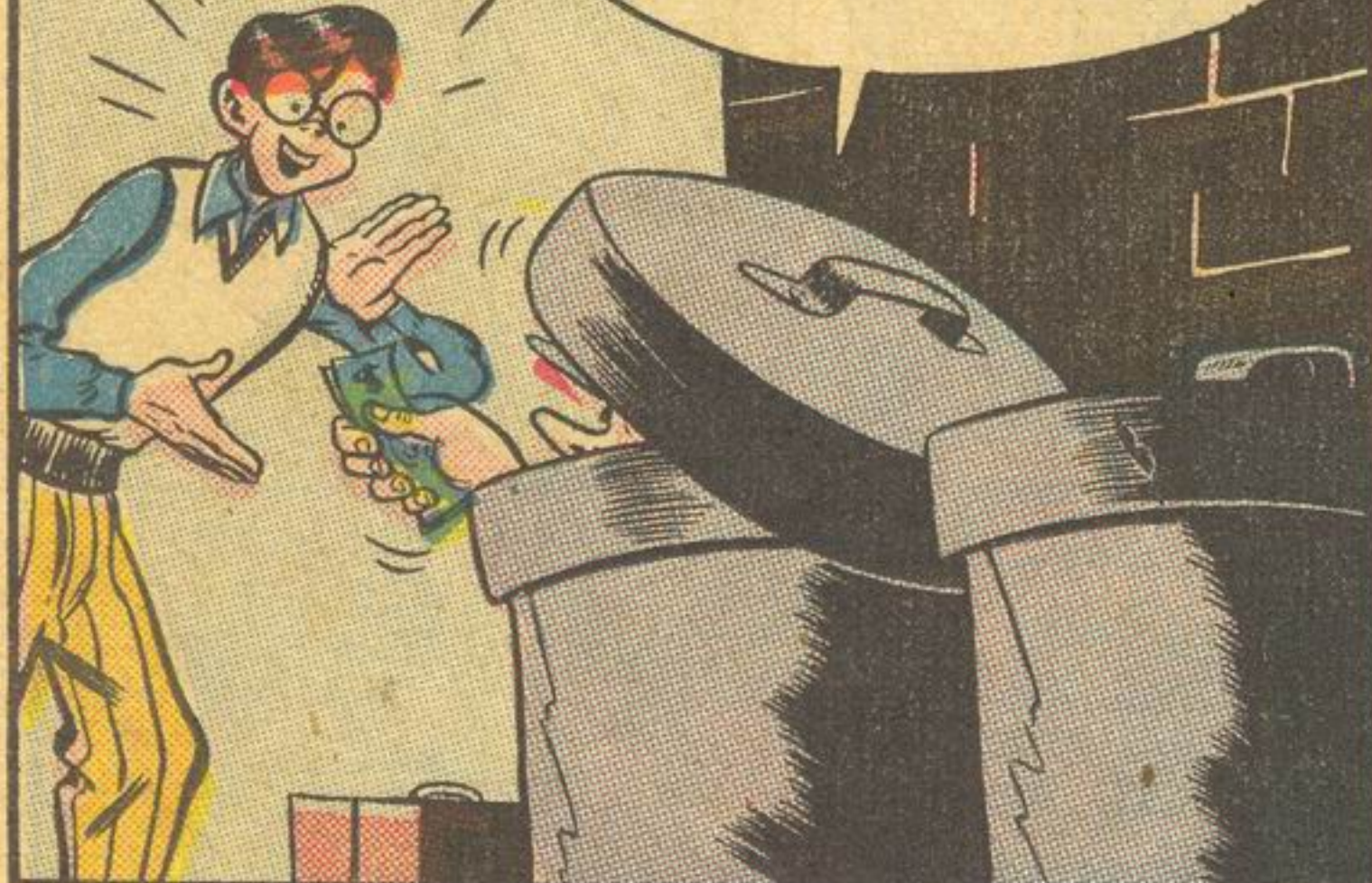
WH--WHAT ARE
YOU DOIN' IN
THERE?

SHHH...THIS IS
MY NEW OFFICE!
WHERE'S THE
MONEY?



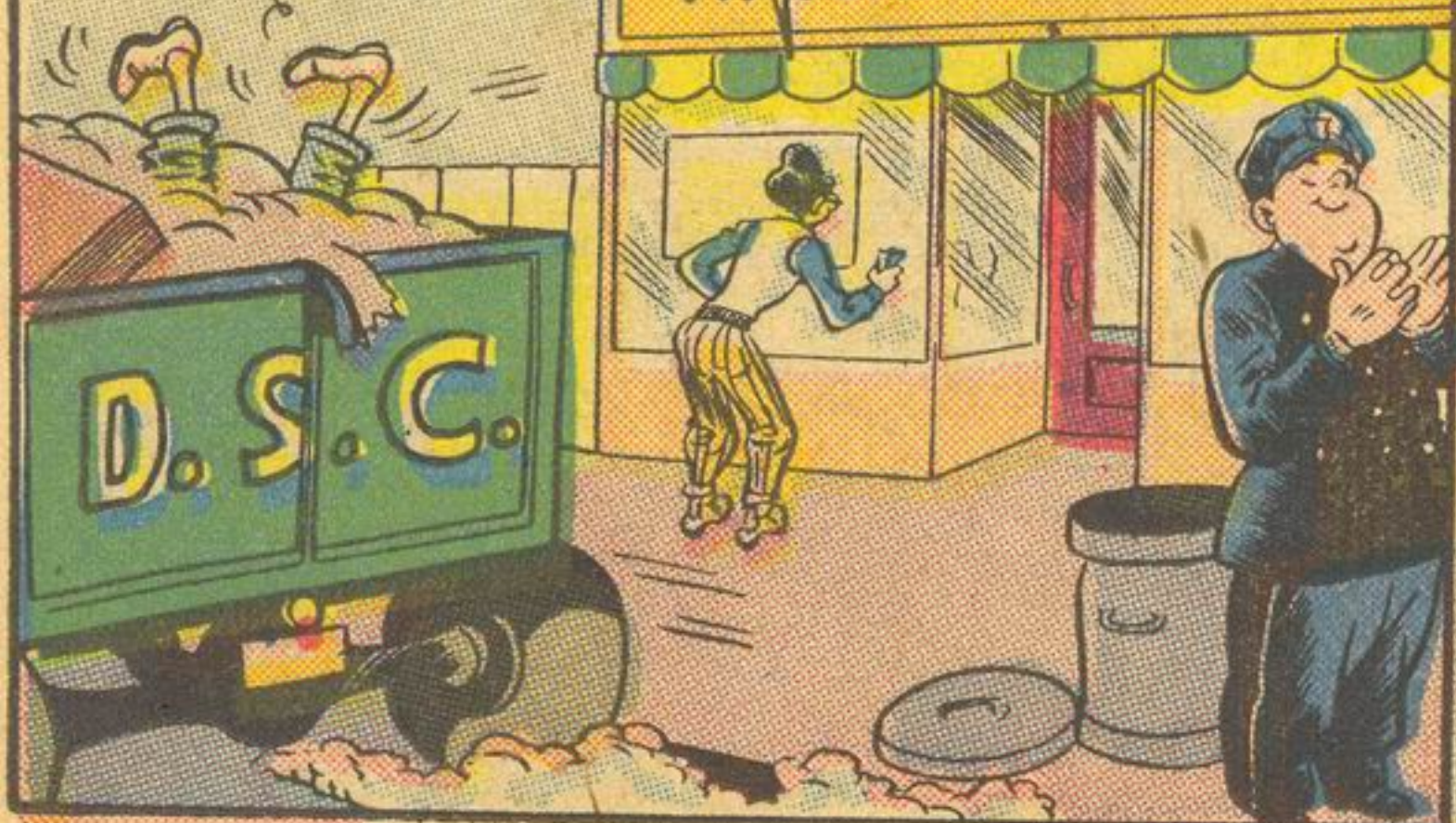
THERE Y'ARE!
I SOLD 'EM
ALL!

GOOD! HERE'S YOUR
CUT! NOW BEAT IT
BEFORE THAT NOSEY
COP COMES SNOOPING
AROUND AGAIN!

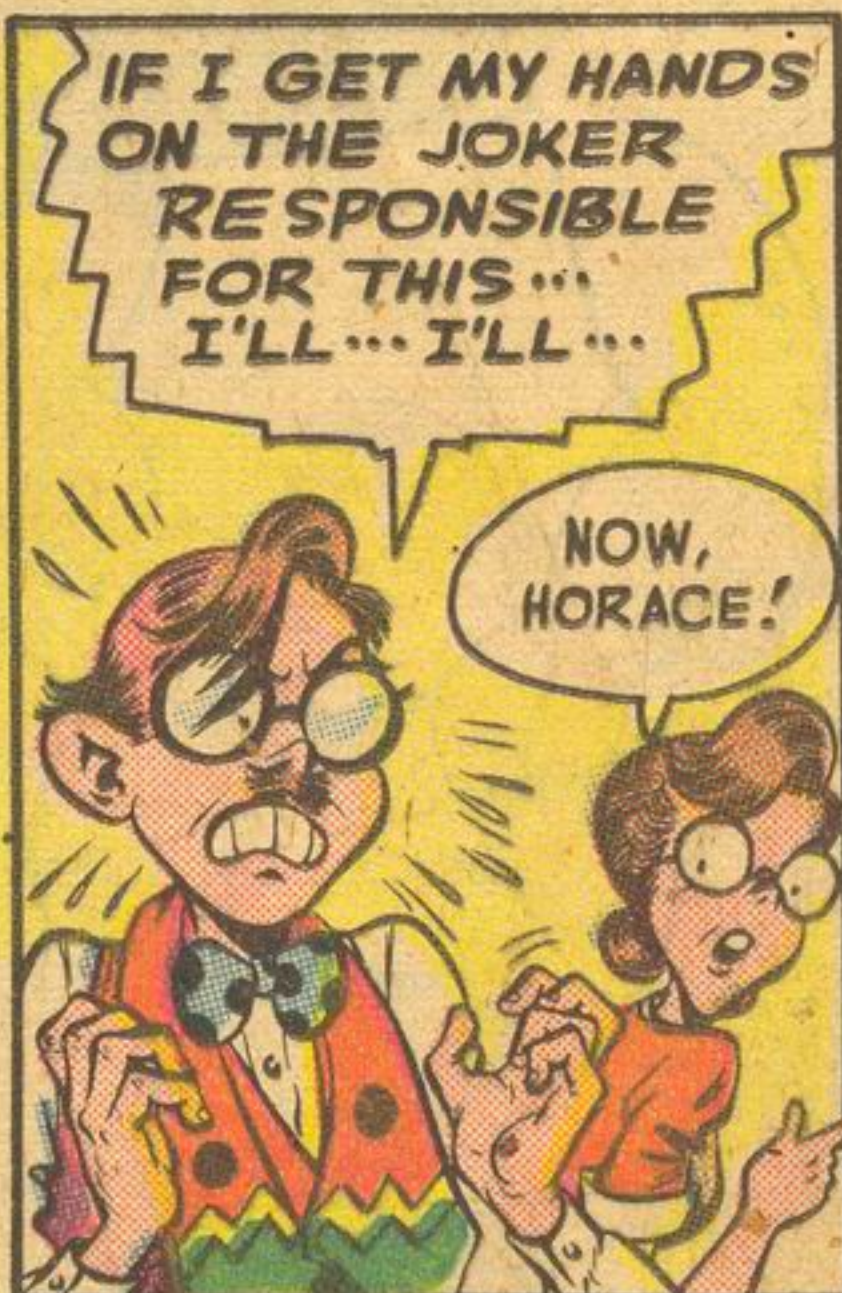
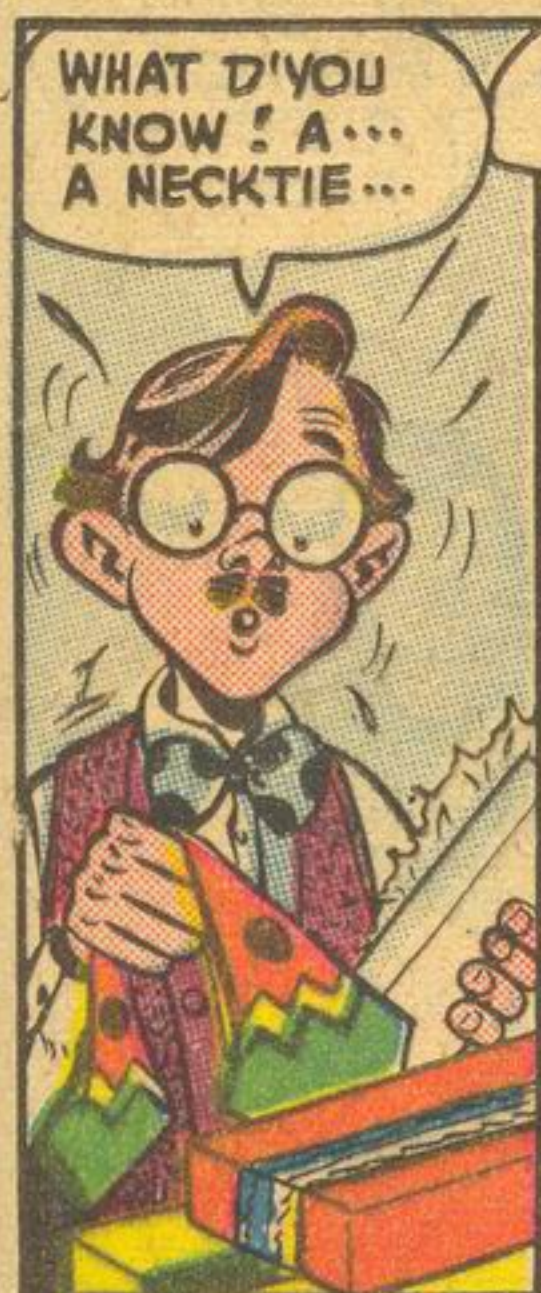


AH...THERE'S
JUST THE
GIFT!

MOE and SIMON
HABERDASHERS

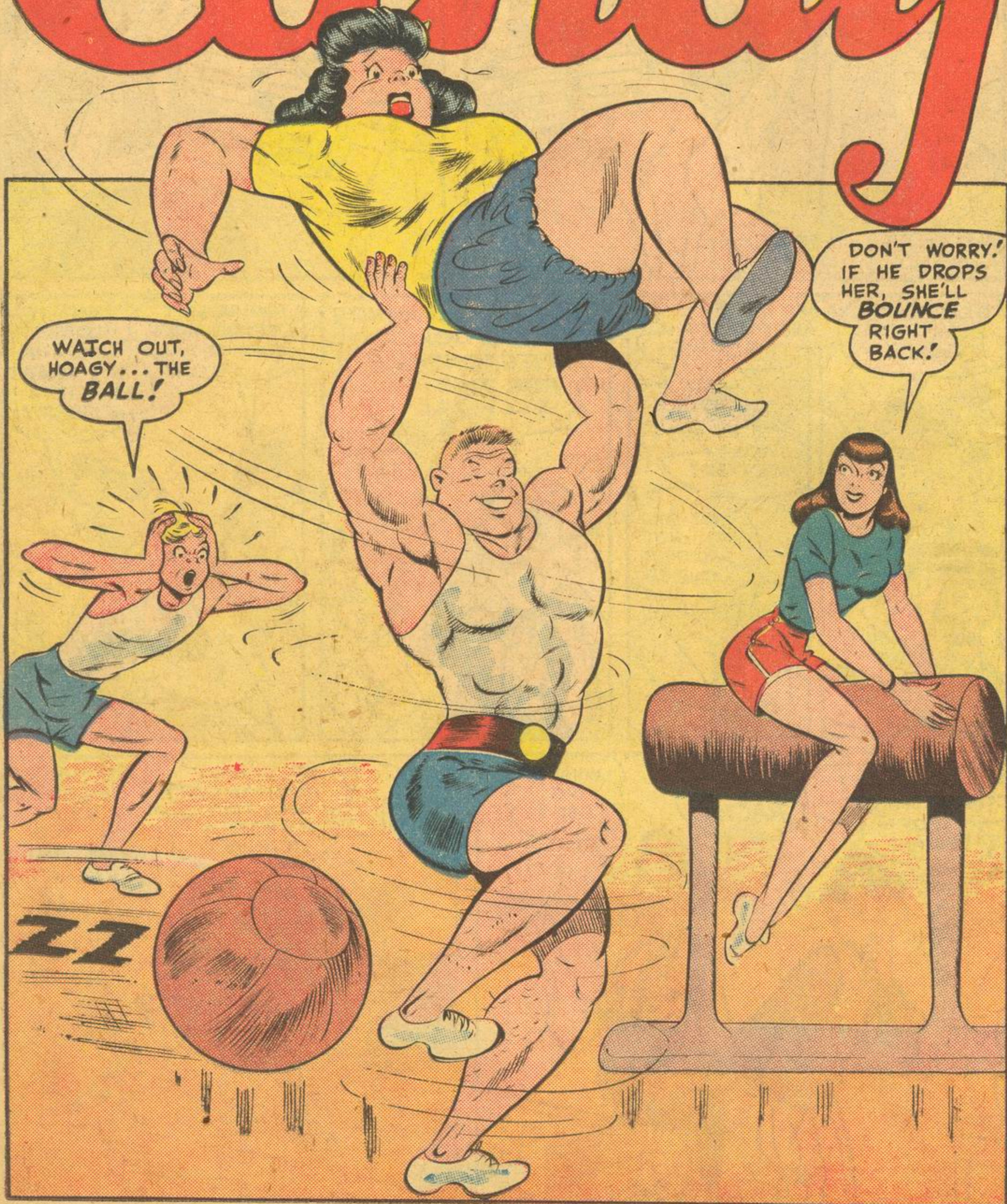


THIS IS ONE BIRTHDAY POP
ISN'T GOING TO FORGET!
NO SIR!



CANDY

Candy



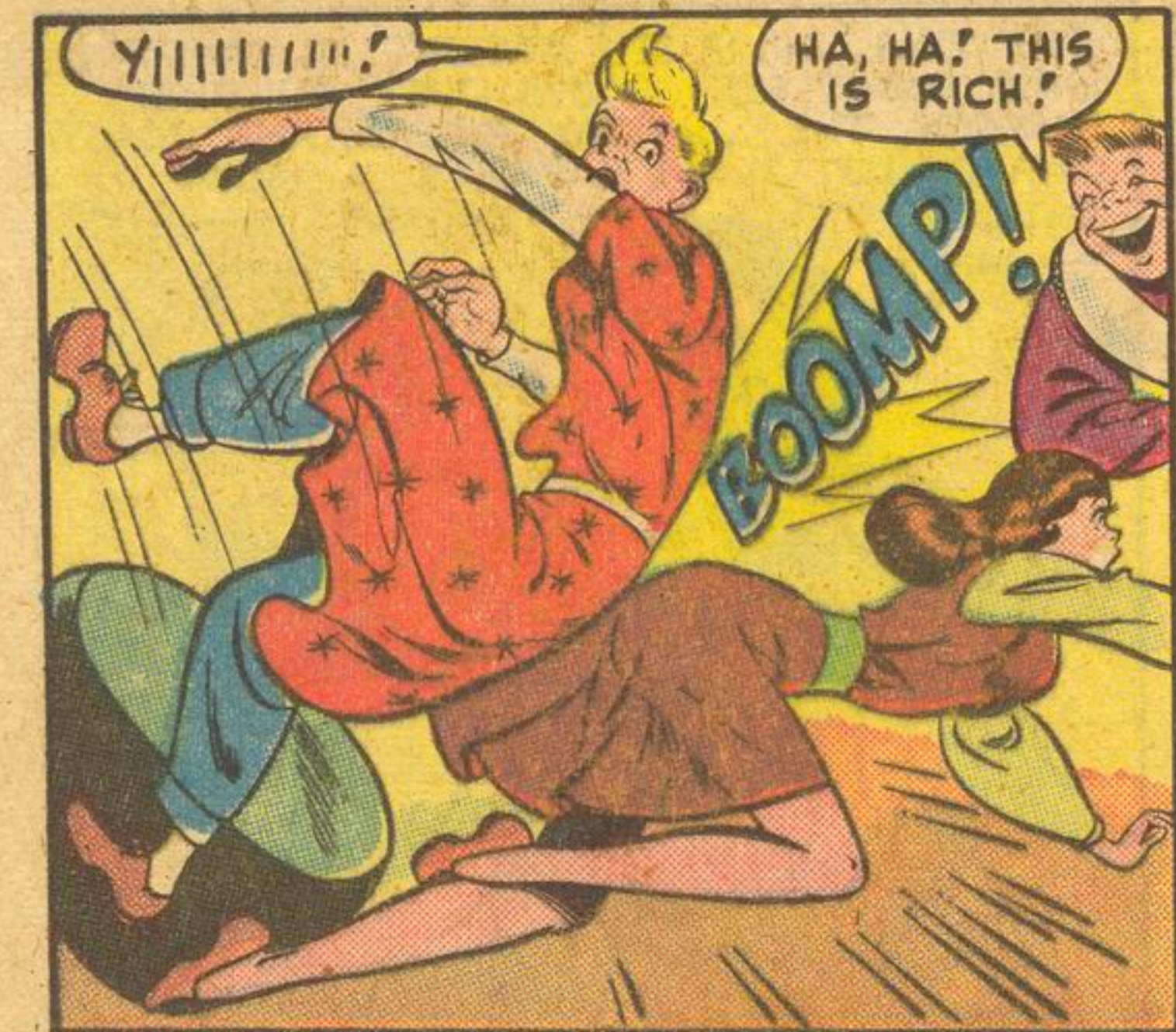
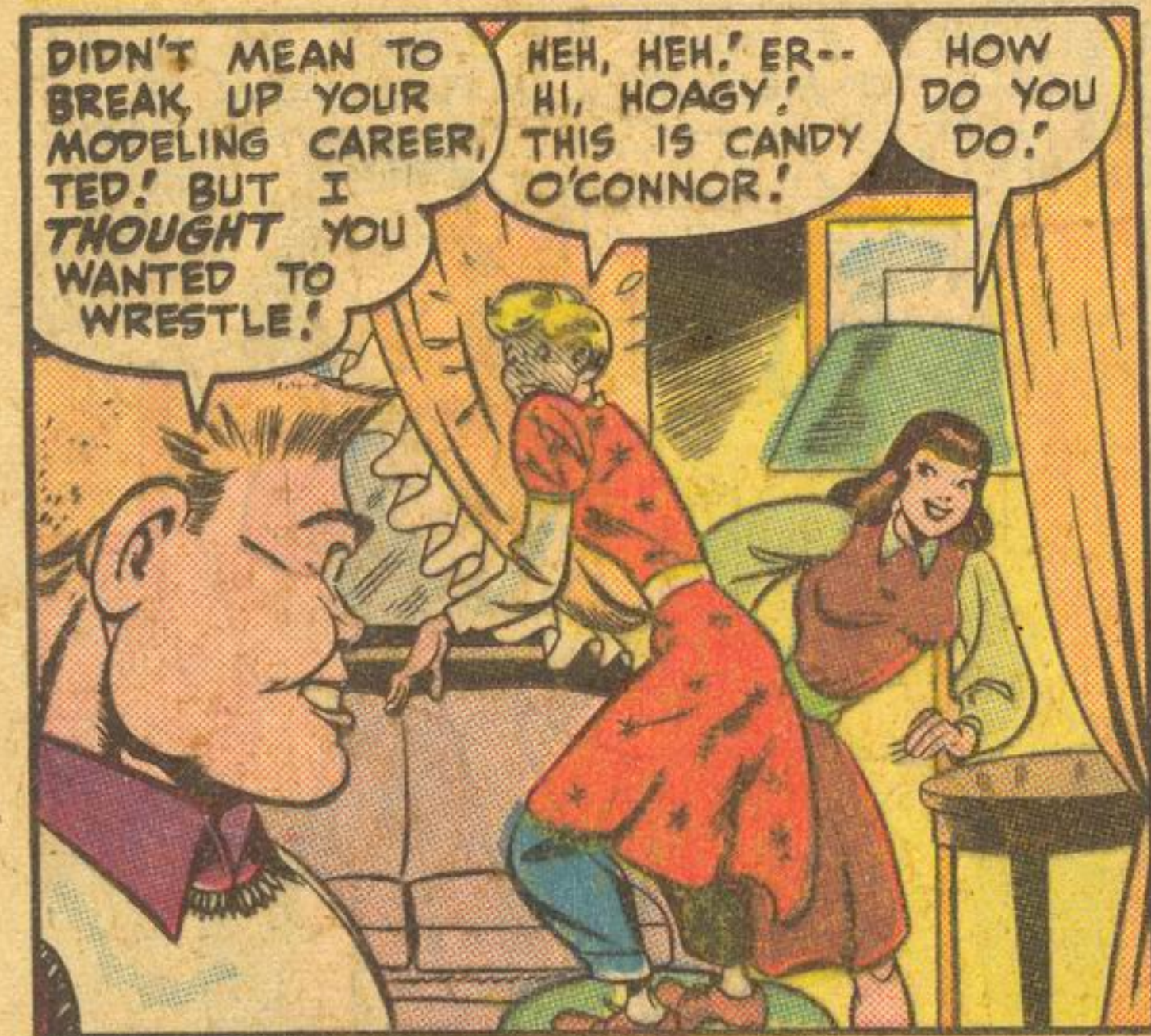
WATCH OUT,
HOAGY... THE
BALL!

DON'T WORRY!
IF HE DROPS
HER, SHE'LL
BOUNCE
RIGHT
BACK!

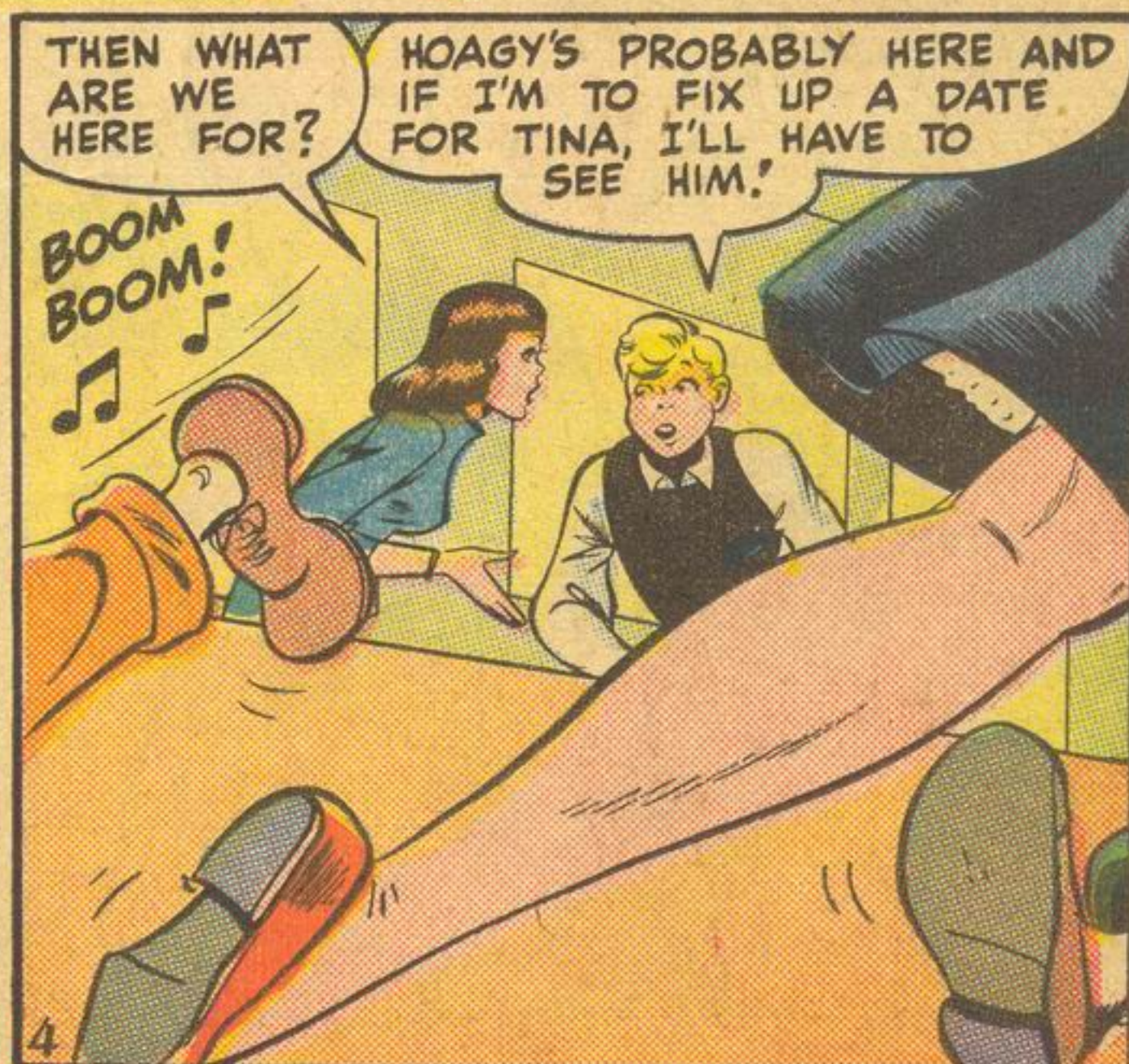
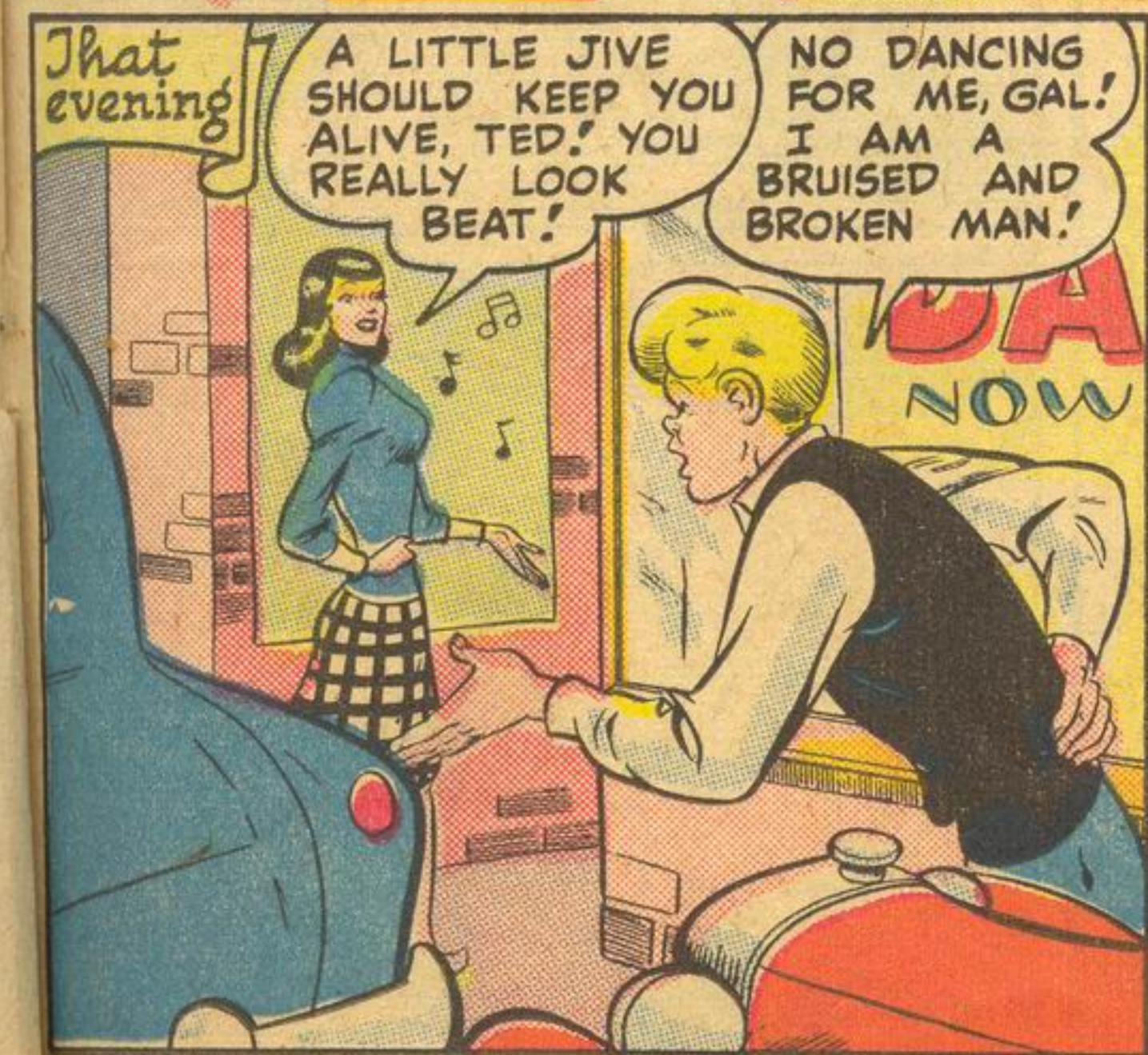
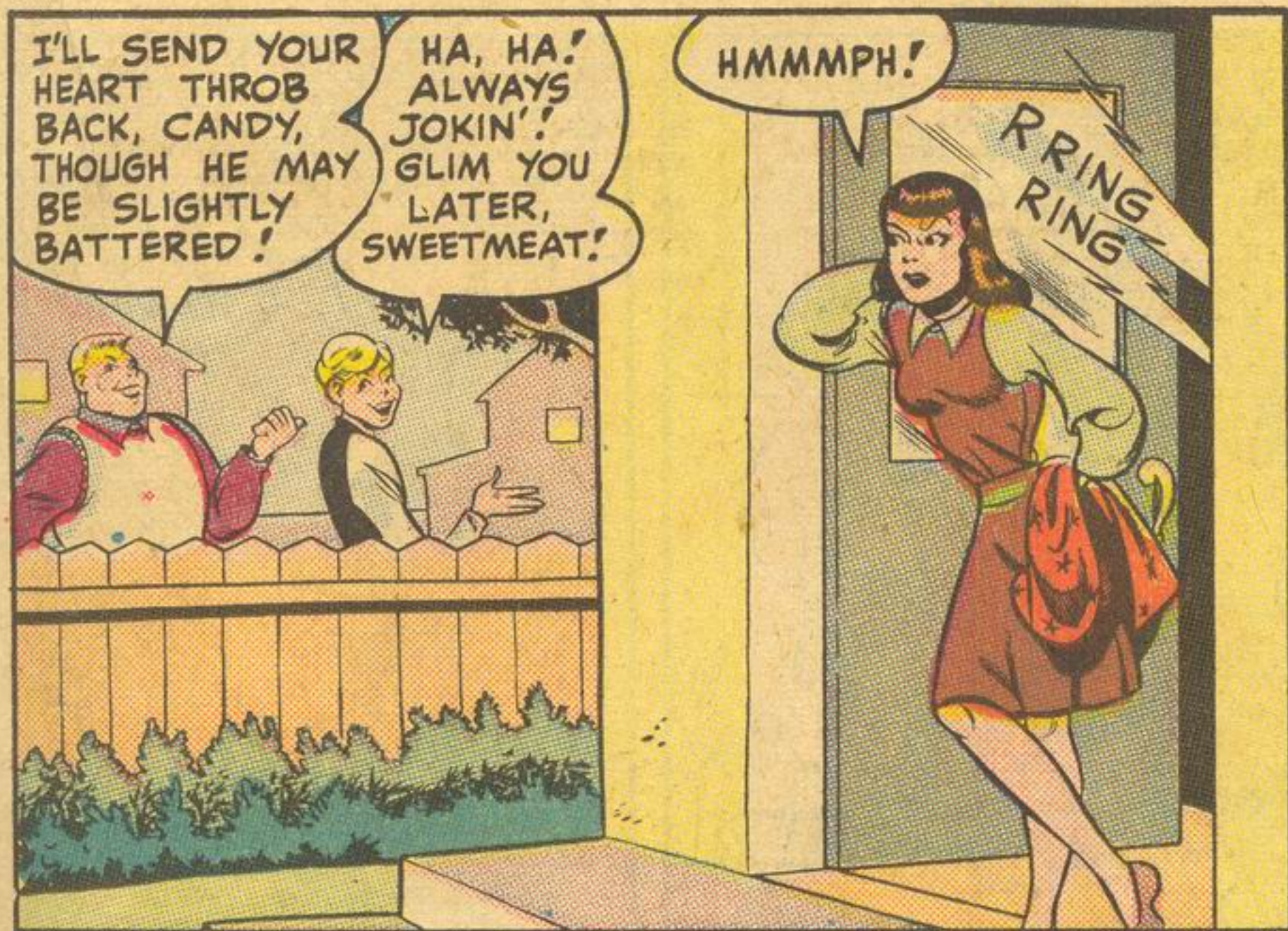
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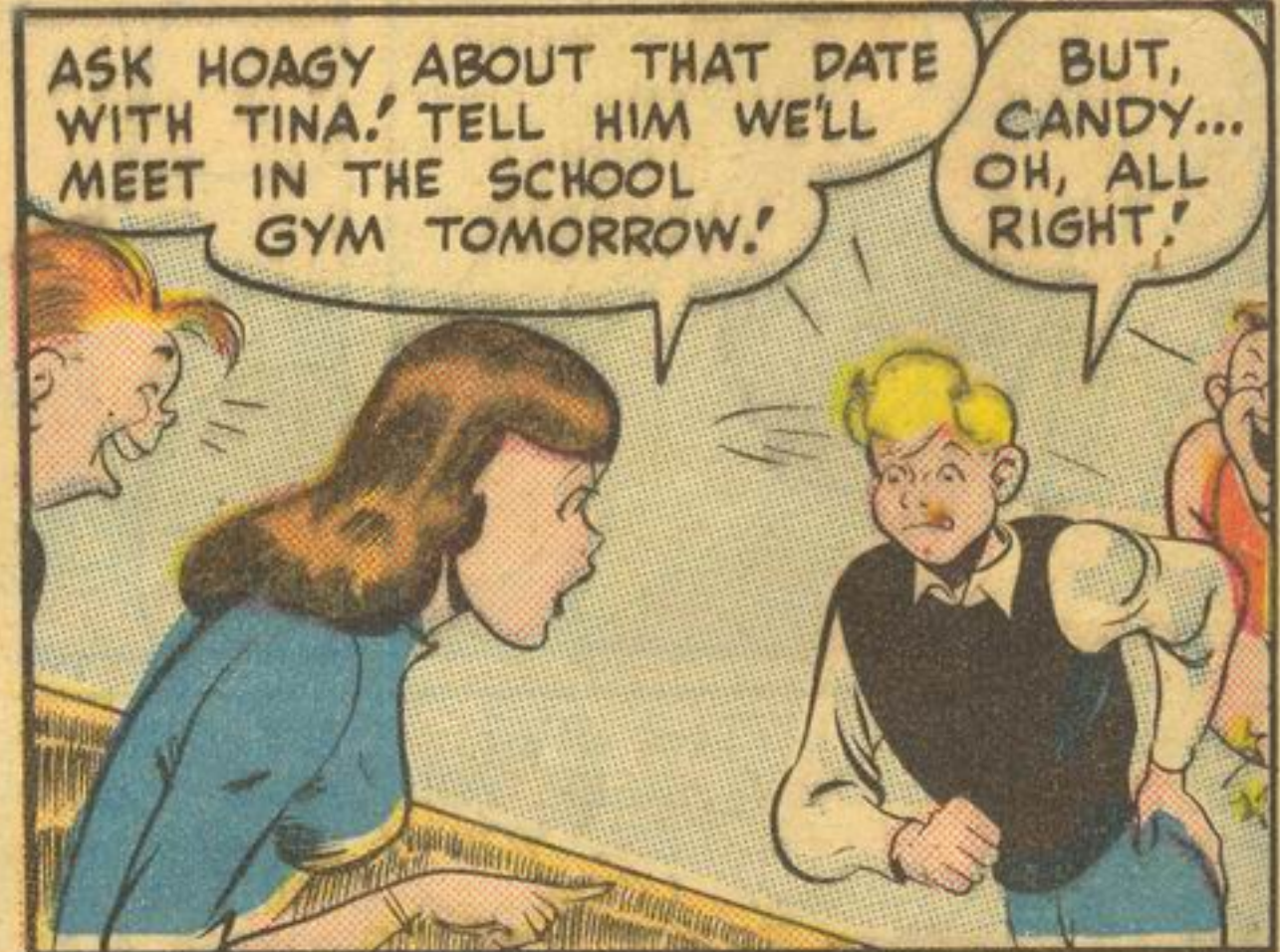
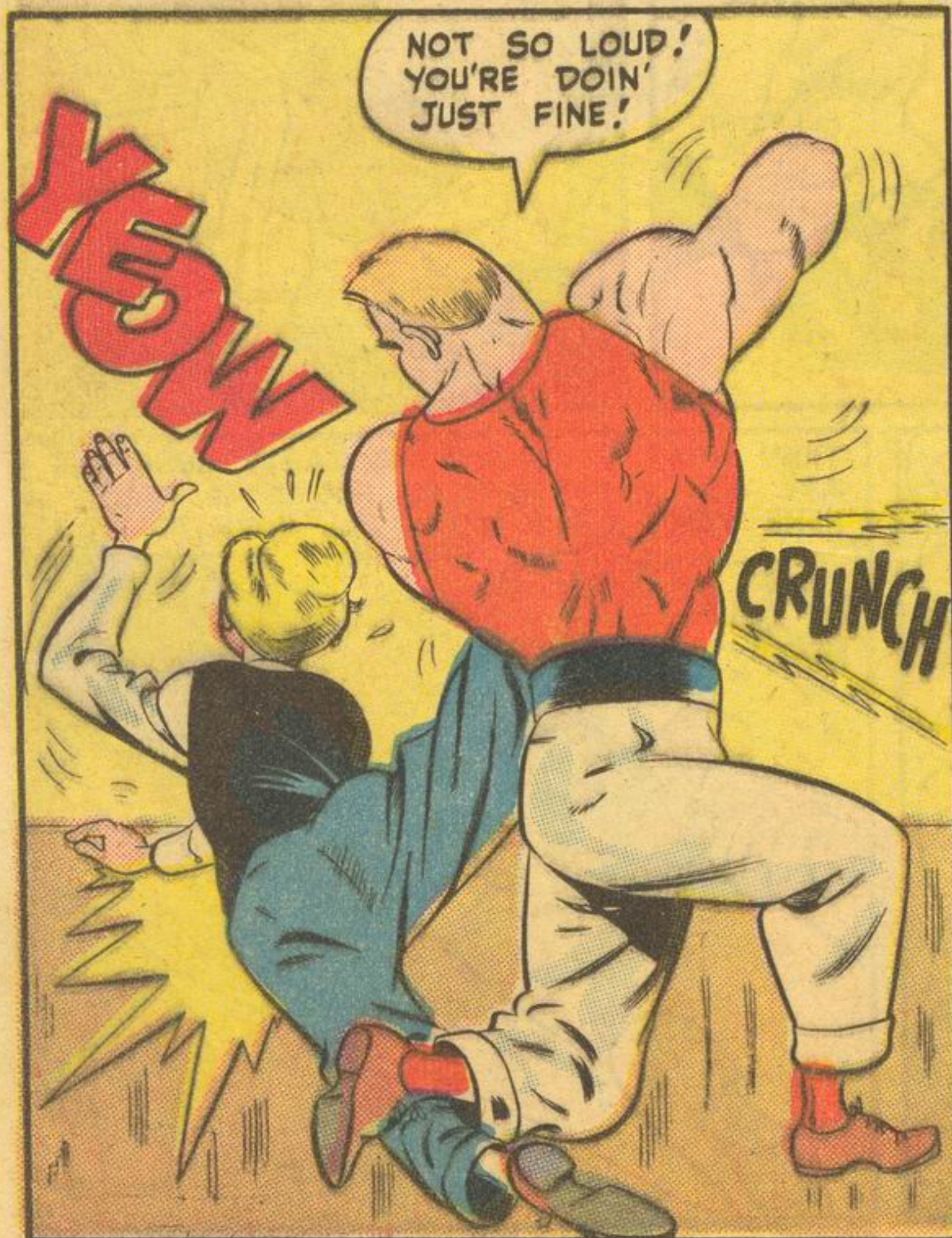
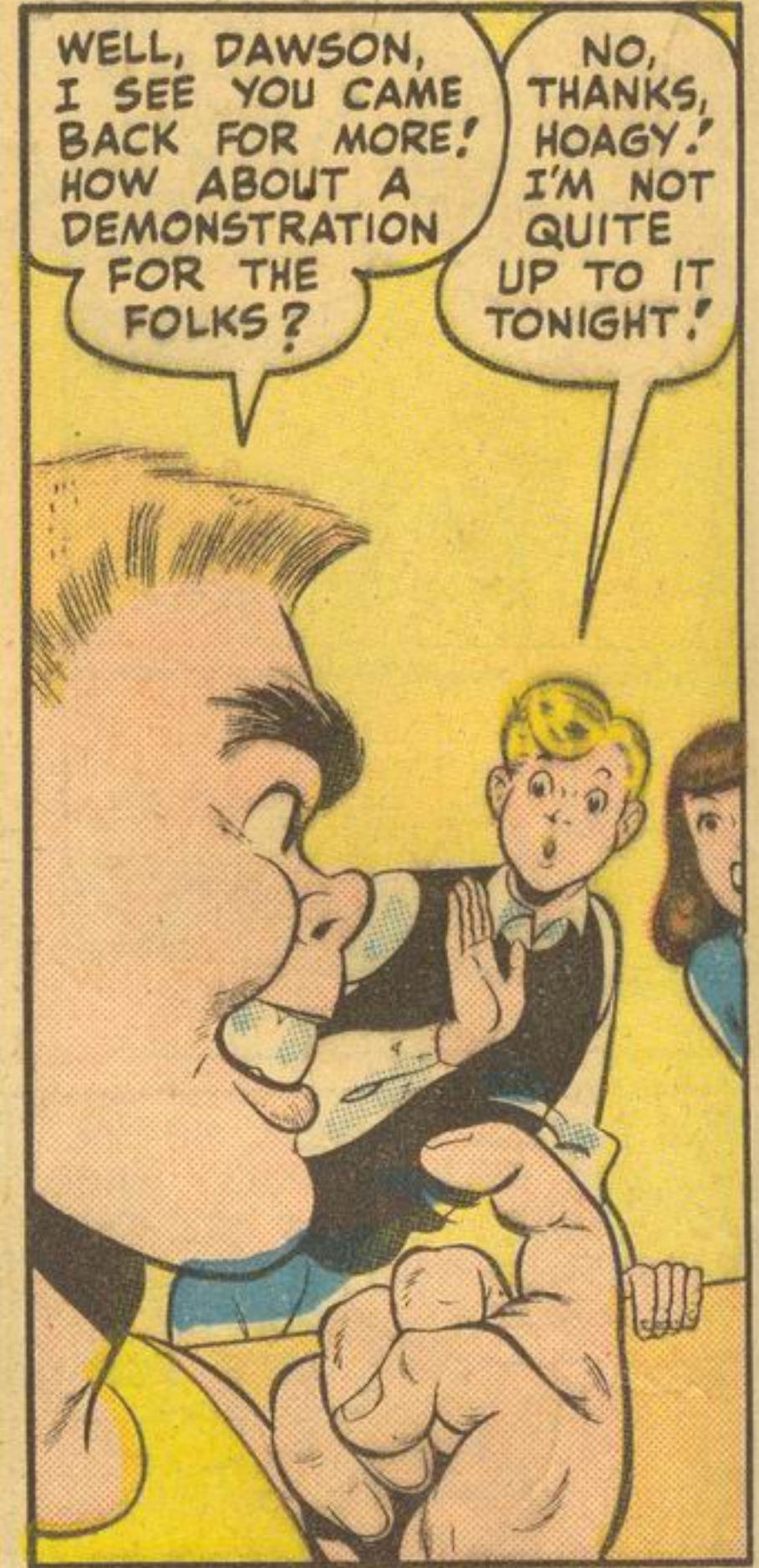
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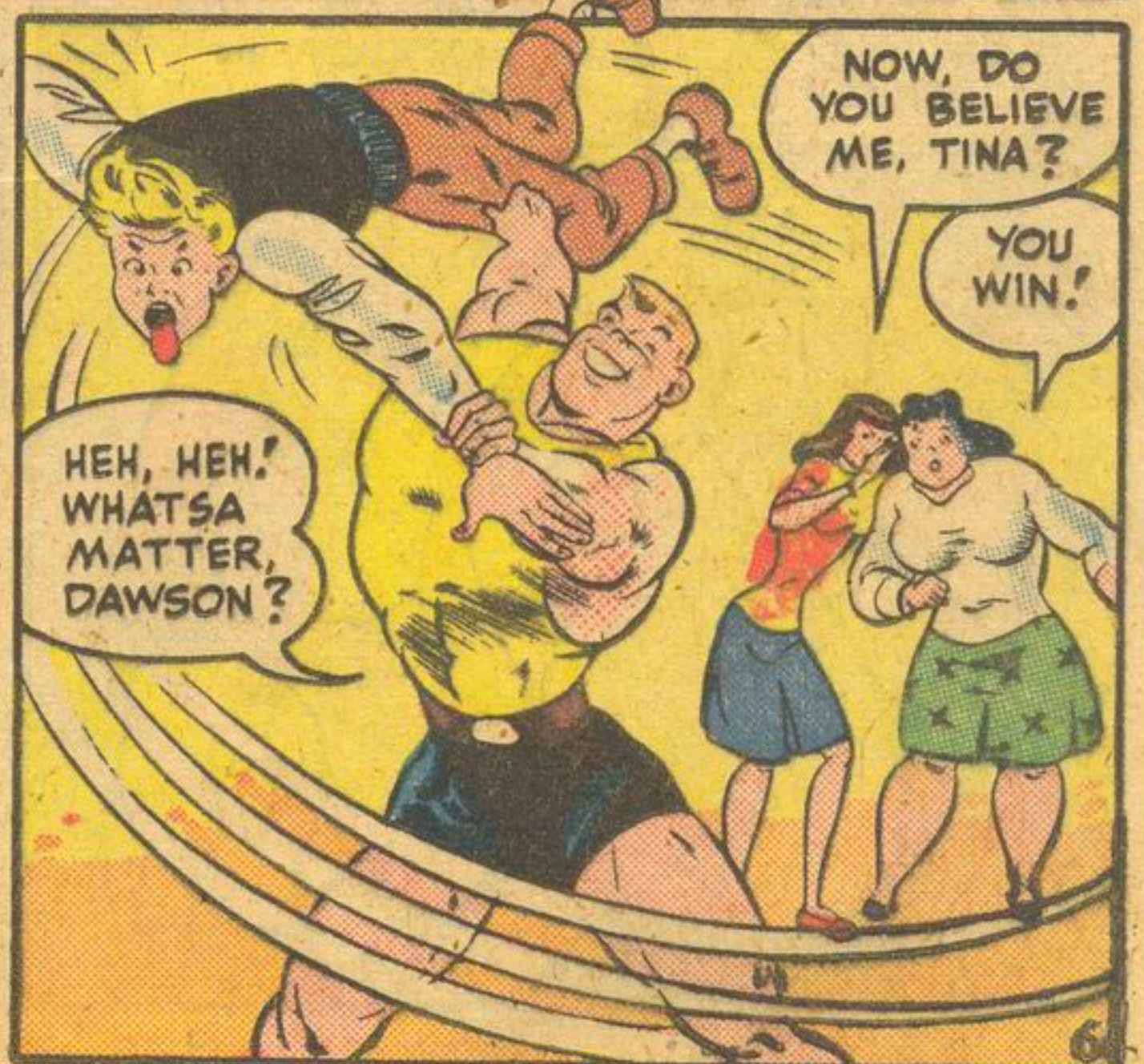
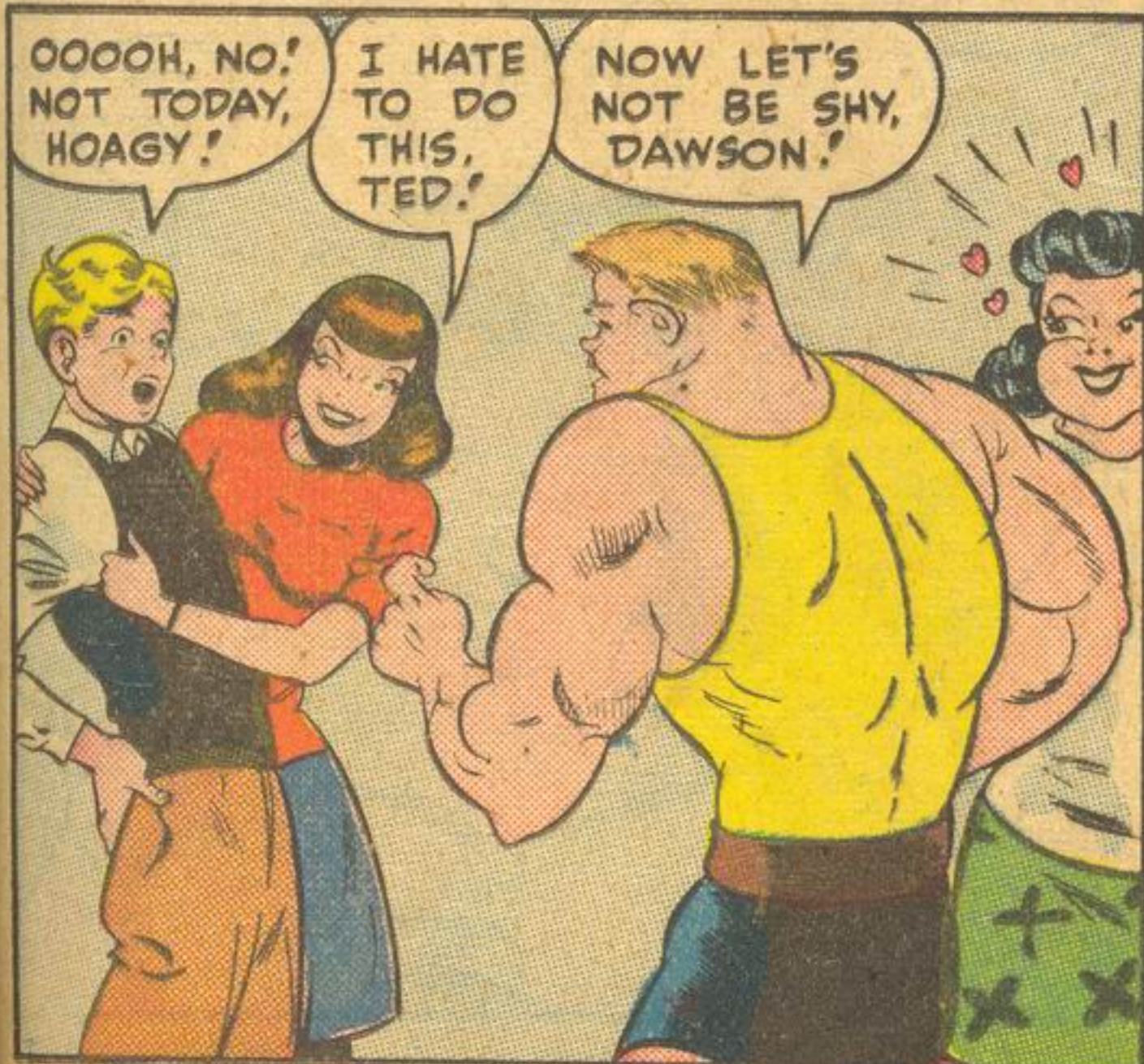
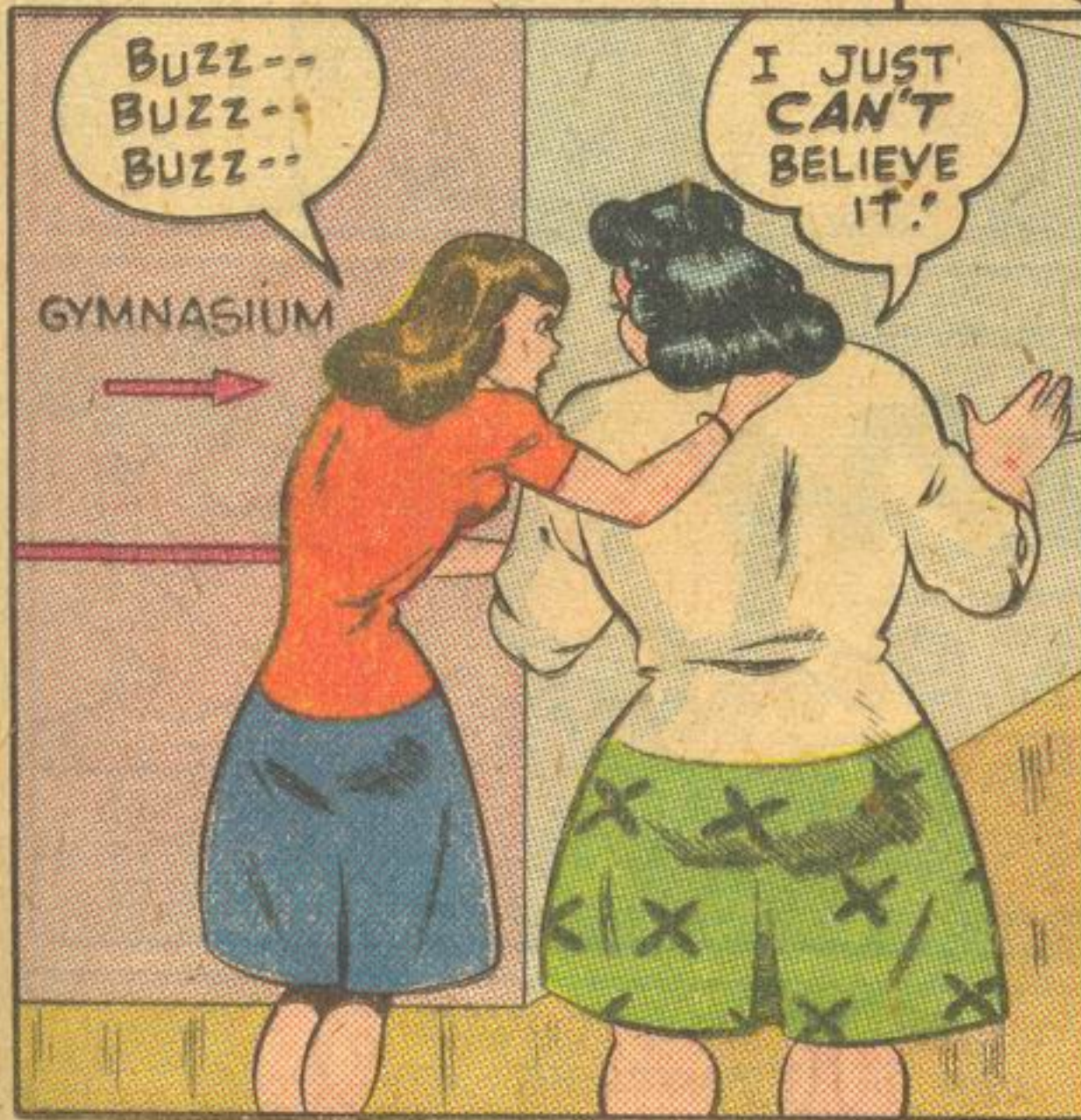
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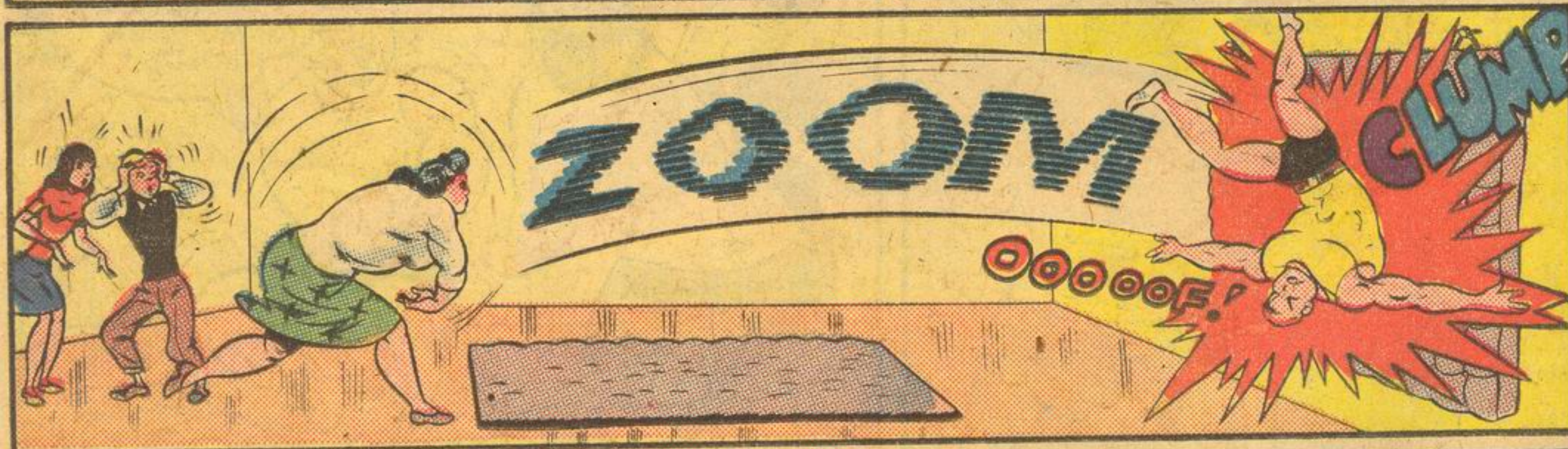
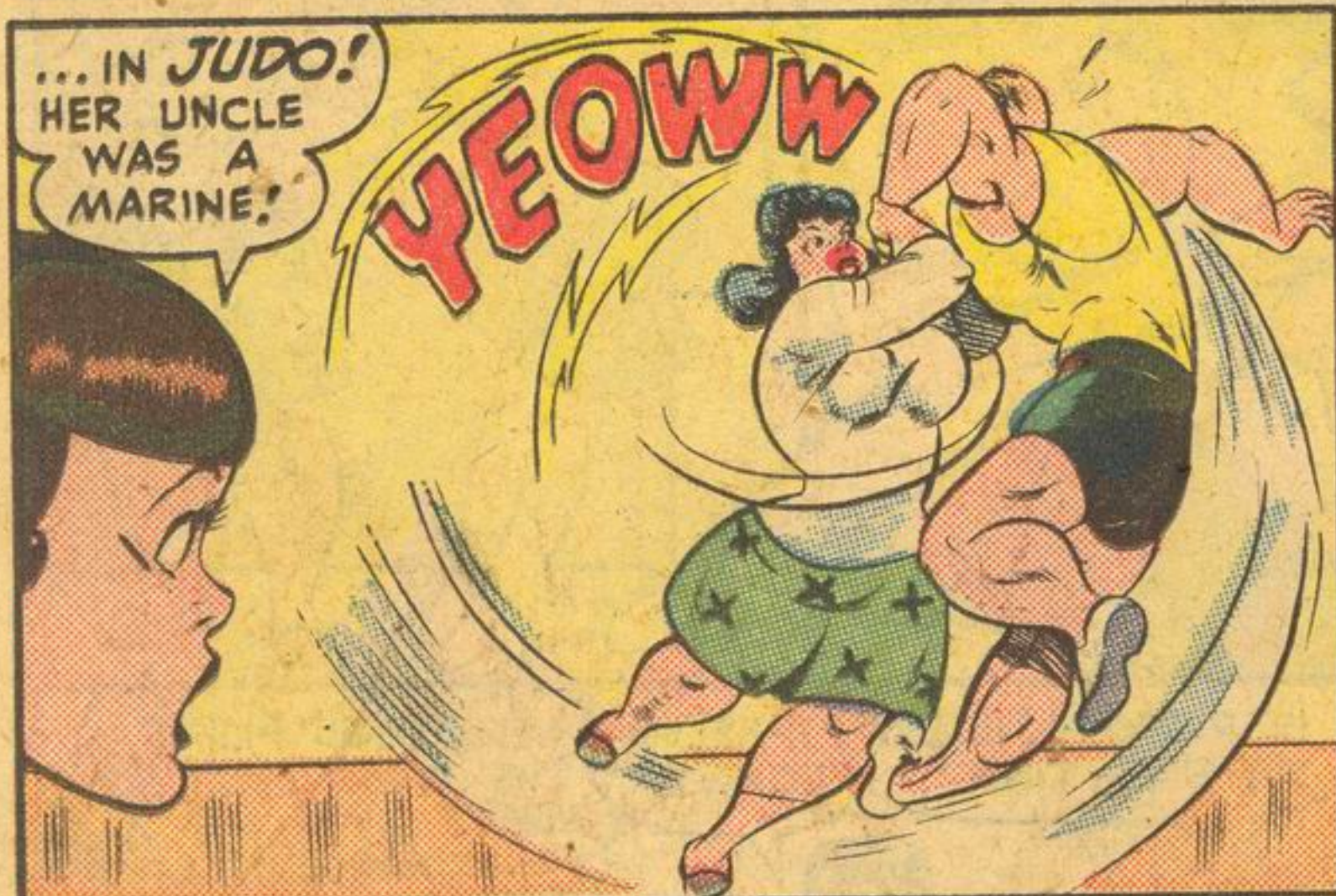


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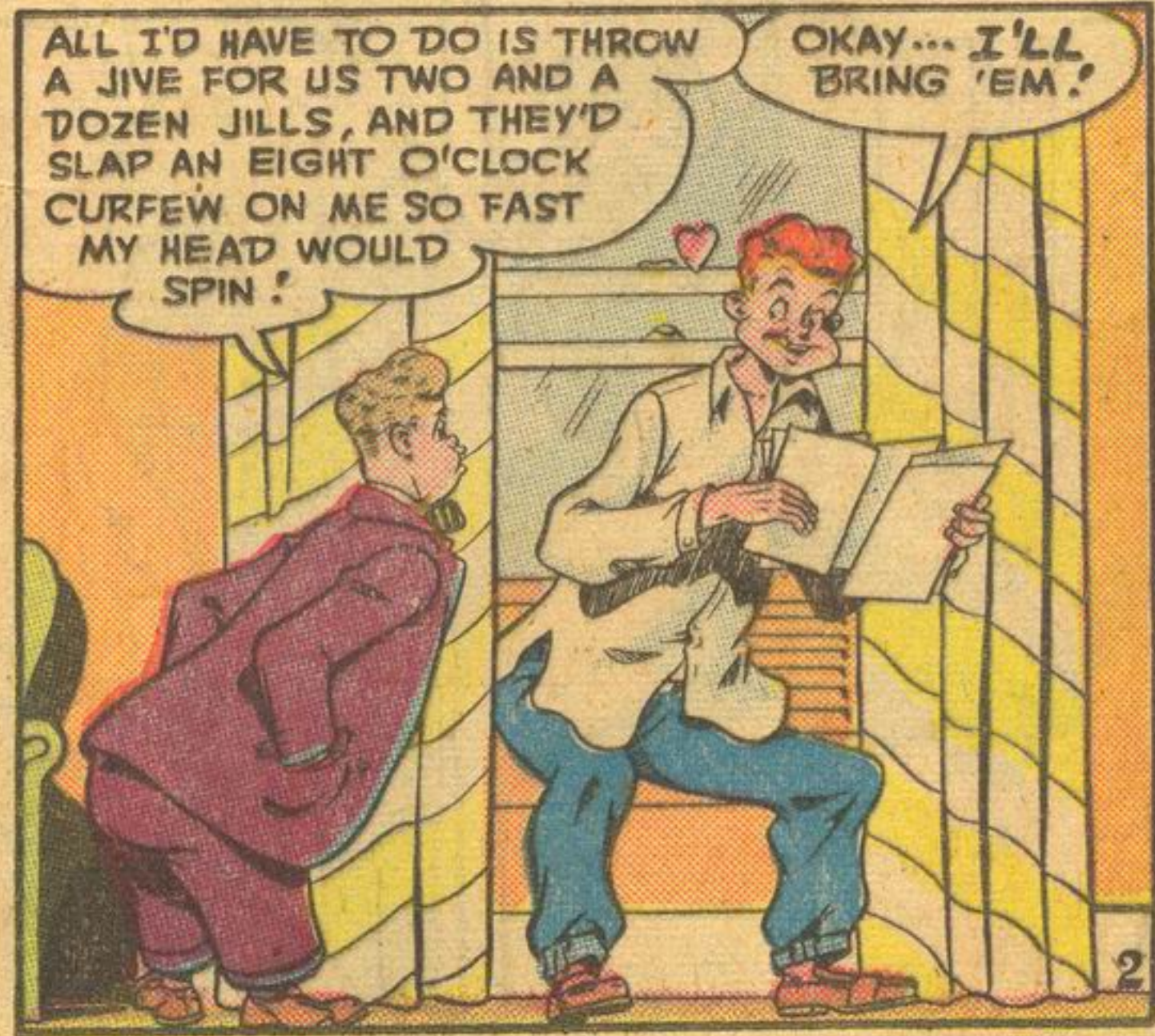
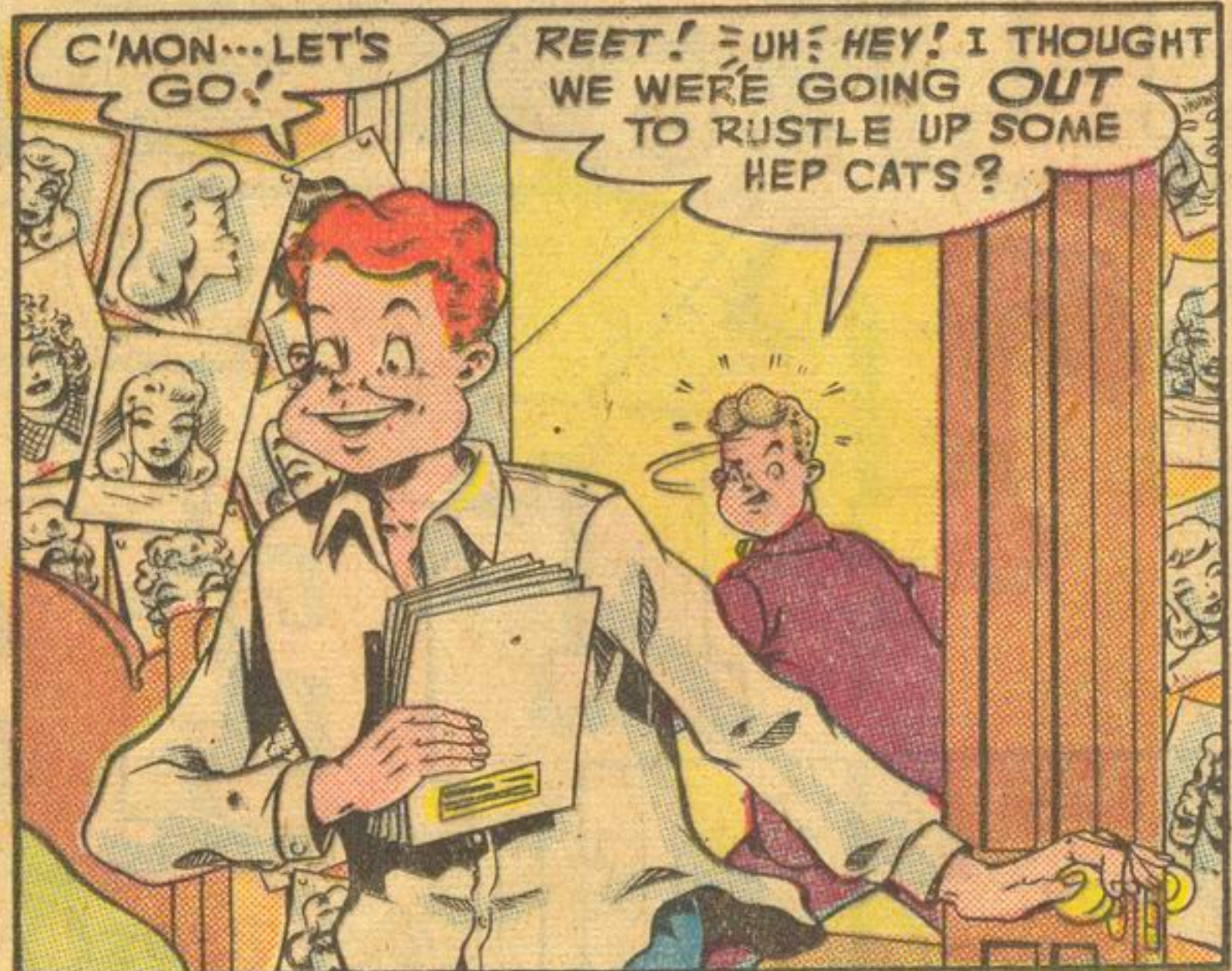
WELL, JITTERS, HOW DO YOU LIKE OUR NEW CAR?

GULP! OKAY, DAD! BUT WHEN YOU SAID YOU WERE BUYING A NEW **BUS**, I TOOK YOU A LITERALLY AND INVITED ALL MY JILLS FOR A RIDE!

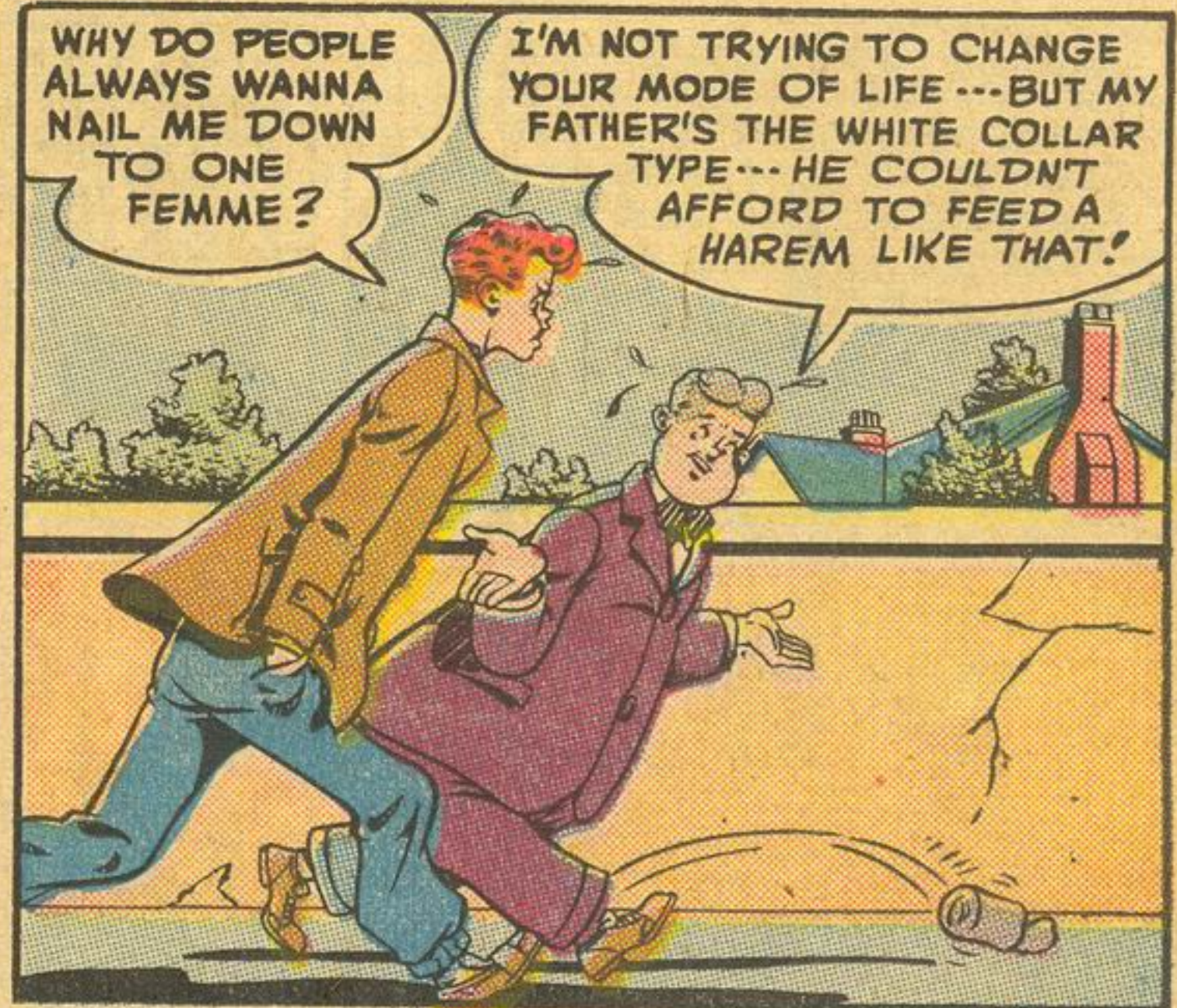
JITTERS



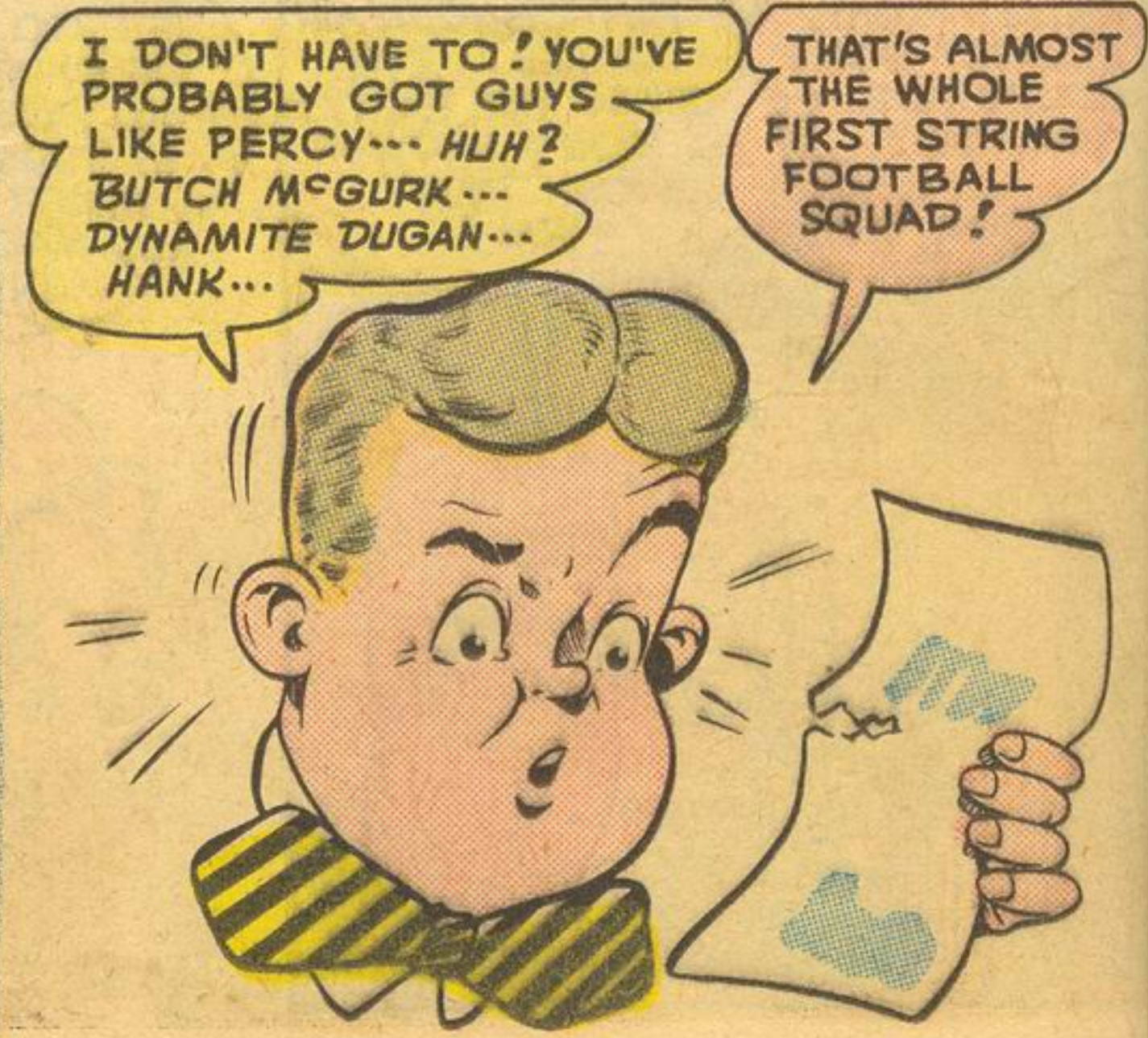
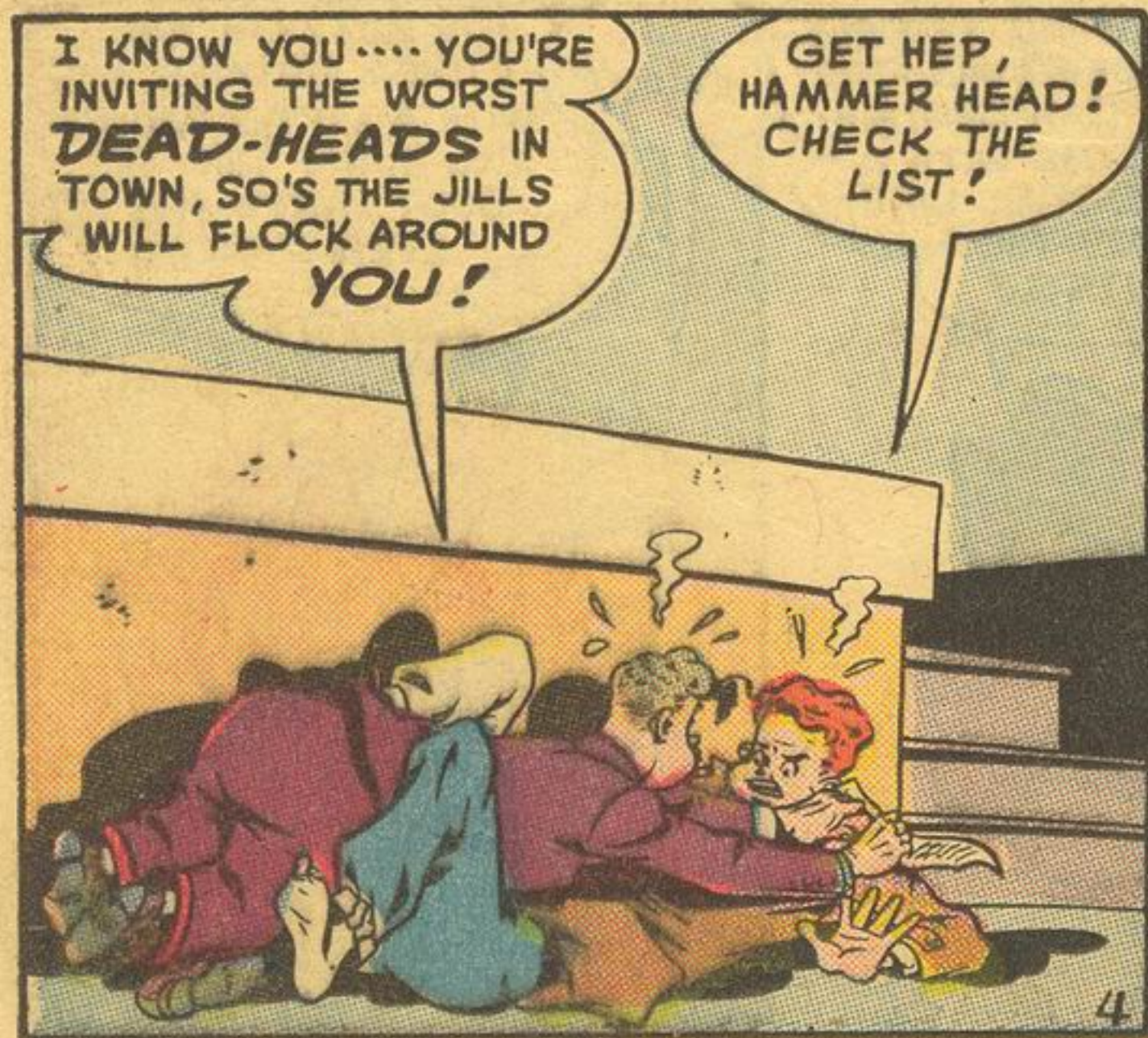
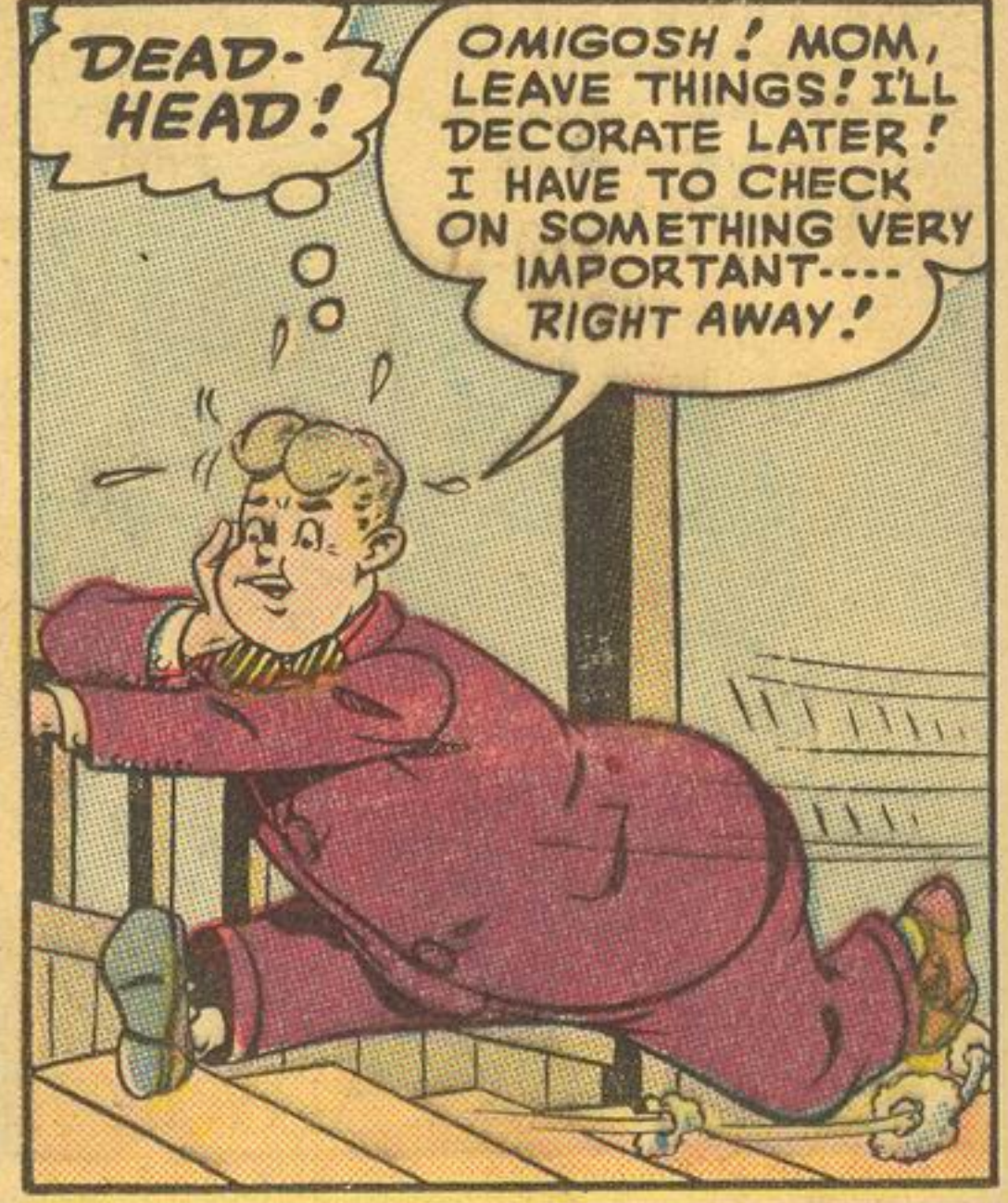
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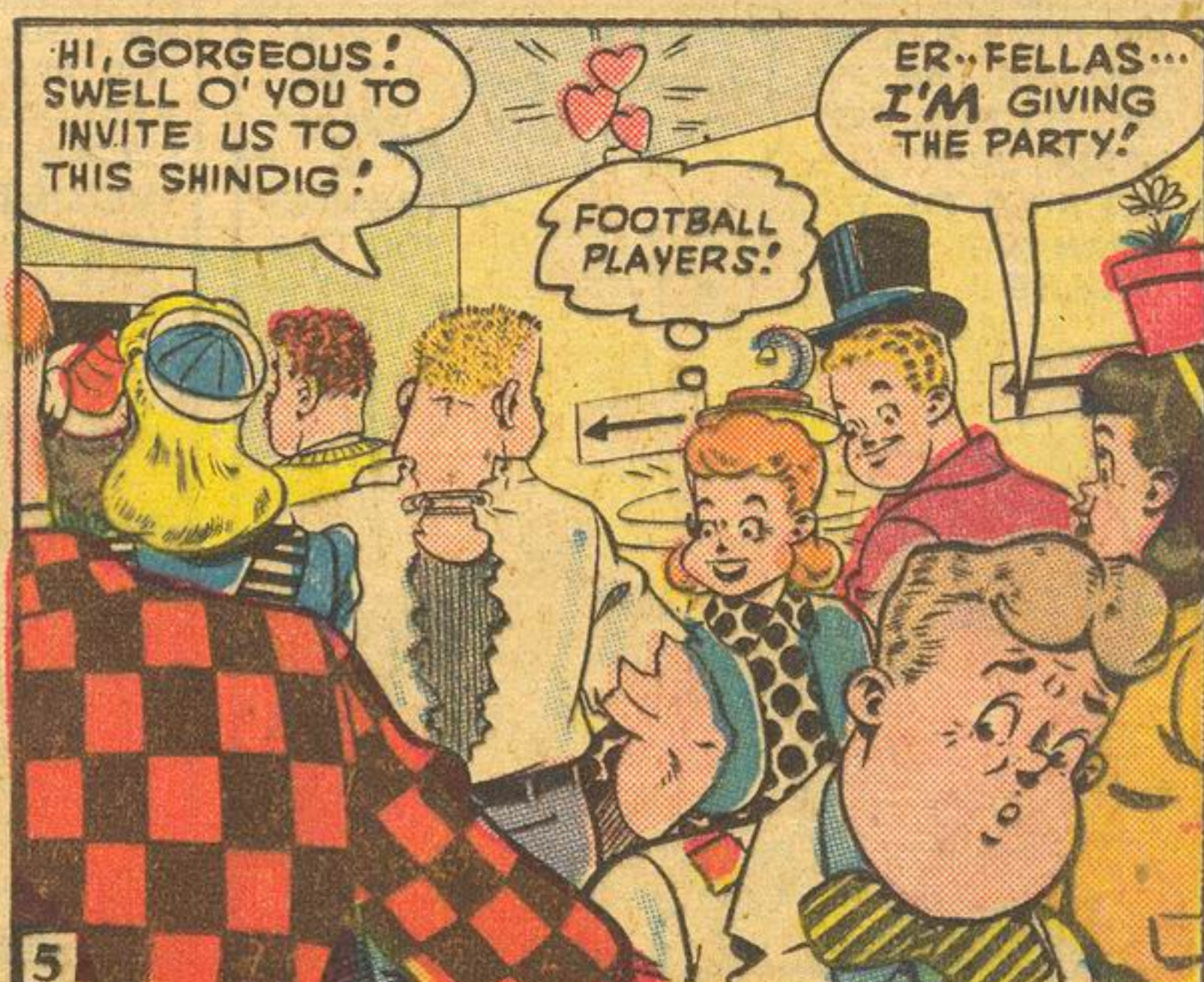
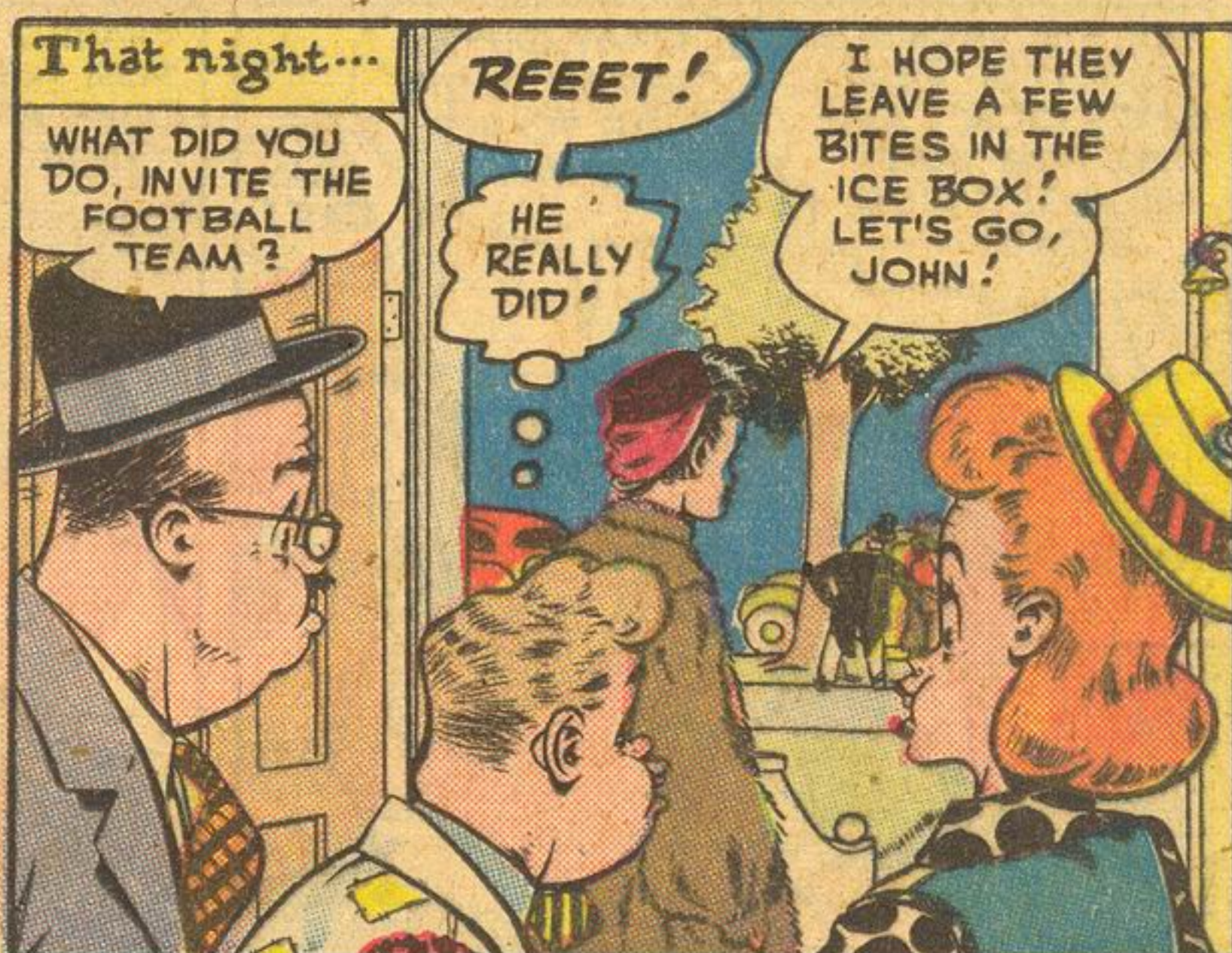
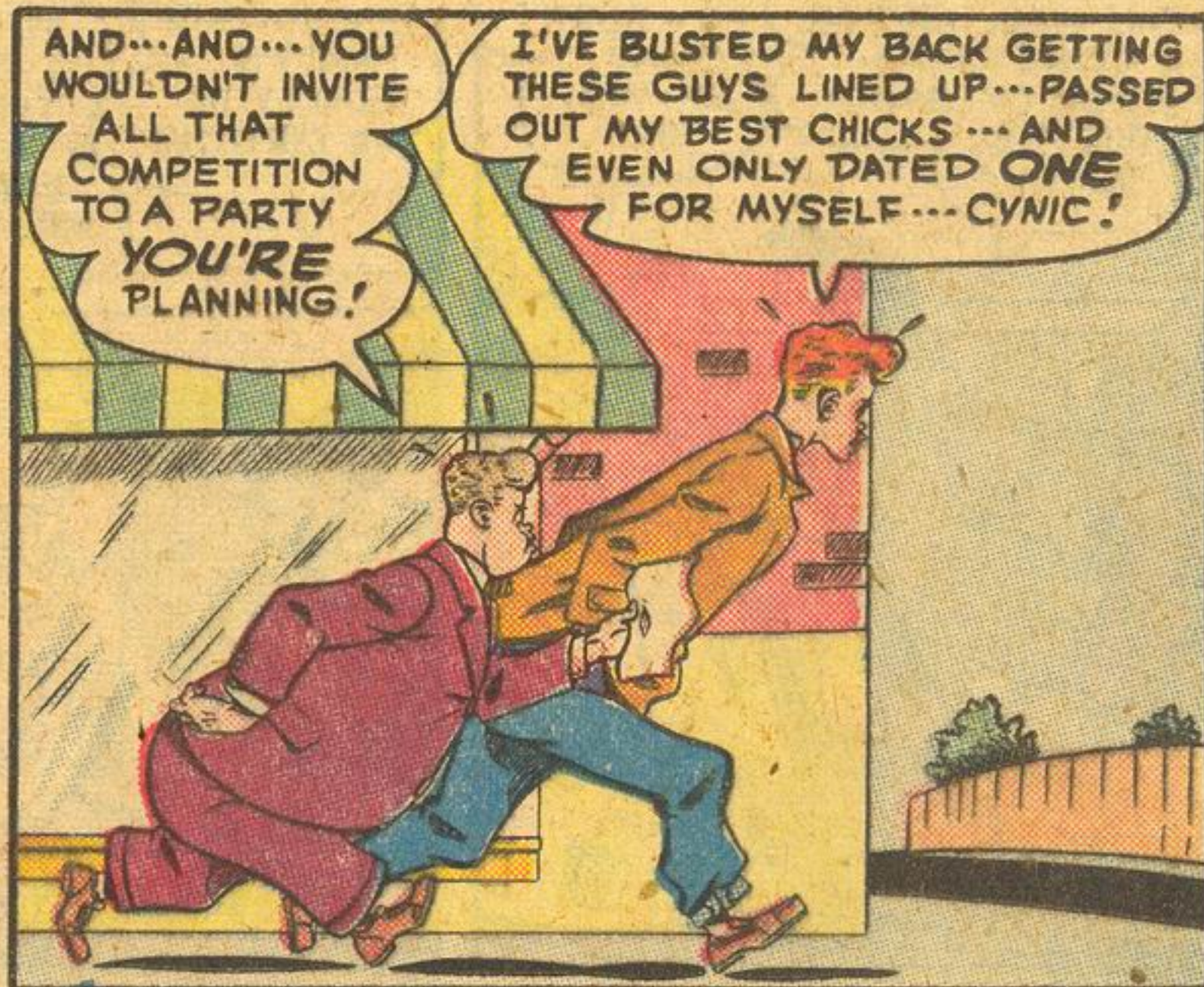


Later, at Bugs's home....

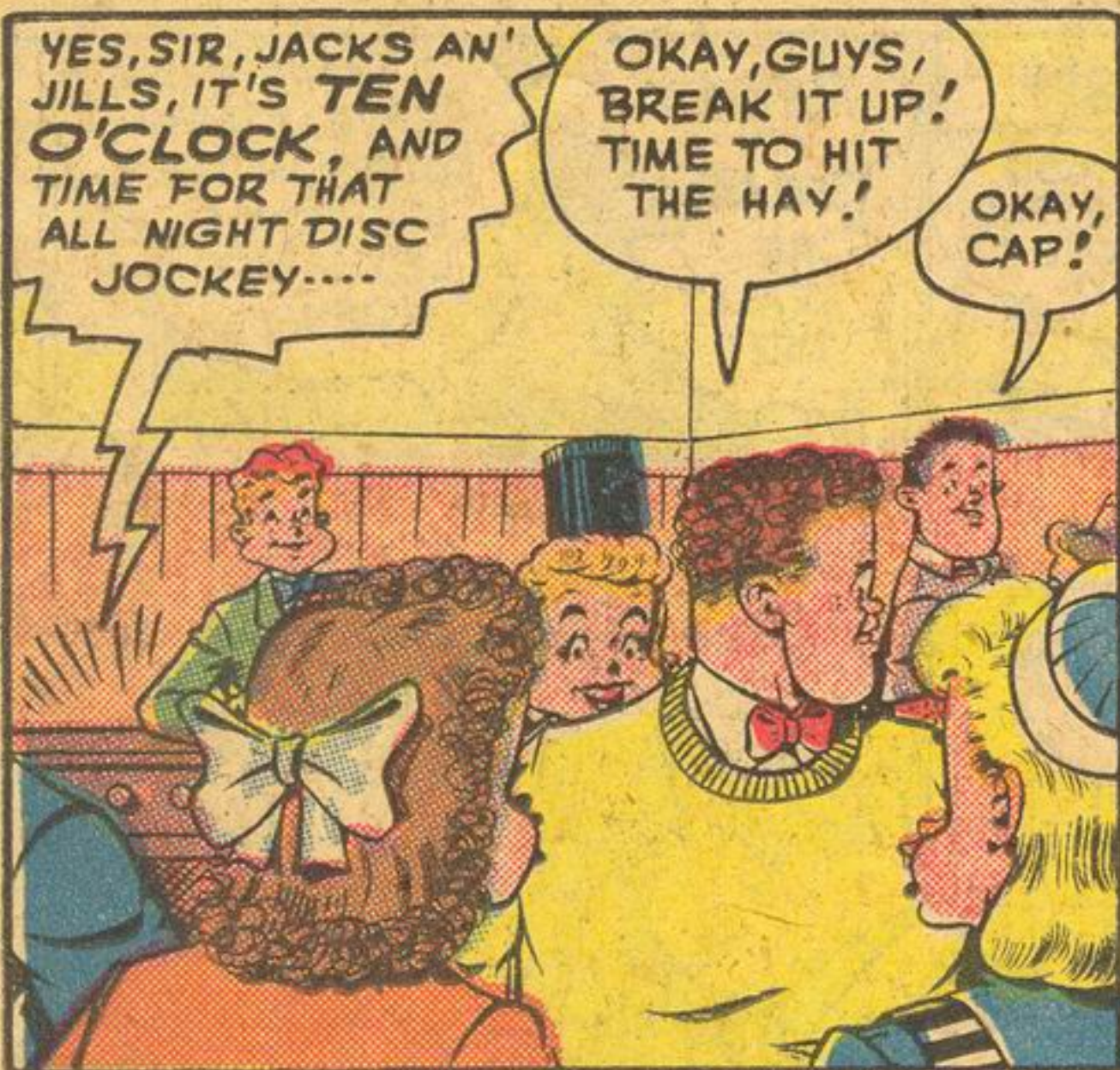




CANDY



CANDY



CANDY

CANDID *Candy*

"TRISH," said Candy O'Connor to her studious girl friend, "if we go to Yellowstone for our vacation, we'll see the geezers, won't we?"

Trish looked up with a blank face. "We'll see what?"

"Geezers," replied Candy innocently. "You know, those things that spout water."

Trish burst out laughing. "Candy, you kill me. You also kill the English language! You mean geysers—gi-zers."

"Oh," said Candy. "Well, anyway, we'll see 'em."

"And what's so interesting in seeing the geysers?" Trish wanted to know.

"Nothing, Trish, except none of the kids in town have ever seen 'em. We can come back and brag about our experience."

Trish looked at Candy, then went back to her book, grinning. What some girls thought about!

"Can-dace!" The call echoed up the stairs from the kitchen. It was Agnes O'Connor. She held the telephone receiver.

"Just a minute, mother!" Candy rattled down the steps and took the instrument. "H'lo."

"Hi, Candy!" came the voice of Ted Dawson, Candy's current boyfriend. "What do ya know? We're goin' to Yellowstone, too! Dad announced it this morning. Say, we'll have fun, huh?"

"Oh, Ted, that's wonderful!" cried Candy. "When are you leaving?"

"Dad wants to get away last of the week," Ted explained. "When are you gals takin' off?"

Candy drew a wry face. "Not for a couple of weeks yet. Trish has to finish some kind of paper she's writing. . . . Gee, won't it be wonderful to see the geezers—uh—gi-zers—and all?"

"You see any geezers an' there'll be plenty of trouble!" said Ted in a tone of mock severity. "I'll have Yellowstone all ready for you, Candy. . . . So long!"

To anyone who has never visited the great national parks, they are a stupendous sight. Candy had never been west of the Mississippi before. She tried to take Yellowstone in at one glance, and failed miserably.

"Gosh, dad," she said to Timothy O'Connor, "it's bigger than anything!"

"Bigger than that," grinned her father.

"I do hope," said Mrs. O'Connor, "that there won't be any wild animals running loose around the lodge. . . . Goodness, those frightful bears that came pawing about our car this afternoon!"

Tim O'Connor laughed. "They were just looking for something sweet, Ma."

"Hm," said Ma.

Candy said, "Me, I betcha!"

"Of course," said Tim, "we're a bunch of sissies staying at the lodge. We should've camped out, like the Dawsons. Less cramped."

Agnes O'Connor eyed her spouse. "Camped out, with wild things running every which way? Not me!"

Tim chuckled. "I've heard of 'wild things' haunting mountain lodges, Ma . . . mice in the bedrooms, and—"

Agnes O'Connor was aghast. "Pa O'Connor! You're simply awful, saying things like that. What if—"

"Let's eat," said Candy. "I'm starved."

It didn't take Ted Dawson long to find Candy.

"Say, you being stuck away here in the lodge," he said, "makes it hard for us to get together. You know where we're camped?"

Candy shook her head. "Ten miles from here, you said."

"Yeah. An' ten miles on horseback is a long ride." Ted whistled a ditty. "Lookit, how about you comin' ridin' with us tomorrow?"

"Oh, fine!" Candy exclaimed. "But I've only been on a horse once in my life."

Ted made a face. "Once! Good grief, gal, you expect to ride these mountain trails, then?"

"If you don't want to take me, I'll find

CANDY

some other diversion." Candy drew herself up primly.

Ted chuckled. "Leave it to a woman to bristle at the least little thing. . . . Of course, I want you along. Call for you at ten. Oke?"

Candy nodded and watched Ted gallop off. He was smart, all right. No getting around that. He could ride and skate and play golf. And what could she do? Nothing! Just—nothing! Oh well—!

The horse Ted brought around the next morning was a flea-bitten old bag of bones without spirit. Candy looked it over critically. "Seems kinda tired, doesn't he?" she asked.

Ted snorted. "Listen to her! She's ridden once an' she wants a fiery charger! Ain't that just like—"

"A woman!" cut in Candy. "All right, help me on that thing and maybe I'll show you some tricks."

"Up you go!" Ted gave her the proper lift.

"Say," said Ted after they had ridden a few miles, "you don't ride like someone who has only had one lesson."

Candy tossed her head. "Who said anything about a lesson? And who said how long I was on during that first ride?"

Ted looked at his girl sidewise. "Well, you can fool me, Candy," he said with a note of proper respect. "You ride—swell!"

Candy grinned. "Thanks, chum."

They cantered along the beautiful trail for a half hour, then Ted complained of being hungry. "I brought a heap of grub," he said. "All we have to do is stop and build a fire an' cook it."

"I could use a bit of food, too," said Candy, dismounting in a nice little glade. "Here's a good place. You build the fire and I'll get a bucket of water from the creek."

The meal was tasty, doubly so because of the environment. A snack is always better in the wilds. When they had finished, Candy said "Make sure the fire is all out, Ted. These woods are dry."

Ted scattered the embers, stamped on them. "I guess that's got it," he said, giving some glowing coals a last kick.

Candy shook her head. "I can see that you don't know so much about woods camping, Ted. You should never kick the coals around like that."

"Say, who's talking?" demanded Ted. "You sound like a Camp Fire Girl giving a lecture on proper woods etiquette."

Candy smiled with a superior air. "Maybe I am."

They mounted and rode on. It was about a half hour later that Ted said he smelled smoke. He turned his horse.

"I smell it, too," said Candy. "Let's ride back to where we camped. Maybe that fire wasn't all out."

But they only rode a few hundred yards when they faced a wall of flame. They turned their horses. A high wind had sprung up. The fire was suddenly on two sides of them. Then on three.

"Come on," yelled Ted, spurring away. Candy spurred her horse. It tried to leap over a fallen tree, but stumbled and fell. She went sprawling over its head. Ted came thundering back. He gathered her up.

"Gosh, kid, what happened?"

"Fancy meeting you here," she grinned. "Help me."

By now the fire was all around them. They were trapped in the middle!

"Ted," cried Candy, "we're in a fix. We've got to get out of here, but fast!"

"Yeah, but how?" Ted looked in every direction. The fire was leaping in—red walls of roaring flame. He ran this way and that. He cried out. Tears came to his eyes.

"We'll be burned to death!" he cried. "How will we get out?"

Candy looked at him. "Be calm, is what the Camp Fire Girls always say in such a difficulty. So let's be calm and figure a way out. . . . I have it. Get that little shovel you have strapped on your saddle."

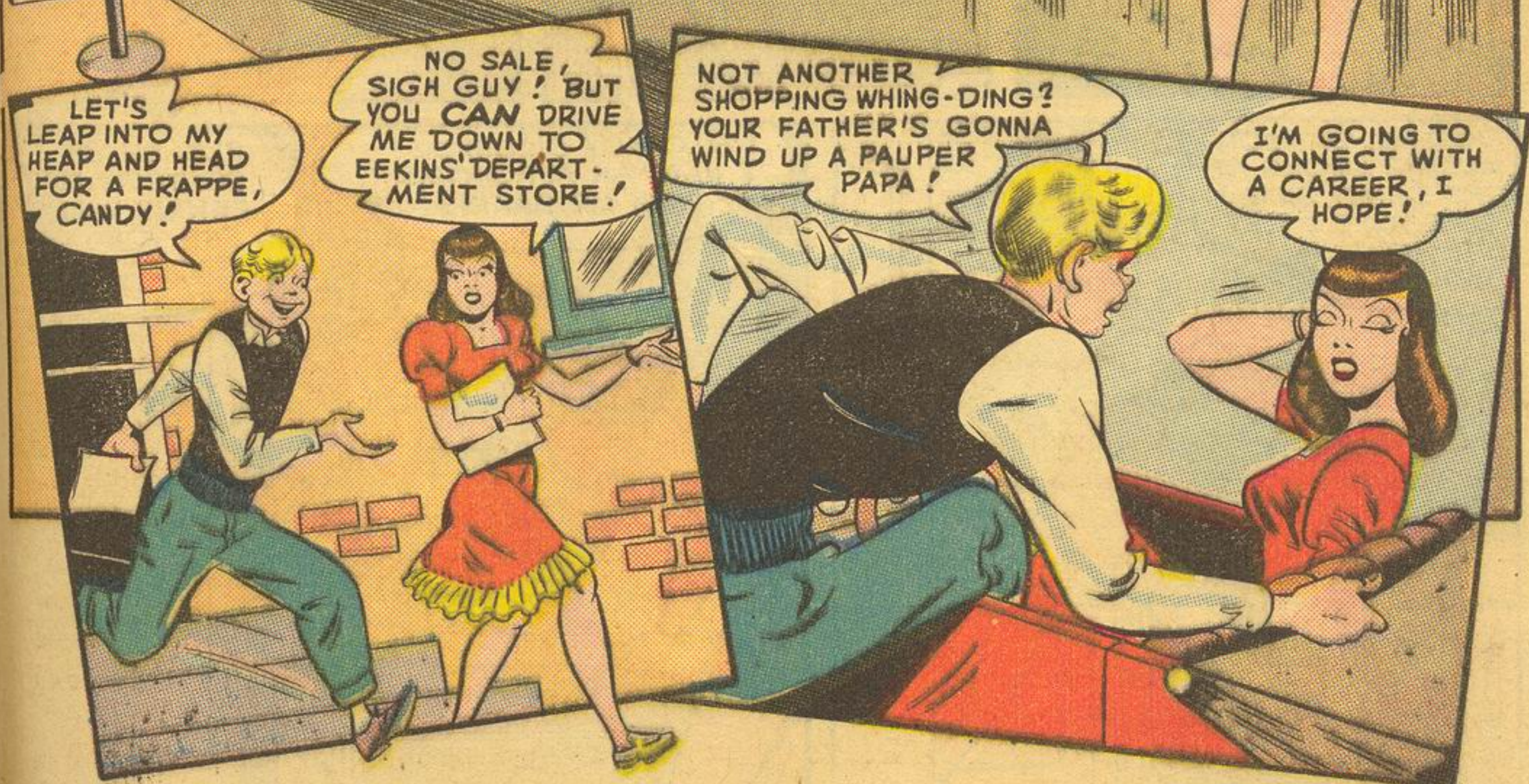
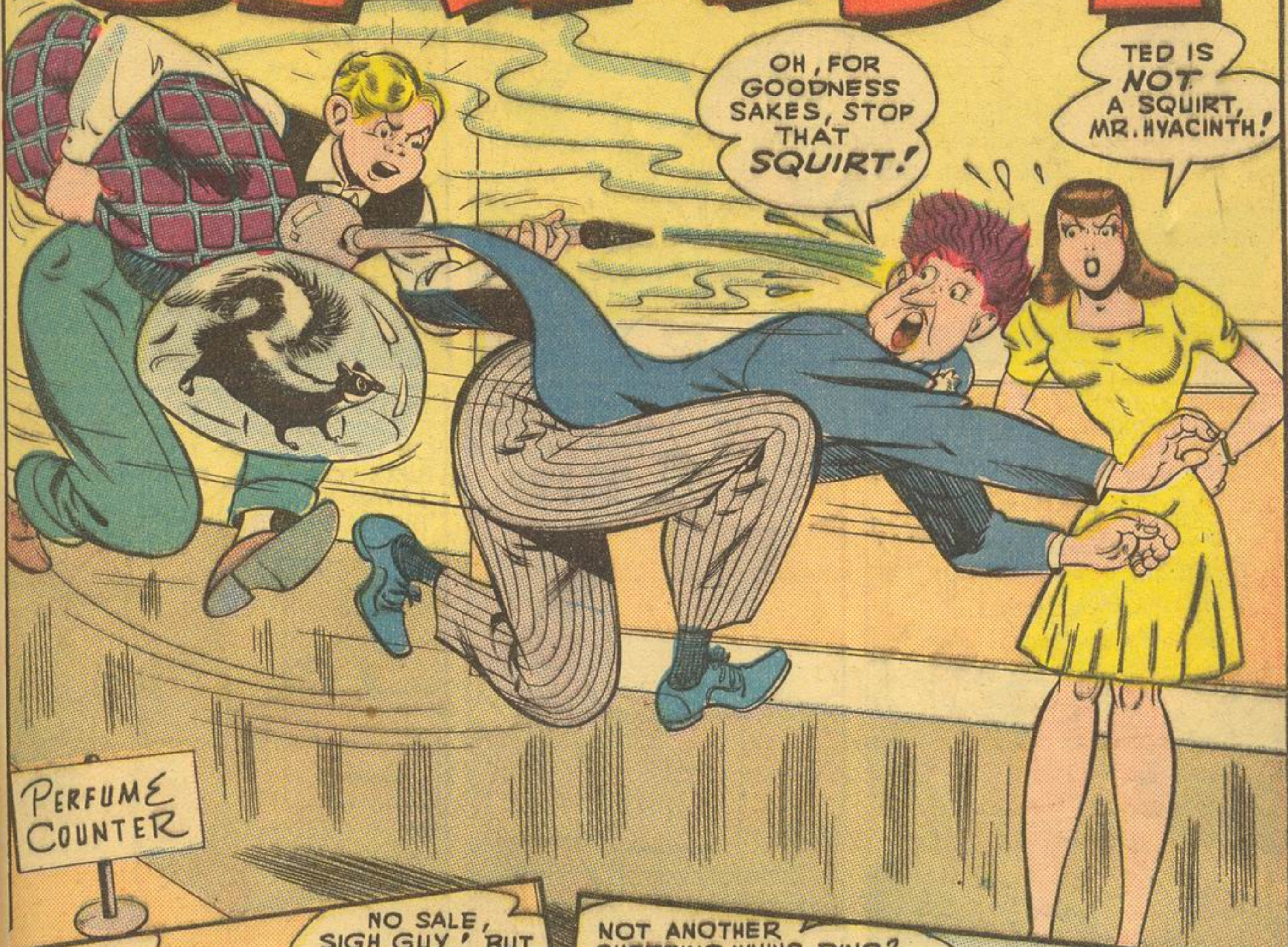
Ted got it. Candy said, "Now start digging a wide fire trail around us. I'll pull up weeds and brush."

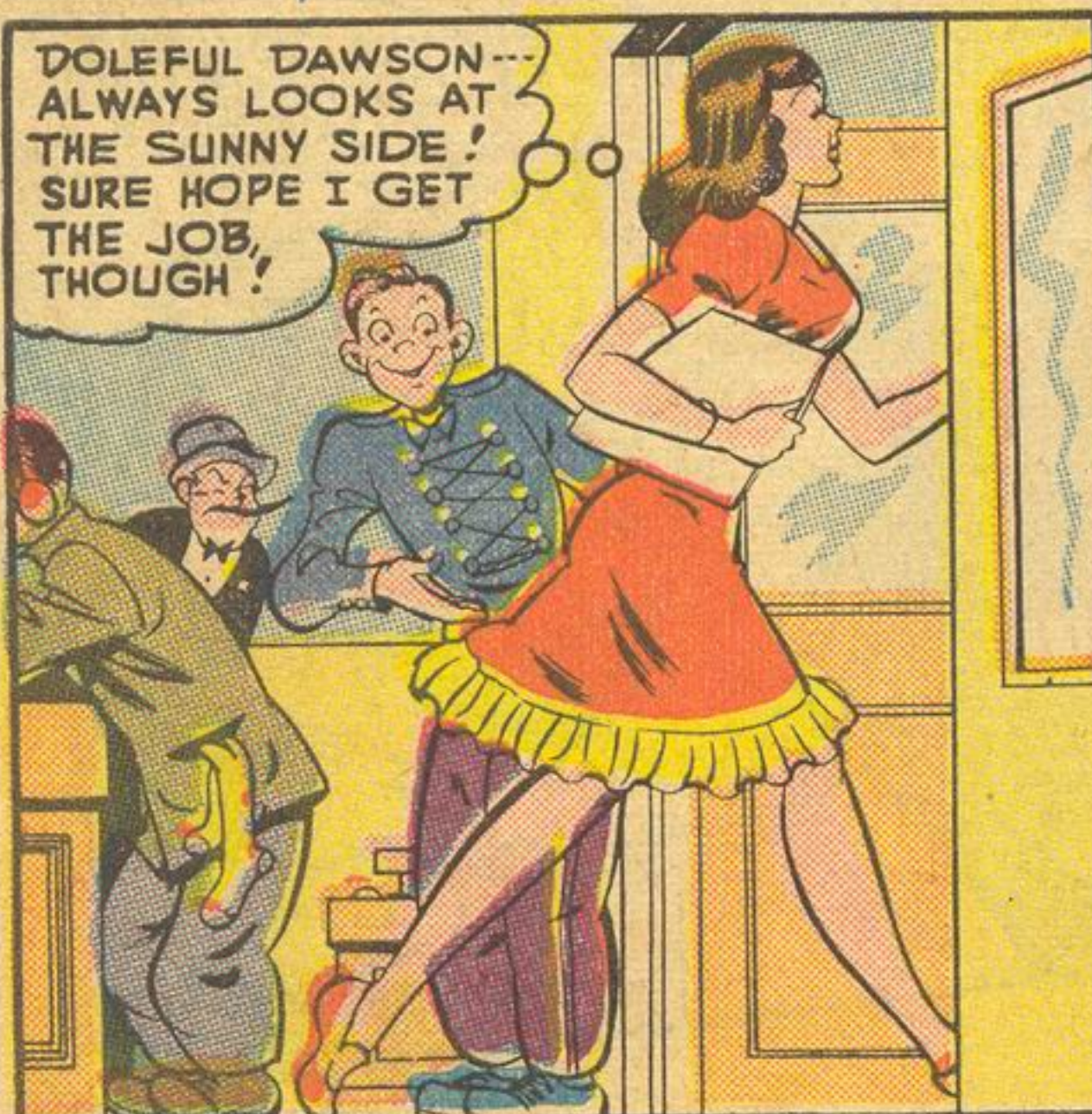
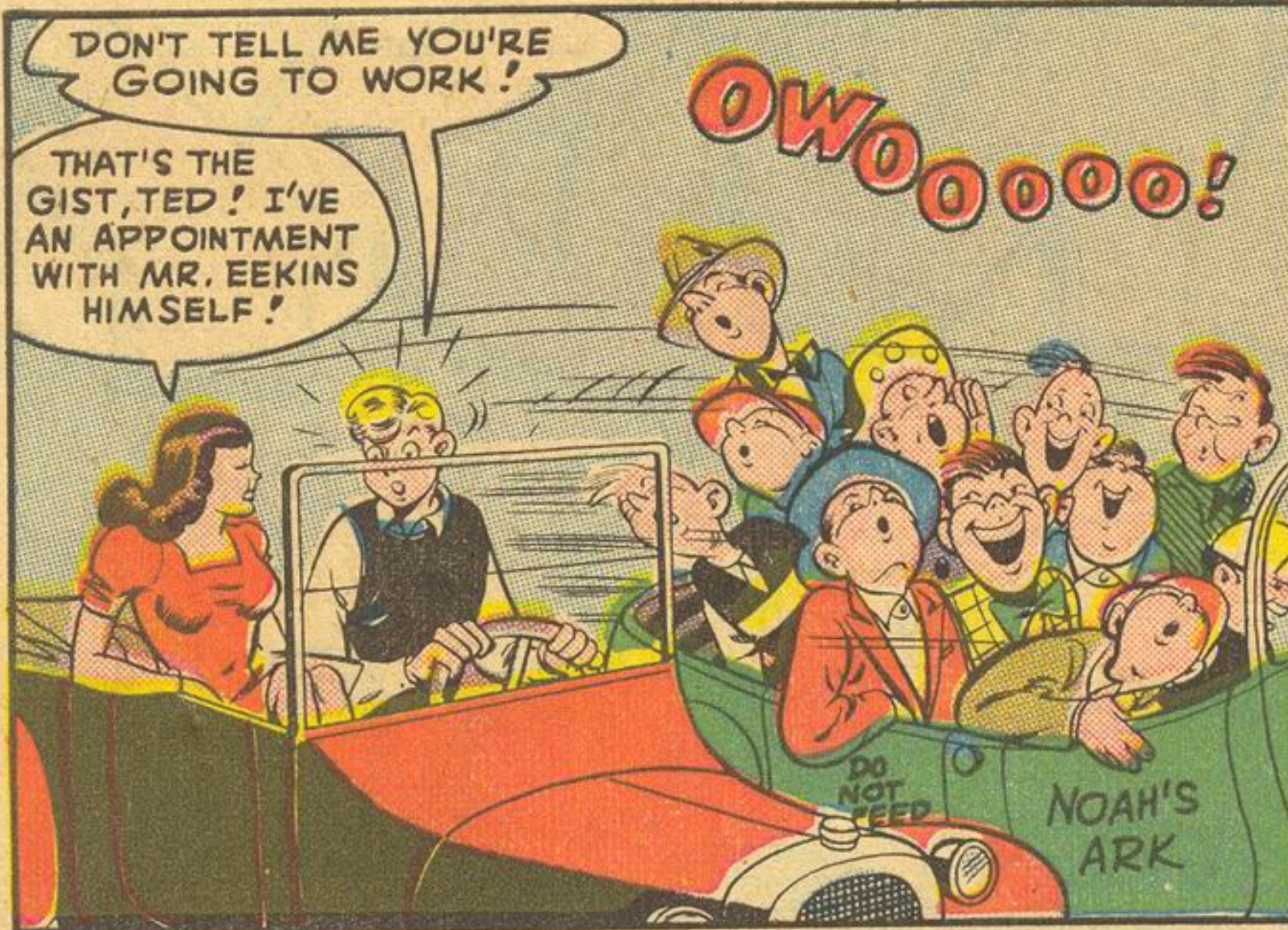
Ted eyed her but started in. Soon he had a creditable open space around them. The smoke was thick. Their eyes smarted. But the high wind soon carried the fire beyond them. It didn't jump the fire trail.

Ted eyed his handiwork. "Say, Candy, how did you know about woods fires? How did you know about making fire trails? That thing saved our life."

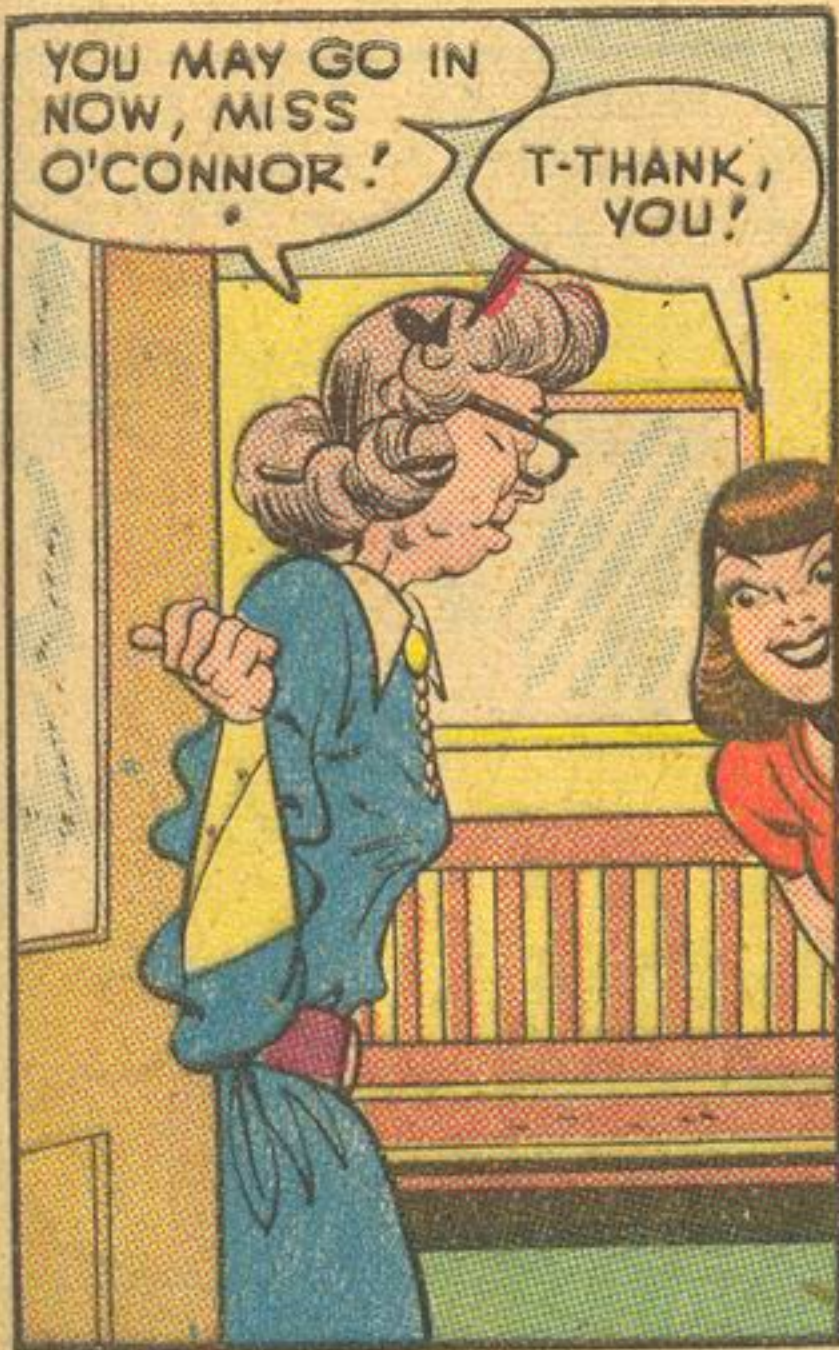
"Sure," said Candy smugly. "I learned it in the Camp Fire Girls last summer. . . . smarty!"

CANDY

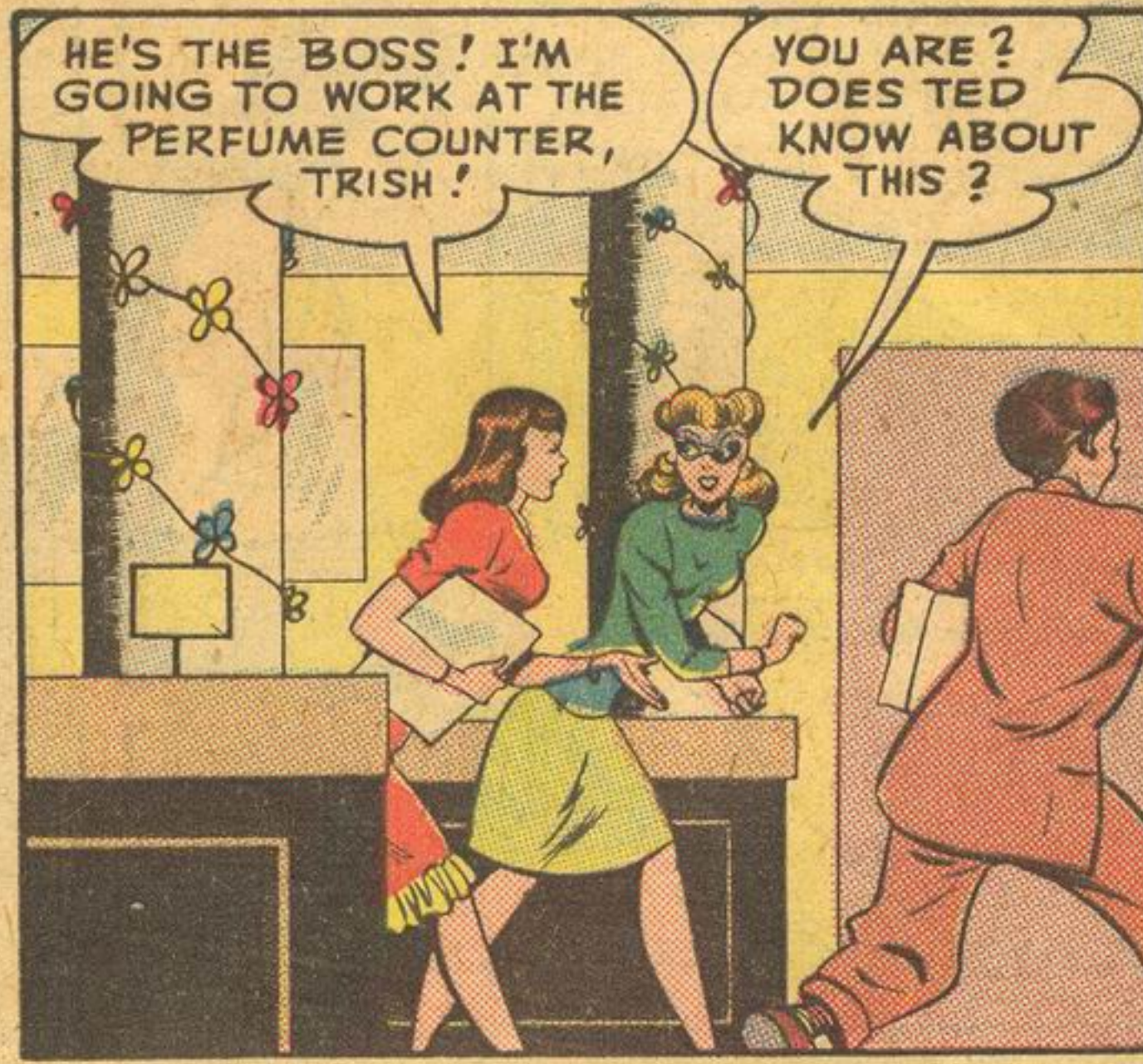
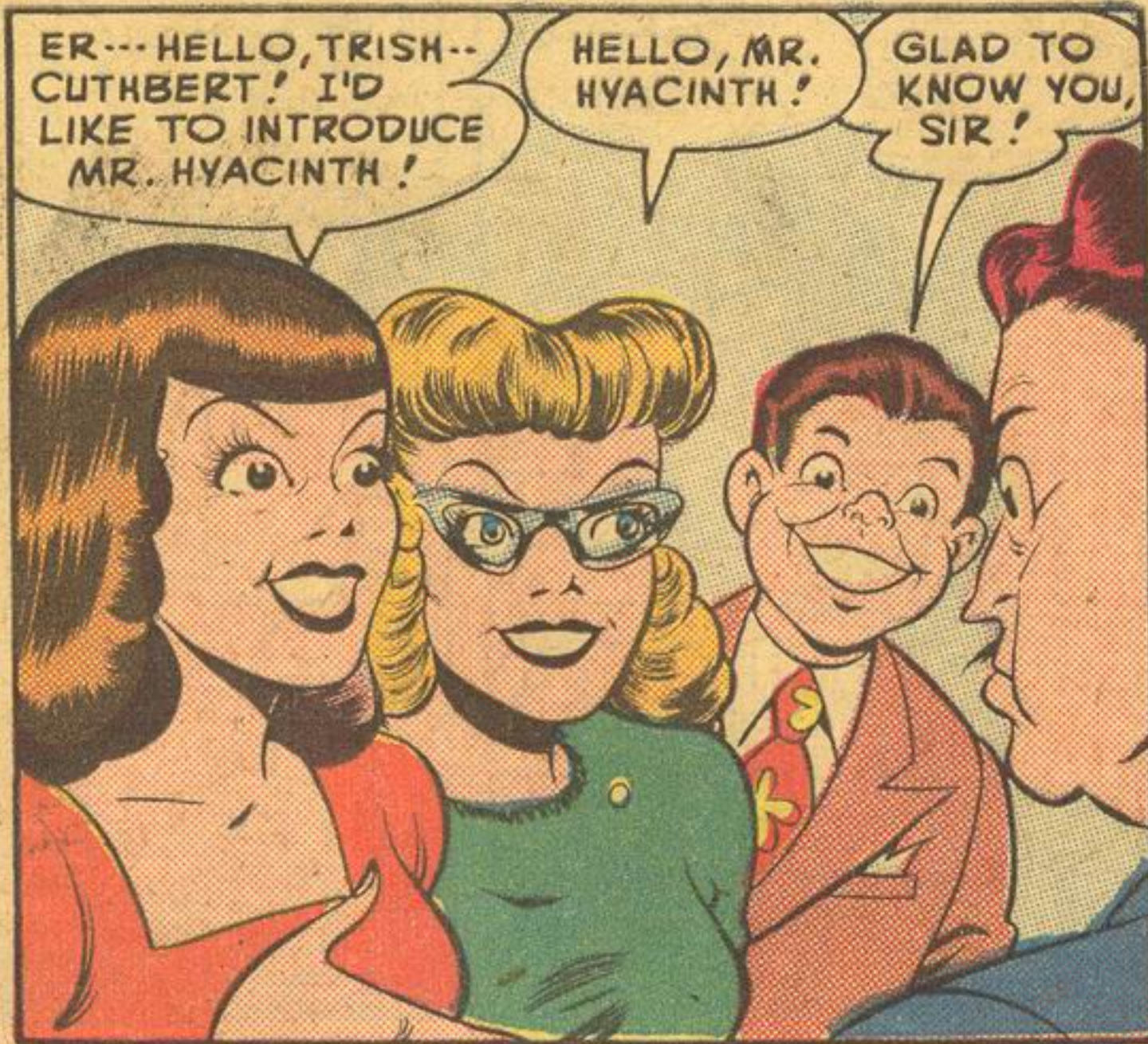


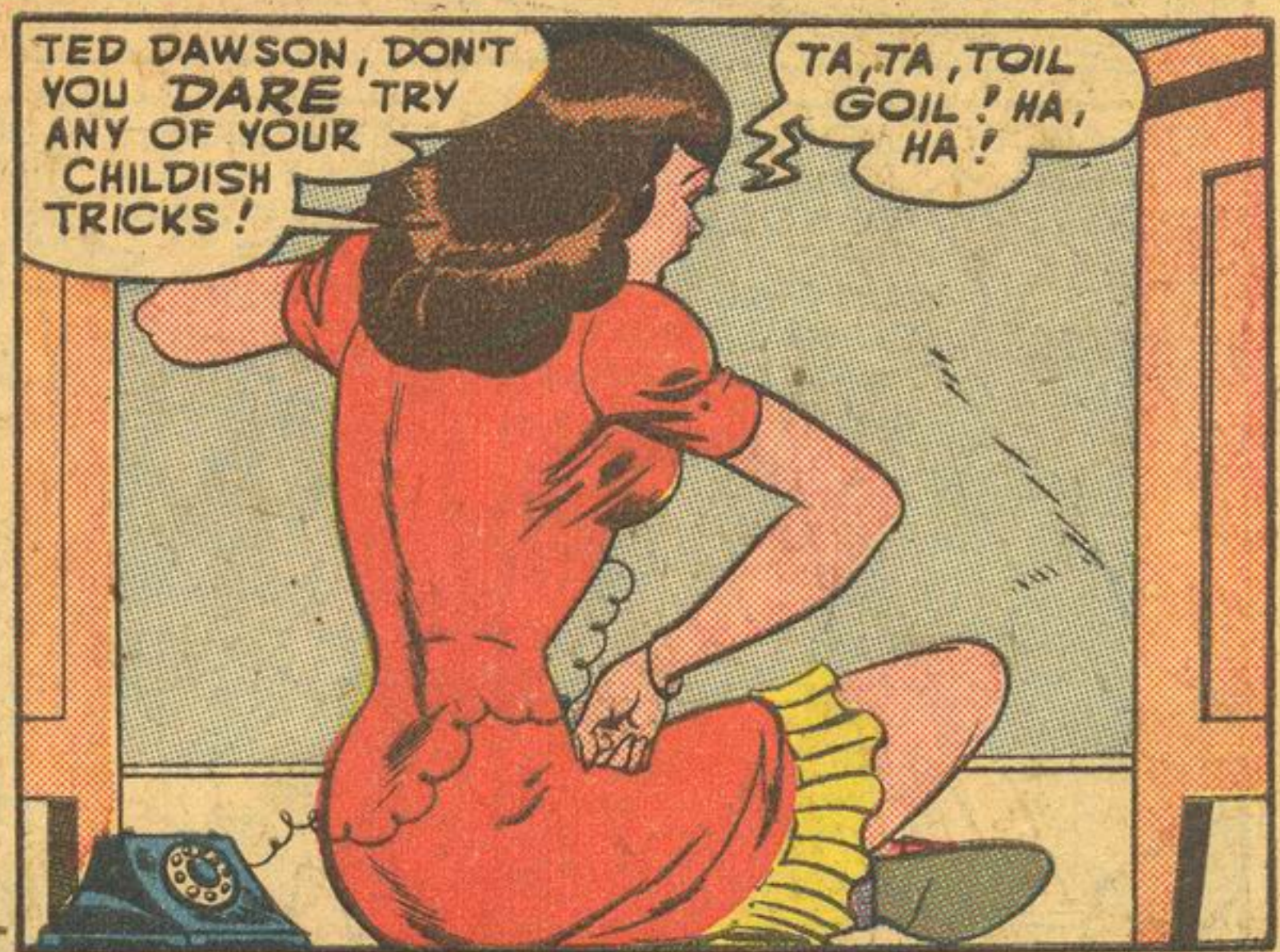


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CANDY

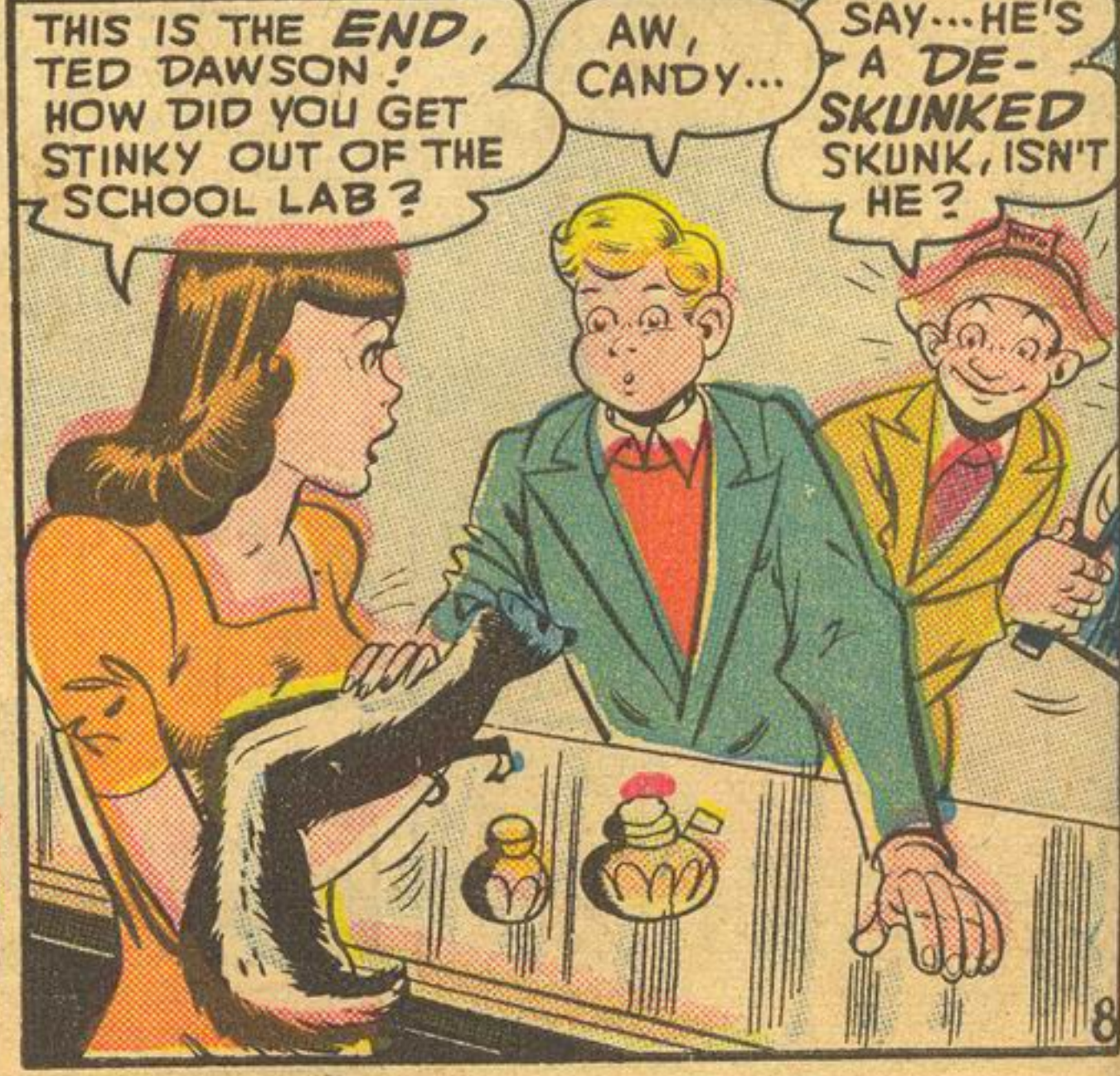
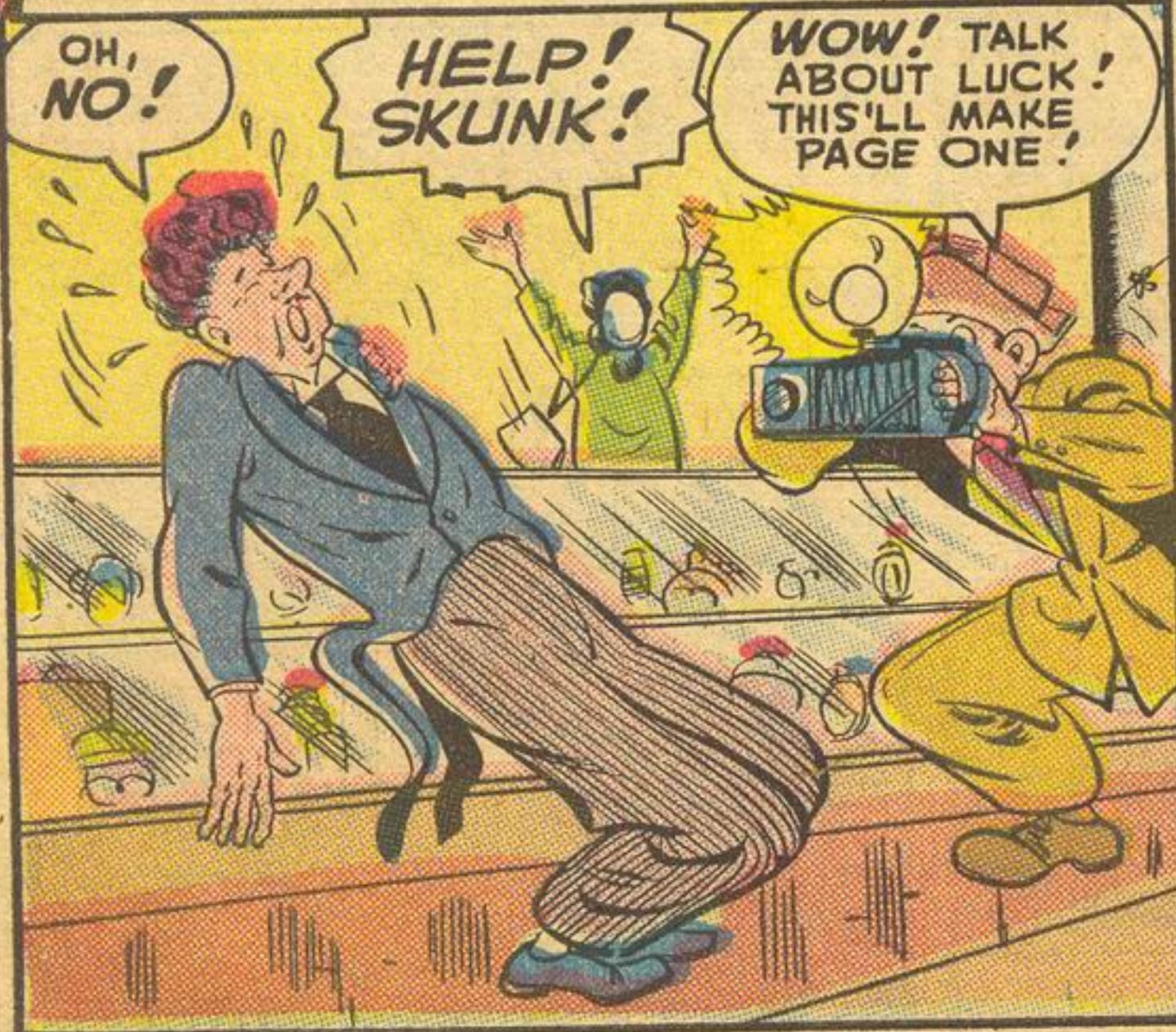
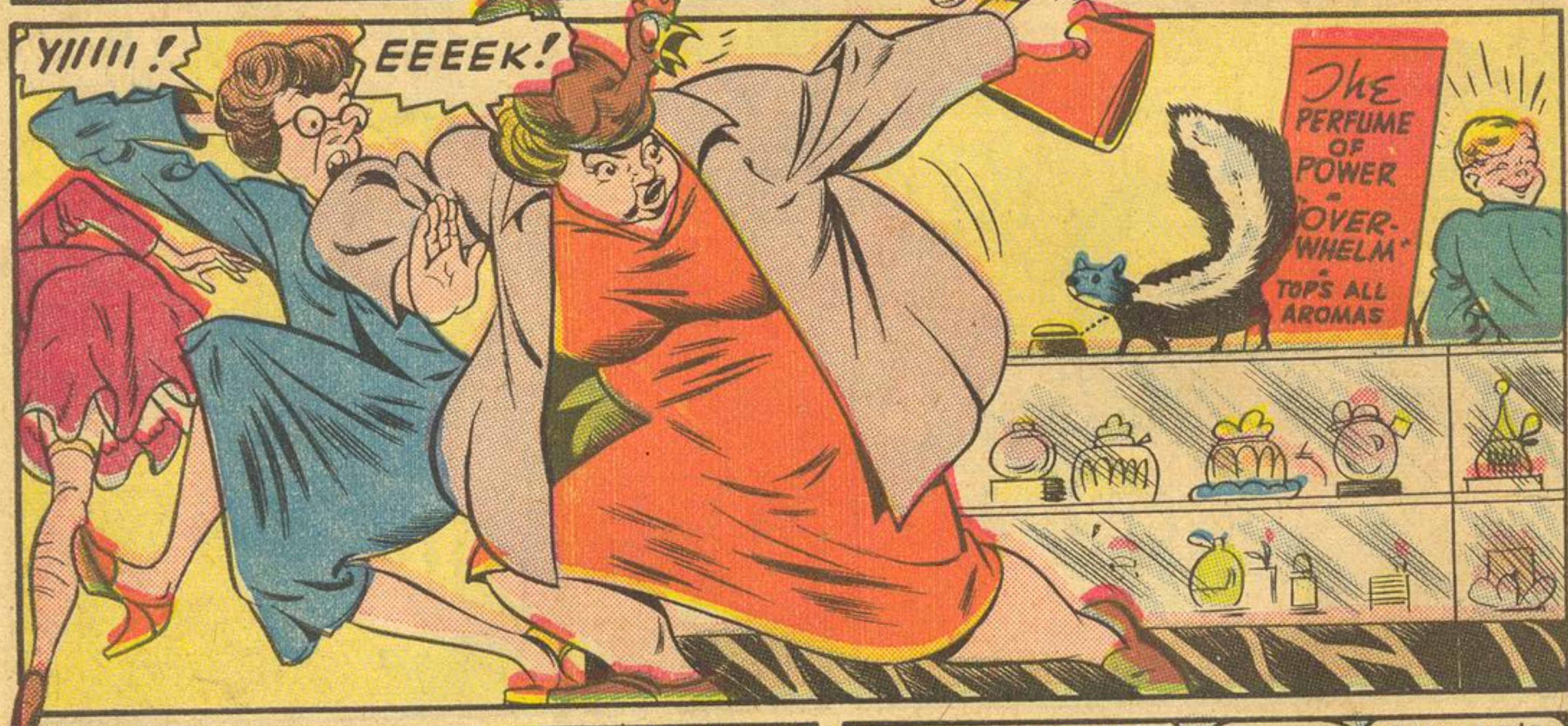


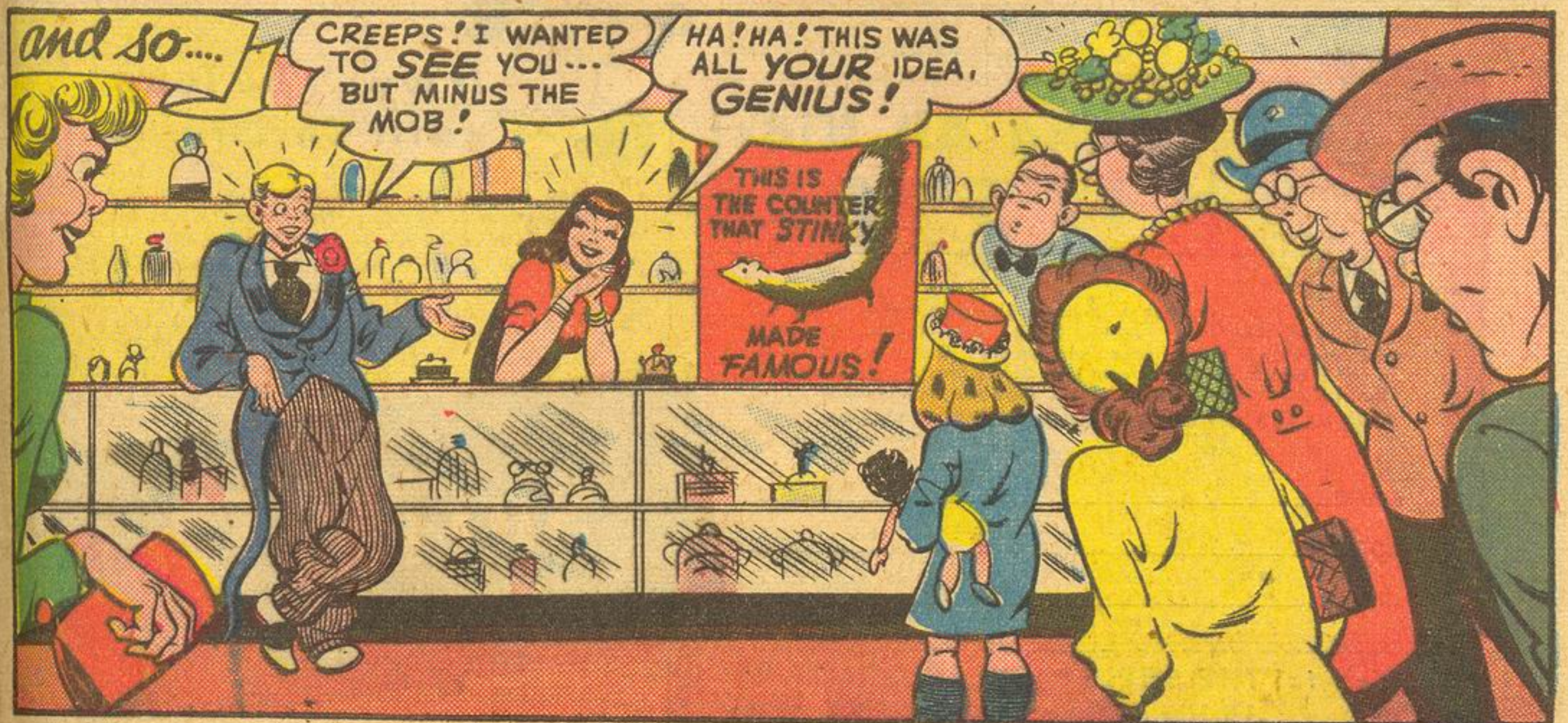
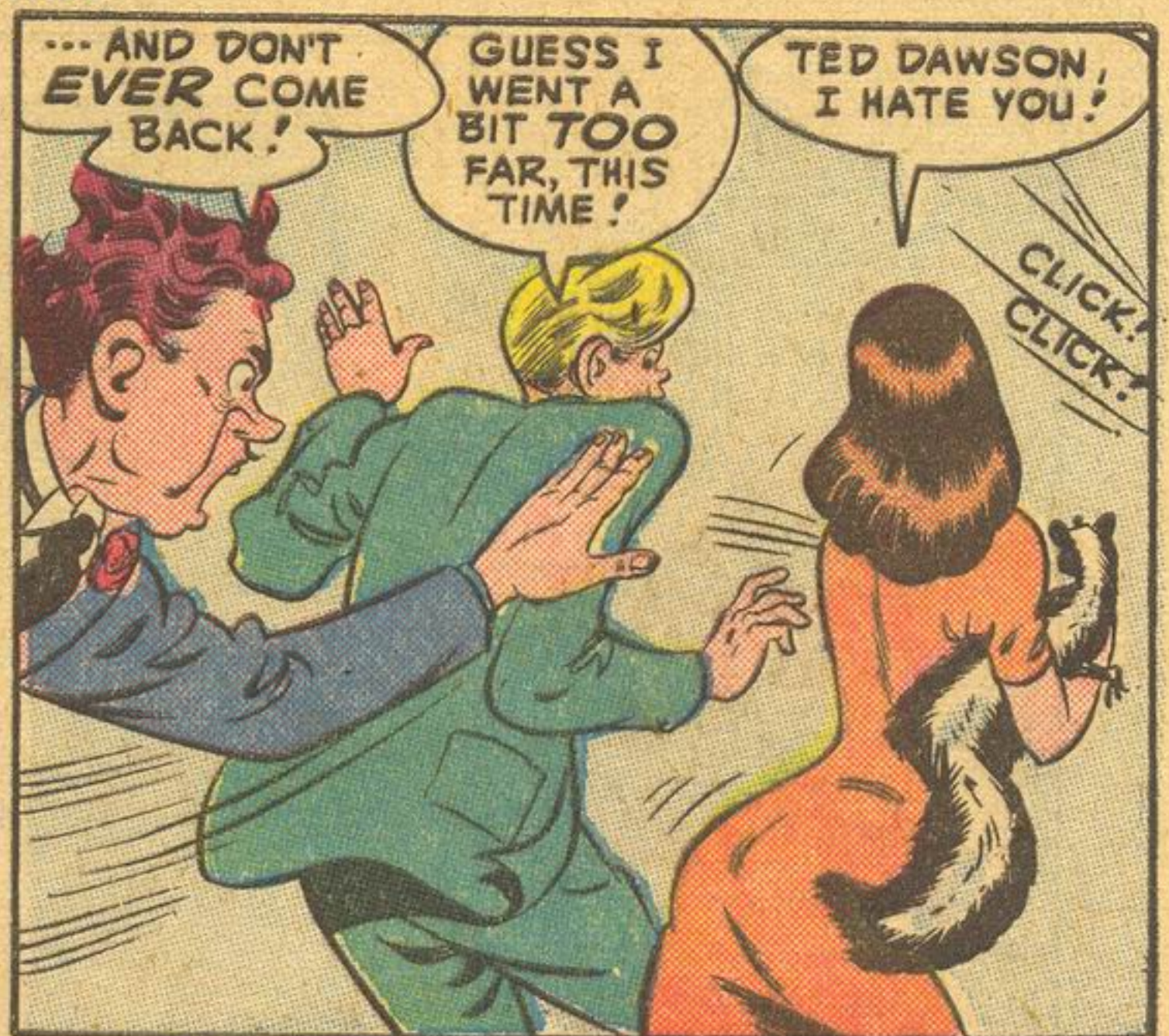





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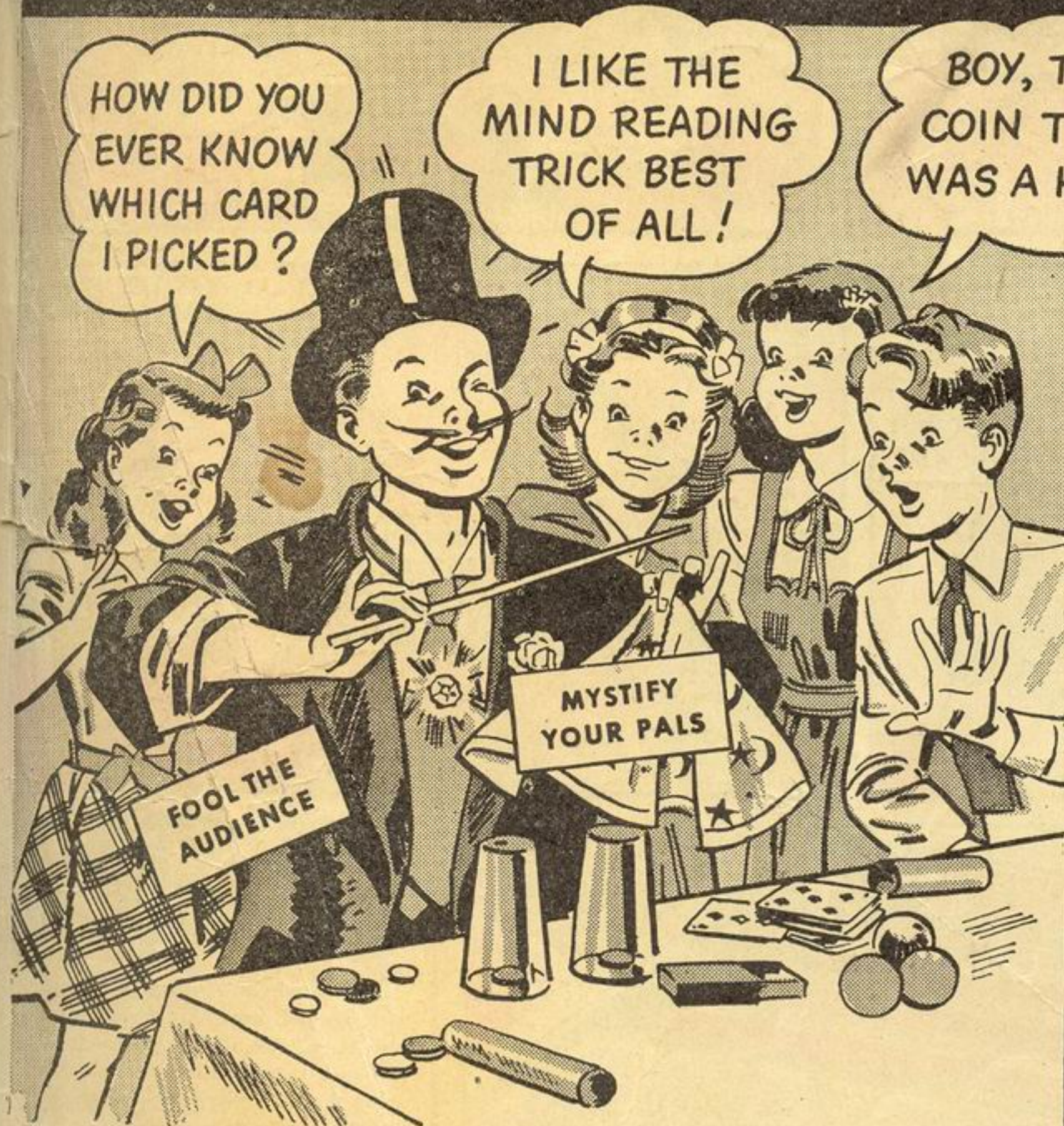
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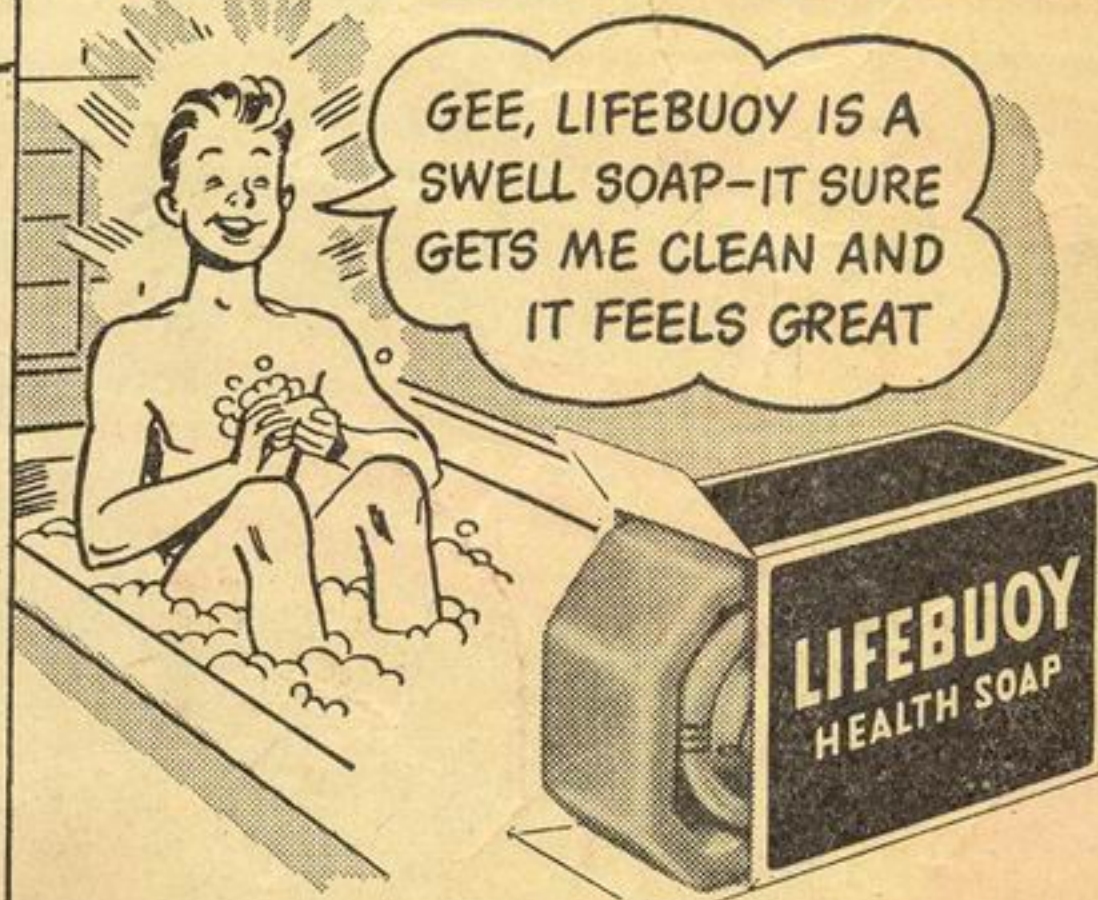


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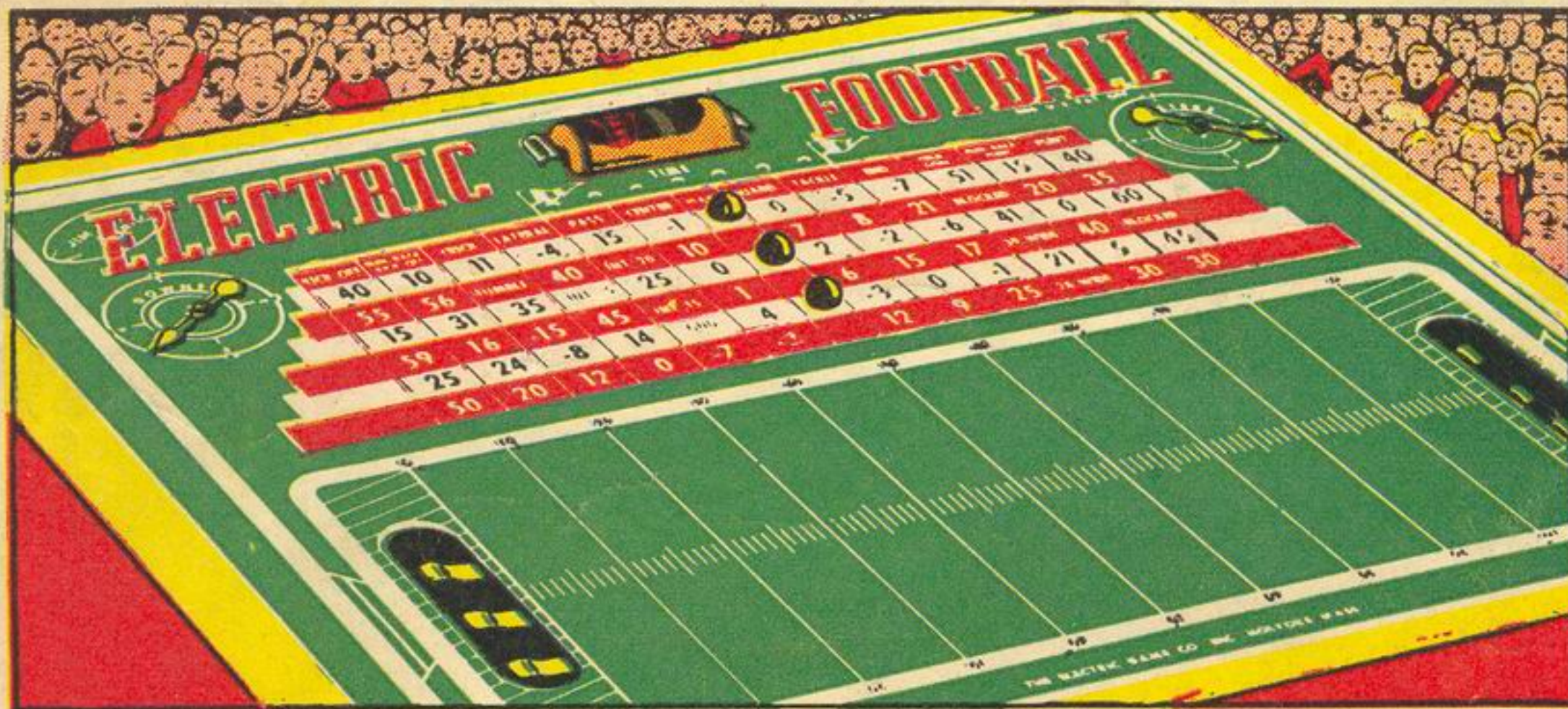
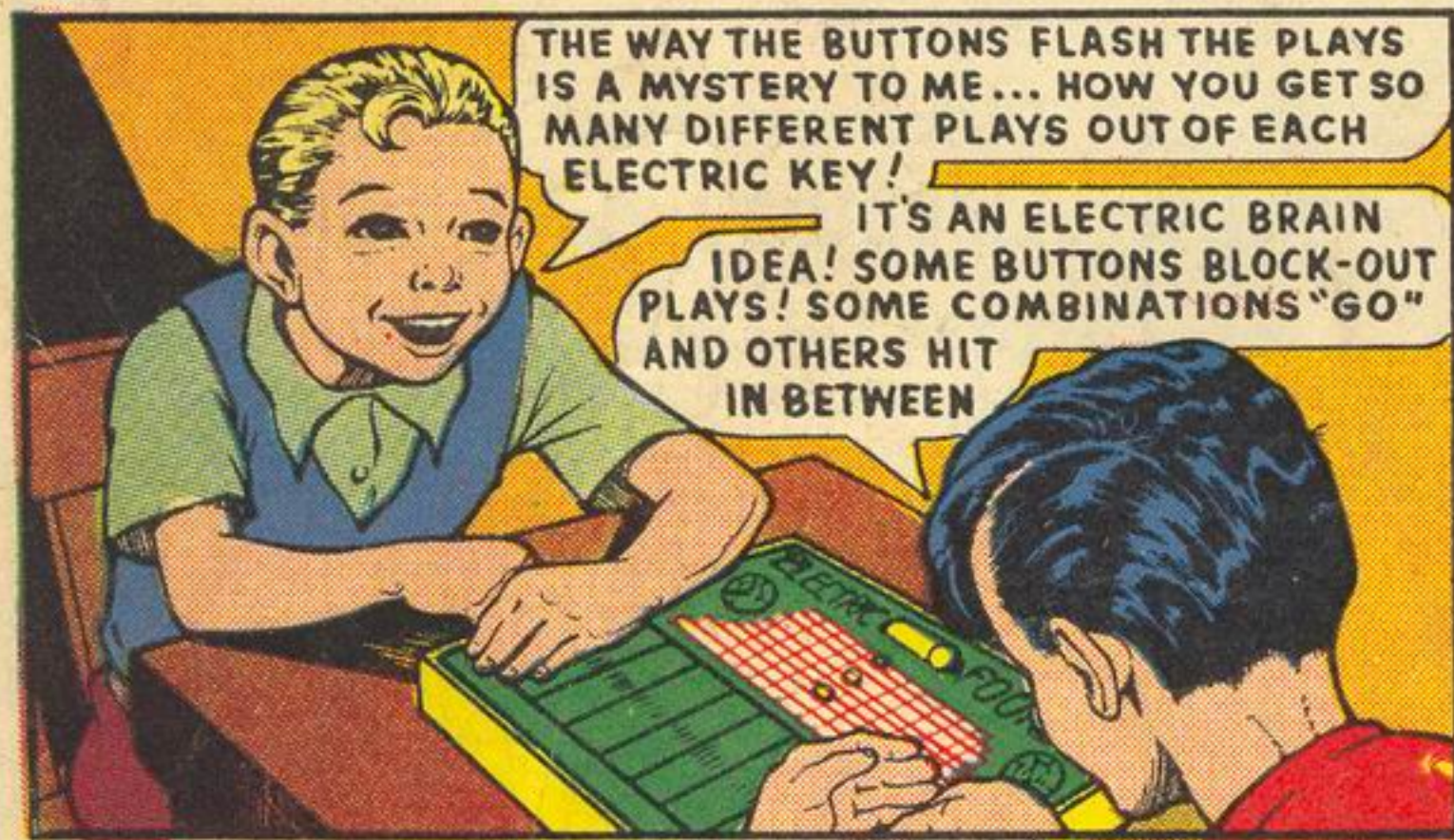
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